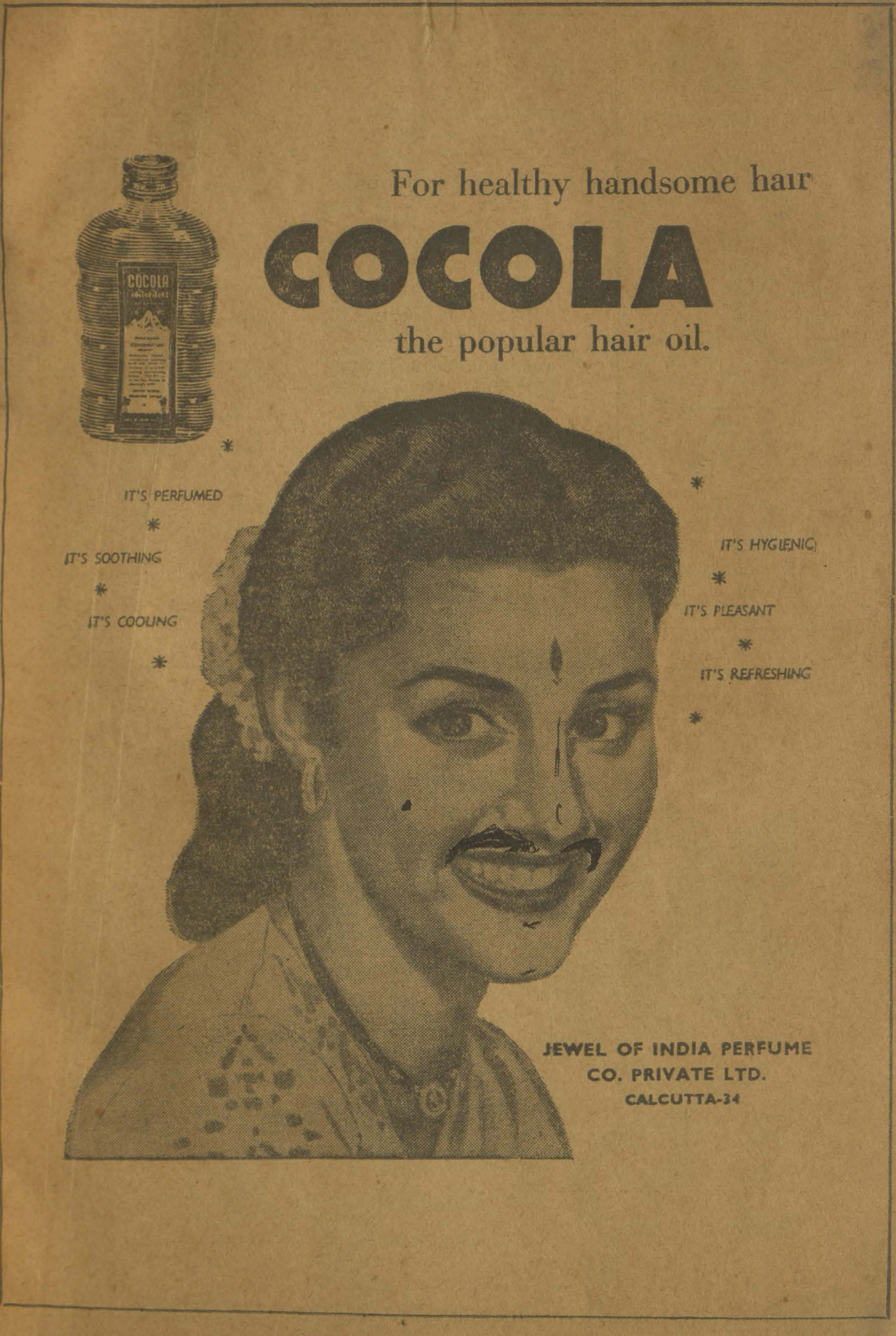
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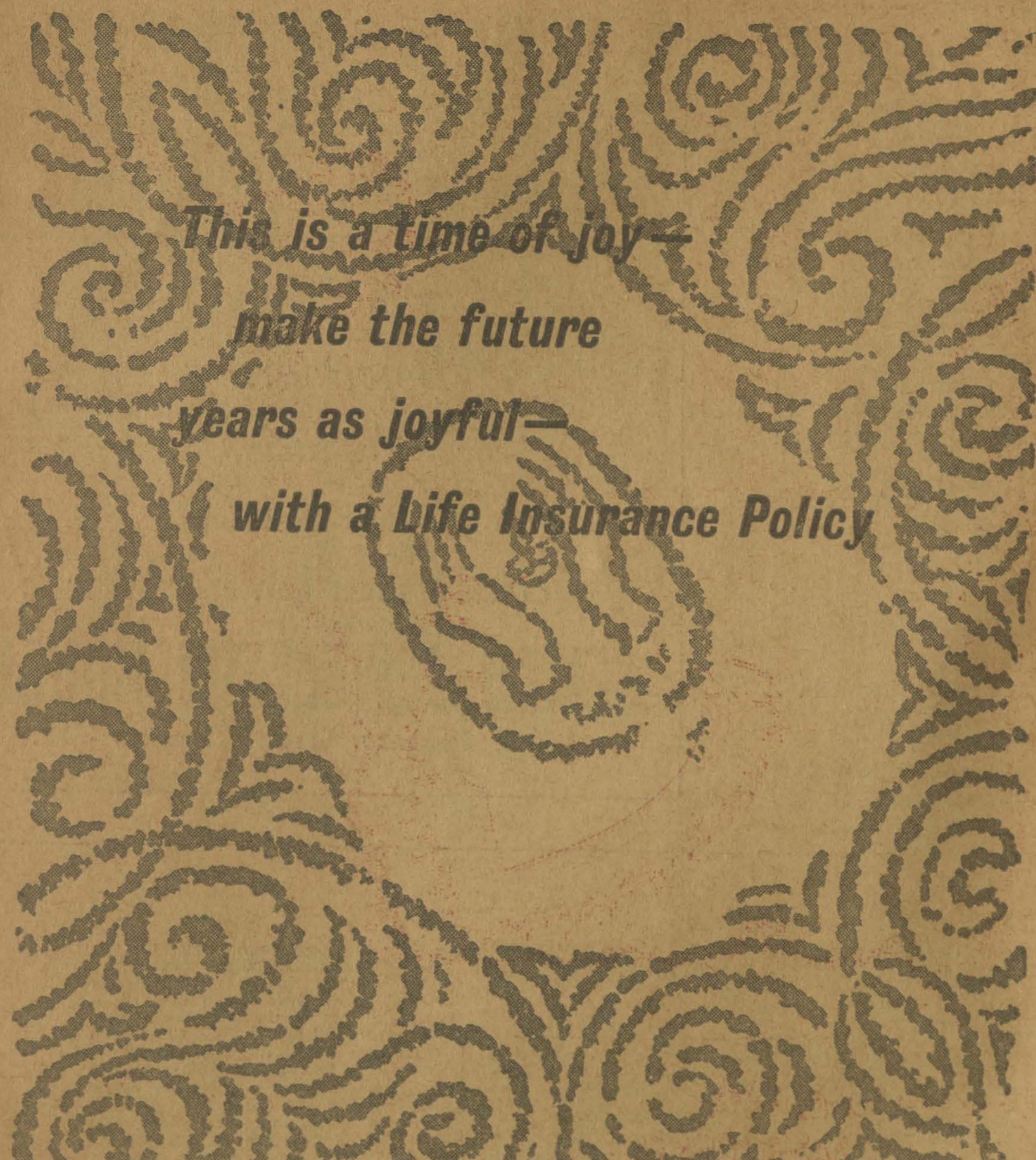
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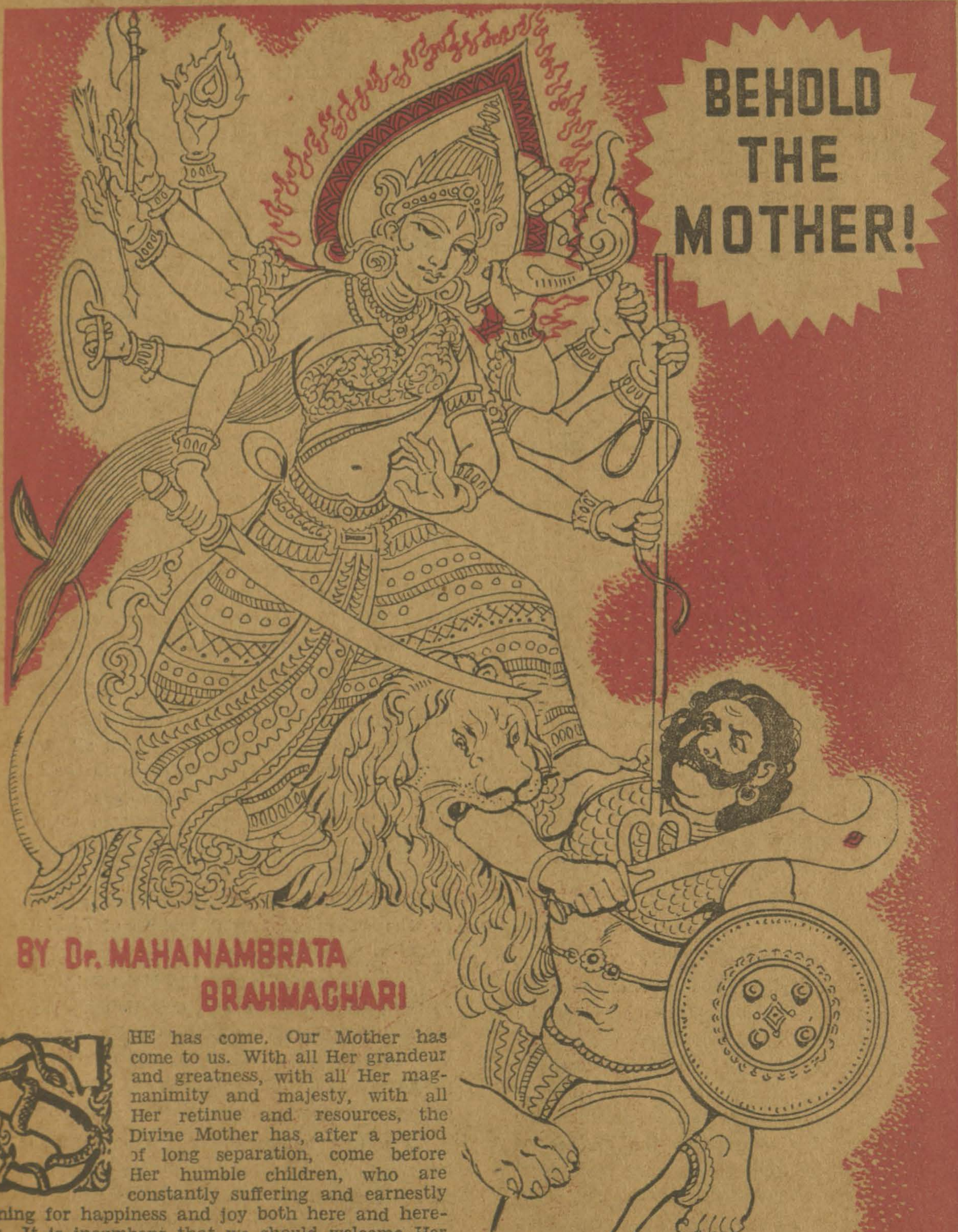


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BEHOLD THE MOTHER!



BY Dr. MAHANAMBRATA BRAHMACHARI

SHE has come. Our Mother has come to us. With all Her grandeur and greatness, with all Her magnanimity and majesty, with all Her retinue and resources, the Divine Mother has, after a period of long separation, come before Her humble children, who are constantly suffering and earnestly yearning for happiness and joy both here and hereafter. It is incumbent that we should welcome Her by realising the significance of Her august visit and utilising the shower o' spiritual blessings that She comes to bestow on us.

To begin with the very concept of the Motherhood of Divinity. It is a unique conception in Hindu

thought most tender and lofty, most cordial and catholic in significance. The Supreme Being, however great and vast comes when thought of as a Mother, close to our heart and as its consequence motivates us to embrace all mankind with a deep feeling of fraternity. Affectionate reverence for the creator and passionate love for the created ones are the twin-born ideality that springs forth out of the realisation of Maternity in Godhead This sublime concept with all its idealism and universality we owe to the Tantric lore of our cultural heritage.

TANTRA & VEDANTA

Tantra represents the scientific mode of thinking of our ancestors and the Vedanta stands for their philosophic outlook The Vedanta aims at a synthetic grasping of the Truth in its integrity whereas Tantra endeavours to reach the same goal by analytic factorisation of the cosmic existence The highest achievement of the Vedanta is Brahmavada and that of Tantra is Saktivada. The former is highly abstract and the latter is tangibly concrete.

ULTIMATE MATRIX

The ultimate and essential matrix of this cosmos is Chaitannya, say the Rishis of Vedanta. But the Tantra upholds that to be Sakti. Sakti is a peculiar notion that can never be denied One can, if he so wishes, deny God or decry absolute Brahman, but nobody can by any means say even verbally that Sakti does not exist, since its denial presupposes its existence.

Sakti does exist and Sakti alone has genuine existence. All the objects of the universe are various conglomerations of one Sakti. Though manifold in appearance Sakti is essentially one. Unlike electromagnetic energy of modern science, Sakti of Tantra is not inert or dead. She is ever conscious, merciful, compassionate and most affectionately disposed towards the created beings even as a warmhearted Mother. She is all and She permeates all that exist. She is matter and the matrix. She is spirit and ever matronly. She resides in every object as the life and soul of the total existence. Such is our Mother.

From the Mahalaya on we prepare ourselves for the vision of Viswarupa in the Mother even as Arjuna did in Sri Krishna. In *Pitri-paksha* we invoke our fathers and seek their blessings so that we may have real *darsana* of the essential unity and the unifying principle of the Universe in the Mother. Now She is come. Let us behold Her.

MANY IN ONE

The concepts of many-in-one and one-in-many are made corporeal in the delightful person of the Divine Mother. In her facial expression is manifested Shiva, the genuine essence of Goodness. Mother's arms are Vishnu, the cosmic power which upholds and preserves all quarters. Her feet are Brahma, the dynamic principle that constitutes the essence of creativity. Her all-soothing smile stands for eternal life. Her gloomy hair manifests death. The earth is Her lap on which we move and have our being. Her fingers show solar energy and in Her breast stores lunar ambrosia. As one sees the world in a globe so we see the entire universe in the Mother's Body. As Arjuna beheld Viswarupa, so do we gaze at the Mother with wonder and receive a vision of the totality of existence in Her.

She stands on the animal power and destroys the demons. Animality is kept under Her feet for subjugation and the demonian powers are done away with for the purpose of sublimation. The touch of Mother's weapons elevates their lives. Even in the most cruel act of devastating Her all-composing mercy is eternally manifest. She is tender and terrible. Killer and healer, all-consuming and all-embracing at the same time. She is beautiful and dreadful, all-bounteous and all-devouring. All extremes meet in Her infinitude.

The two sides of the Mother are adorned by the energies of wealth and wisdom — the giver of physical and spiritual necessities of man. The occupier of the two extreme borders are Kartikeya and Ganapati, the defensive and creative energies respectively. The militant Kartikeya maintains the status and benignant Ganesh brings about fulfilment in all collective efforts towards social welfare. *Kalabou* is a deity of fine arts and standing by the side of Ganapati, indicates the fact that the development of arts and crafts demands social solidarity.

The Devi comes as a Mother but strangely enough She leaves as a daughter on the fourth day. Her Motherly countenance is changed to a daughterly one and the elderly ones of the household shed tears to let their beloved daughter go with her husband Shiva for a long period of twelve months. The pangs of separation of the devotees whose hearts are then full of parental affection, are keenly felt.

MOTHERLAND

The Divine Mother is also a living symbol of our beloved Motherland. In times of yore the Mother Sati, Chastity Incarnate, was the daughter of one Daksha Projapati, who once conducted a big sacrifice in which all but Shiva the Goodness was invited and as Sati came there unwanted, Daksha spoke ill of Shiva and She could not bear it and passed on instantaneously. Ruthlessly did Shiva demolish the sacrifice and mournfully He took Sati's body on His shoulder and roamed sprightly about all over the country. Vishnu by His *Chakra* sliced the body into fifty and one pieces that fell scattered all over the land. Thus Her body was assimilated with the soil of Bharat. Hence Piety and Patriotism are unified in our worship of the Mother. This *Pouranic* unification has been thousand-fold enhanced in our age by the "Bande-Mataram" mantra of Rishi Bankimchandra.

To sum up. We worship Maha-Sakti devotedly as the great cosmic energy, ever living. We adore Her delightfully as the Divine Mother ever loving. We venerate Her dearly as our beloved daughter passionate and lively. We serve Her diligently as our great Motherland ever glowing and heavenly.

The first immersion of the Deity takes place ritually in a mirror that symbolises our mind. The fact indicates that all the sublime thoughts embodied in our Mother-worship should be distinctly impressed on the mirror of our mind stuff, so that we may translate them into action. May our invocation, adoration and immersion be significantly meaningful and vitally needful in our daily living.

EXPANSION OF INDIAN SHIPPING

By Sir B. P. SINGH ROY

APPRECIATION of the importance of shipping in our national economy both by the Government and the people is the surest guarantee of its future expansion. In fact increase of Indian tonnage, though nothing phenomenal, may be considered as quite satisfactory since the attainment of independence in 1947. At the end of World War II our Merchant Navy was only about 75,000 G.R.T., some of the ships being 7,000|8,000 G.R.T. and operating in the coast of India and between India and Burma. At the beginning of the First Five-Year Plan when India had no shipping policy private sector displayed commendable enterprise and raised a large capital so as to be able to increase the Indian tonnage to 3,90,000 G.R.T. The shipping companies to which the credit should go for this expansion of tonnage unaided by Government are amongst others the Scindia Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., The India Steamship Co. Ltd., the Great Eastern Shipping Co. Ltd., and the Bharat Line. The target in the First Five-Year Plan was laid down at 6,00,000 G.R.T. and this target was actually achieved. In the Second Plan the target was raised to 9,00,000 G.R.T. of which 6,88,365 G.R.T. has already been achieved and 94,800 is expected to be added before the end of the Plan period. Thus there still will be a gap of 1,53,000 G.R.T. between the target which includes replacement of some old vessels and its actual realisation. The target for overseas shipping in the Second Plan out of the total of 9,00,000 G.R.T. is 4,65,505 G.R.T.; against this tonnage equivalent to 4,38,243 G.R.T. is already in operation. The target of Coastal fleet is 4,12,200 G.R.T. as against the existing tonnage of 2,48,895 G.R.T. including 2,39,846 G.R.T., the tonnage in operation at the beginning of the Second Plan.

The target in the Third Plan is 15,00,000 G.R.T. (7,17,000 G.R.T. new and 1,96,000 G.R.T. for replacement of old vessels). The target for the Third Five-Year Plan also includes 85,000 tons tankers, 80,000 tons passenger vessels and 1,000 tons salvage tugs.

UNJUSTIFIABLE ALLEGATION

It is expected that with the rapid industrialisation of the country our import and export trade will also correspondingly increase. The total value of the import and export trade in 1957 was Rs. 1,669 crores whereas in 1958 there was a decline of 13% making the total 1,458 crores. This decline could be attributed to a general depression in the world trade and the reduction in our imports due to foreign exchange difficulties. This, however, is probably a temporary phase and one may reasonably expect that in the near future both our import and export trade will increase. At present India carries only 8% to 10% of her total trade in the country's own bottom and about 25% of the trade to the U.K.|Continent. Thus it is obvious that in spite of the satisfactory expansion of Indian tonnage since the end of the Second World War only a limited percentage of the country's trade is carried in our own ships, the balance being handled by foreign shipping lines or chartered vessels, under foreign flags. In spite of the large percentage of Indian trade carried by foreign ships the representatives of foreign shipping interests lose no opportunity for making the most unjustifiable and indiscreet allegation of flag discrimination against India. These representatives of vested interest probably believe that attack is the best form of defence. It is indeed a very short-sighted policy. The British Merchant Navy and those of countries like West Germany, Holland, France, Norway, Sweden and Italy play a very important part in the Indian trade. A visit to the Docks in Calcutta and Bombay convincingly demonstrates this fact. It is high time that at least the British shipping that carries the largest portion of cargoes to and from India should be reminded that their attitude towards the develop-

ment of Indian shipping is wholly incompatible with the membership of the Commonwealth.

LACK OF SUPPORT

Both for economic reasons as well as on strategic grounds a more rapid expansion of Indian shipping is not only desirable but essential. It must be admitted with a deep sense of appreciation that our National Government have greatly encouraged expansion of the country's Merchant Navy through financial assistance by way of loan at a low rate of interest and helpful shipping policy. Our main handicap, however, to-day is non-availability of foreign exchange and lack of proper support to Indian shipping by Indian importers and absence of a more integrated and dynamic shipping policy of Government. A closer scrutiny of the import lists of some of our biggest industries will prove that Indian shipping has not been favoured with the support that it deserves, resulting in payment of huge amounts as freight to foreign shipping, a large part of which should have legitimately come to national shipping. So far as Government cargo is concerned there is still much room for better co-ordination amongst different ministries who are big importers. The foreign suppliers true to their patriotic instinct endeavour to synchronise the availability of cargoes with the absence of Indian vessels and presence of the vessels of their own countries at the leading Ports. This spirit is not emulated by the Indian importers or exporters. The policy of the State Trading Corporation is also by no means very helpful in this respect. The Corporation's inclination to patronise chartered vessels under foreign flags to the exclusion of regular National Lines is proving a disincentive to the expansion of Indian shipping. One may venture to characterise this as a short-sighted policy for more than one reason.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE SHORTAGE

Shortage of foreign exchange is to-day one of our biggest problems affecting industrial expansion. National shipping which carries invisible export is no doubt the biggest foreign exchange earner for the country. The two overseas Indian Shipping Companies viz. The India Steamship Co. Ltd. and the Scindia Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., contribute regularly about 8|10 crores of rupees worth of foreign exchange annually to the country's foreign exchange pool, and this amount may increase substantially with the expansion of Indian Shipping, and its greater utilisation by Indian exporters. Overseas Indian Shipping is at present confined only to Europe, North America, South America, to Near East countries such as Malaya, Singapore, Hongkong, and Australia and Japan. In Asiatic countries and Australia, as well as in the South American Trade, the scope of Indian Shipping is extremely limited. The sphere of operation of Indian Shipping should be extended to other parts of the globe and this should be done not merely in the interest of Indian shipping itself, but also in that of the country's overseas trade on which depends our economic prosperity.

COASTAL SHIPPING

During the last few years Indian Coastal Shipping has not expanded, as the overseas shipping. The main obstacle in the way is the uneconomic rate of freight on coal, which is one of the principal cargoes for the coastal ships besides diversion of most of the general cargoes to Railways. The Railways are in a position to adjust the freight rates in such a way as to make Railway booking more attractive than booking by coastal ships without losing any substantial revenues. The Railways can cover the losses which they may suffer due to reduction of rates on cargoes which otherwise might be carried by sea. A real rail-sea co-ordination in its true spirit is, therefore, necessary for giving incentive to the development of coastal shipping. India with nearly 4,000 miles of coast line cannot afford to neglect the development of her coastal shipping. It may be possible for the railways to carry major portion of the cargoes at present but it is almost certain that it will not be so with increased or even industrial production and greater industrialisation of the country even in normal times in the near future, not to speak of at times of emergency.

Both in the economic interest of the country as well as that of defence, development of shipping, both coastal and overseas, is of supreme importance and should receive more attention, support and encouragement both from Government and the public.



REFUGEE PROBLEM

By SURESH CHANDRA ROY

FOR the last twelve years since the attainment of Independence, India has been struggling with the problem of refugees and their rehabilitation. It has been officially estimated that upto December, 1958, a total 88.57 lakhs of persons have migrated from Pakistan to India. Out of this number 47.40 lakhs came from West Pakistan in one mass migration; and 41.17 lakhs have come from East Pakistan in a continuous stream. The migration is still continuing. Up to the end of the financial year 1958-59 a sum of Rs. 329.98 crores has been allocated and would have been spent on displaced persons—Rs. 181.92 crores in respect of displaced persons from West Pakistan and Rs. 148.06 crores on displaced persons from East Pakistan. The current year's budget of the Government of India has provided a sum of Rs. 34.79 crores. It has not yet been possible to bring the problem of displaced persons from East Pakistan under control, so that the problem, as it were, is being tackled on a hand-to-mouth basis. While a lot has been done as regards resettlement, what still remains to be done, before it can be claimed that resettlement has been successfully completed, is of staggering magnitude.

MIGRATIONS IN BYGONE AGES

Though the problem facing India is of vast dimensions, it is not peculiar to our country. Many countries, in many generations, have witnessed mass migrations of uprooted humanity. It has been suggested that refugee movements go back beyond the days of recorded history. But in ancient days, when the relevant mode of life was nomadic, it is difficult to distinguish forced migrations of refugees from wars of conquest or voluntary movements in search of new pastures. But there is no doubt that the movements of these days set the pattern for the racial compositions of many regions of the world which persists to this day. In historical times, the Roman Empire, for some centuries, received several streams of refugees, from the East and the North. And some of these refugee communities were responsible for creation of instability which led to the fall of the empire.

IN MIDDLE AGES

In India the successive waves of invaders across the mountains in the North-West have been followed by corresponding movements of displaced persons within the country. Similar movements went on throughout the middle ages in Europe. The famous Cossack bands of South Russia originated from the migration of refugees from the Eurasian steppes. Similarly Hungary and Austria received many fugitives from advancing Osmanli Turks. Such movements led to severe hardships for the local population of the countries whose rulers welcomed them as new accesion of military strength. Many of these unsettled communities indulged in plundering the local peasants and in other anti-social acts. The presence of the refugees also provoked the hostility of countries from which they came. The Great Khan of Mongolia practically destroyed Hungary for harbouring the refugees from his wrath. But the arrival of lay masses of displaced persons has not always been an unmixed evil to the harbouring countries. The arrival of refugee scholars after the fall of Constantinople gave the impetus to the Renaissance in West Europe. And the industrial development of Great Britain was considerably assisted by Huguenots escaping from religious persecution in France. In fact, from the 16th to the 18th Century, the most common type of refugees were religious refugees. Huguenots have already been mentioned. A large number of Quakers migrated from Great Britain for the sake of freedom to live their own life in North America. For the last two thousand years Jews have been a nation of refugees. It is the irony of circumstances, that the re-establishment of part of the scattered race in their ancient homeland in Palestine should have led to the problem of Arab refugee which is now being tackled by the United Nations.

CENTURY OF THE UPROOTED

The growth and spread of civilization and of the prosperity attendant on industrialisation has not, unfortunately, led to any cessation of the movements of large masses of people who have left their homes under stress of force *majeure*. The twentieth century has been aptly described as the century of the uprooted. Two wars within three decades have greatly aggravated the problem. The war of 1914-18 caused greater movements of population than had been witnessed for several centuries in the past. That record has been surpassed during the war of 1939-45. Between the Wars, the rise of Nazism in Germany was followed by the dispersal of thousands of refugees over West and Central Europe. The Austrian Anchluss in March, 1938, added to the number of displaced persons. In Asia, the Japanese invasion of China led to what has been described as one of the largest migrations in modern history, in which more than thirty million people are estimated to have changed their homes in two large movements from the coastal areas to the hinterland.

The Second World War and its aftermath have given further evidence of man's inhumanity to man which has forced millions of people to leave their homelands to seek safety across the frontiers. It seems that civilization is only a thin veneer which cracks under the slightest strain. We in India have had in the last three decades several opportunities of realising the truth of this statement by hard experience. The broken street lamps and traffic signals in Calcutta and dismantled park railings bear mute witness to the very recent activities of the primordial ape which was released by the combined pressure of leftist strategy and administrative

ineptitude. Unfortunately, politicians, big and small who encourage or organize "mass upsurges", rarely seem to realise what they are up to.

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE

One heartening feature which keeps hope alive regarding the future of humanity is the growth of special conscience regarding the displaced persons and the recognition of international responsibility for their rehabilitation. The first efforts at international organisation of refugee relief was made under the aegis of the League of Nations after the war of 1914-18. Between 1917 and 1920 nearly 1,500,000 refugees from Russia were thrown on the charity of Europe and spread over France and Germany and some of them escaped into Manchuria. Then there were 1,250,000 Greek refugees from Asia Minor and large numbers of Armenians who were expelled from Turkey under the most distressing circumstances. In response to the appeals from the International Red Cross and other charitable societies which found the problem beyond their resources, the League of Nations appointed the great Arctic Explorer Nansen as High Commissioner for Refugees in August, 1921. Nansen was successful in arranging for the repatriation of a large number of the Russian emigres. Many Governments assisted the resettlement of the Russian refugees with contributions to the extent of two million pounds per year. The League which organised the dispersal and settlement of the refugees also raised a loan of twelve million pounds for the settlement of the Greek refugees. After Nansen's death in 1930, the International Office of Refugees with headquarters in Geneva was set up to continue his work, with a mandate to conclude it by 1938. Its functions were restricted to co-ordination of private agencies. Another instance of international action in the interwar years was the Inter Government Committee set up in August, 1938 by the Evian Conference called by President Roosevelt for organising relief to the victims of Nazi persecution, which was attended by representatives of 32 Governments.

DURING WORLD WAR II

The war of 1939-45 was responsible for many large-scale movements of population while it lasted and by movements in a contrary direction after its termination. After the conclusion of hostilities, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) was set up to repatriate and rehabilitate the persons who had been displaced from their homelands by German invasion. These included over eight and half million persons from occupied countries who had been transferred to Germany to work in forced labour camps. When the UNRRA was wound up in 1946, there was left a residue of over a million displaced persons belonging to countries in the Soviet Zone who were unwilling to return to their homeland. This number was swelled by refugees from Hungary in 1956. In December, 1946 the United Nations set up International Refugee Organisation to take over from the UNRRA. Up to 1950 member Governments contributed a total of $360 million for the operations of the IRO which in the first three years resettled 760,000 displaced persons. When the IRO was wound up in March 1951, a High Commissioner was appointed to continue the work. In his report to the last session of the United Nations the High Commissioner for Refugees, Dr. August Lindt, reported that the number of refugees in Europe under the protection of the United Nations had fallen from 300,000 in 1954 to 160,000 in 1958. Of this number 40,000 were living in camps as compared with 85,000 in 1954. As regards Hungarian refugees, 16,700 had returned voluntarily to Hungary and 187,000 had emigrated. The United Nations General Assembly in its resolution taking note of the High Commissioner's report pointed out that "a substantial international effort was still needed to help solve the problem of the remaining refugees in Europe particularly those in camps."

WORLD REFUGEE YEAR

The same session of the General Assembly last March adopted a British proposal for declaring a World Refugee Year "as a practical means of securing increased assistance for refugees throughout the world". The World Refugee Year was formally opened on June 30, 1959. Ten countries, namely Great Britain, France, U.S.A., Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Austria, Persia, Argentina and the Dominican Republic sponsored the resolution in the Social Humanitarian and Cultural Committee. Miss Hornsby-Smith, the British representative, explaining the proposal, said that it had originated with private citizens and organisations in U.K. and its basic object was to focus public opinion and enlist support from Governments, people's charitable organisations of all kinds *to solve the problem of refugees wherever they may be in the world and into whatever formal category they may fall.* Miss Hornsby-Smith added: "We regard the scheme as essentially a series of national efforts and we should expect that different countries, where they are to give the scheme their support, would wish to go about it in different ways". She also announced that the British Government would contribute $280,000 for the World Refugee Year in the U.K.

U. N. ASSISTANCE

This resolution, it may be pointed out, marks a substantial extension of the United Nations' interest in the solution of the refugee problem. The resolution makes it clear that the World Refugee Year has been declared as a practical means of securing assistance for refugees throughout the world. The benefits will be for all categories of refugees and not merely those under the protection of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. Assistance from the United Nations Relief Organisations was hitherto available only to particular categories of war refugees. For instance the German minorities totalling over six million who were expelled from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary under the Potsdam Agreement, and much larger numbers migrating subsequently from East Germany, are not under UN care. Similar is the case with the millions of overseas Japanese who returned to their own country after the termination of hostilities in the East. The exclusion of these categories of refugees from U.N. assistance may be explained by the fact that the United Nations was formed of the nations allied in opposition to the Axis Powers.

U. N. & REFUGEES FROM PAKISTAN

But the United Nations so far has not also taken any notice of the problem of refugees from Pakistan which India has been faced with for the last twelve years. West Germany has been able to give relief to German refugees from the East and to absorb them in the expanding economy of the Federal Republic. Their main interest now is not relief or rehabilitation but restoration of their homelands. Immediately after the end of the war Japan was taken under the protective wings of the United States which rendered financial and other assistance to

(*Continued on Page 32*)

SCIENCE AND MANKIND

By Dr. U. P. BASU, D.Sc., P.R.S., F.N.I., F.I.C.

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EXISTENCE of man is traced to be for 0.6 million years, but our knowledge of human history covers a space of time not exceeding 6,000 years. During this period man had overcome many obstacles offered by the living as well as the non-living world, and had wrested from nature some of her greater secrets. This had been possible for the knowledge of science. Science had made man less dependent on nature, and had brought health and life itself to millions. The technology that had enabled man to master his environments, might again enslave him. The mirror that man has placed before him, reflects different aspects of the world, but not of his own inner self. Can science reveal the same ?

Man is distinguished from other beings by his intellect. All over the world he has adopted common methods of reasoning and thought. The human reason is one and indentical. This is the root of science. Still we find that only a minority of the human race professes belief in any particular religion. This is perhaps due to differences of geography, climate, or environmental conditions of any society or country. Will science, whose function is to pursue a systematic and formulated knowledge, increase the intellect of man to a still higher degree for which human minds will not differ in different regions of the world ?

SCIENCE, TRUTH & POWER

Science seeks after truth and offers opportunity of acquiring knowledge as well as power. If one pursues it for the latter, mind deteriorates. When mind deteriorates, the community, the race and civilization deteriorate. Then only will Science triumph on the material plane and be adorned by those who are after materialistic gain. It will have no effect on the cultural needs of man. Those who are technically advanced, may develop a superiority complex and others become prone to imitate. Gradually, they lose their self-reliance, and their philosophy of life is lost. Science is to be developed and nurtured without affecting the vitality of any race or the life of any nation. The changes which science often brings forth, are so rapid that many people do not find an opportunity to think and that again with a right attitude of mind. No work can be properly accomplished without correct thinking. Once Pasteur was told that all brilliant discoveries are due to chance observation. The great scientist and philosopher replied : "Chance favours only the ready mind". There are thinkers today, but they are perhaps submerged in the mass of unthinking humanity. Men of thought like Buddha, Einstein, Faraday, Mahatma Gandhi who are rarely born, had to work against heavy odds all the time. Meditation is essential in an attempt for solution of any problem.

Science in relieving man from dependence on nature, often leads him to false vanity and to disbelief in the mysteries of the Reality. The consequence is that he migrates from the path of devotion and becomes slave to the charms of science. Mere scientific knowledge will not help in intellectual and mental progress of life, just as one cannot achieve salvation by the practice of asceticism only. Science has interwoven itself in the very texture of our present day life. It is a useful tool by means of which we can satisfy many of our physical or bodily needs. But as body is subordinate to mind, so science cannot play a finer role unless mind is prepared for acceptance of the gifts of science. Here science is to be wedded to culture. Culture is a way of life and thought, and this can be cultivated and/or evolved by proper education. Education should turn the eye of the mind towards the light that dispels the darkness of ignorance, prejudice, and diverse ills of our life. Science will only be a tool in such an adventure and attempt.

EDUCATION AND LIFE

Owing to our cultural past we in India are often in confusion in adapting ourselves to the changes that have been brought about by the modern system of education. The fundamental goal of education is not only to impart knowledge, but to develop a moral character to lead the individual to the perfection of his power both physical and mental. It is for this reason that education should not stop at any particular age starting from the kindergarten to the university stage, but should continue throughout the whole of life. The system of education as followed in *ashramas* stands perhaps unique in the world. It may be difficult to follow but it shows the lofty spiritual ideal that the destiny of man is not to be submerged by worldly cares, but to raise himself above to a higher sphere. This is only possible by remaining in touch and contact with the people of the society at all levels, stages and times. To-day only such contact is found in political fields. In cultural and social sphere we are shy to mix even with men of identical thought and profession. This will be evident if a scrutiny be made on the functioning of different learned bodies of the modern age. We have societies of philosophers, chemists, botanists or such. How many of the learned people who have adopted one or other discipline, are associated with the above bodies after they have passed the doors of their *alma mater*. This tends to indicate that we follow a course of education not for enlightenment of our mind and spirit but for some materialistic gain.

WORLD-WIDE CULTURAL CONTACTS

Education is for the uplift of mind and not for the body. Perhaps, it is for this reason even technical education is now being imparted in more advanced countries in a general way. It is not

teaching facts only (text books can do it) but inculcating an attitude of mind. The idea is again gaining ground that in order to make any substantial progress in human civilization, the life of the mind is to be encouraged. All these need a synthesis between the thoughts of the people living in different hemispheres by frequent discussion. This is more possible now as scientific achievements have annihilated distances and differences, and brought the people of the world nearer to one another than ever before. The scholars of the different parts of the world may meet and discuss freely. The idea is gradually gaining ground. In this venture we in India must not suffer from inferiority complex. The Western system of education is virtually based upon the principles as developed in India during the Buddhistic period and as had been enunciated in the Chanakya *Slokas*. For five years one may fondle a son, for 10 years one may spank him but when he reaches the sixteenth year, one may consider him as a friend. In the Western system the child is induced to good habits by coaxing for the first six years, in the next 10 years the character is moulded by obedience and a definite code, and in the subsequent period by commendation and glorification. The main object is to develop a character that may lead one to the perfection of his abilities. This may need education throughout the whole of life. Is it not the same as has been followed in ancient India through the system of *ashramas?* Only with the change of environmental conditions, a nation may have to alter its ways and methods. Any such move needs a band of teachers who will have to work with a mission for creating students with a desire to learn the values of life.

SLAVISH WORSHIP OF WEST

Education to-day, has mostly become a business of learning. When one unit is out of gear, we depend on the other; but when both are disjointed we are in difficulties. A proper attitude of mind is necessary. Once we dream to become a nation like many others, evolving an opulent industry and commerce as well as acquiring an immense military strength and at the same time, we are reminded of our past, and we sit to dream over the philosophy of life. This duel conception is often hampering our progress. We must fix up our path of action. What will we gain by pondering over the advancement made in other countries or by a slavish worship of the past? If a survey be made on the development of civilization as measured by the growth of industries and their command of markets, it would be found that many of the largest industrial organizations in the U.S.A. have a yearly sale value of over Rs. 2,000 crores whereas our largest unit (Tata Iron & Steel) has a sale of over Rs. 53.0 crores. This technical superiority of the West is bringing forth a distrust in the prowess and functioning of our men-scientists and technologists. The result is that we are being entangled more and more in the technicalities of other countries. If things continue in this way, India may lose the most valuable treasure—her culture. It is to be remembered that man is man. Fire is dormant in every soul and this can be fanned into flame. This is even evident from persons who, although showing no apparent intelligence or sharpness in their school career, had risen to the zenith in their subsequent life. This is nothing unusual, if we believe in our own law of *karma*. *Karma* is a continuous operation. We have no control over past *Karma*, while the future is absolutely ours. For right performance a proper training is however essential and this is to be imparted to those who can receive the same in proper perspective. Otherwi the power that one may obtain through *Karm* (Science and technology) will recoil upon oneself t his destruction.

THE HIGHEST SCIENCE

For the present turmoil, the common man blam science. It is not science which has encouraged t prepare weapons (atom bomb for example) for ma slaughter. Science reveals the truth and mysteri of nature It has proved by nuclear fission as we as fusion that energy (eternal power) which cann be destroyed, lies in a single unit. By its other func tion science has given materials as hard as steel, a warm as wool, as fine as silk, as transparent as glas and as bright as precious stones. It is the accumu lation of these material goods, that has tempte mankind to seek after what is pleasant to the sens in preference to what is good for soul. The question i being raised that this is due to the fact that scienc has given material things but has not given the con ception to the mind of man as to his place in th vastness of the universe. The secrets of the univers are being revealed and/or discovered, but the secret of the self remain where they were. This is wher science has its limitation. Here another issue need clarification and that is the aspiration of man. I it to establish peace in his mind and round hi environments? Science is in a position to do thi if only everyone becomes a true scientist. A scientis is a man and a man is not an isolated individual bu contains in himself the entire universe.

"Behold, O Arjun, the entire universe in me a one whole and also many other things that you lik to see"—(The *Gita*—Chapter XI, Sloka 7).

This is true in all senses. In the materialisti world we have created pumps, friction-less joints powerful lens, various vocal organs, audible instruments. But have we thought over that these are in no way better or finer than what our mortal body possesses such as heart, knee—or wrist-joint, eye, mouth, ear etc.? On the other side we will yet have to produce a faster vehicle than mind. So if we know ourselves, we know the universe. Science only makes an attempt to discover. For this one has to do his *Karma* bearing in mind that he is the supreme in body and mind. If he knows himself, he wil know the supreme.

"LOVE SCIENCE : LOVE YOURSELF"

This concept of man is of more importance t man's future. Science in itself is neutral. It ca heal or can kill. It depends upon the outlook an mentality of the user whether science will be used t create a new heaven or to destroy the whole fabri which man has spun. Scientist as a man in hi mission is probing more and more into the mysterie of the Universe and one day he may even find ou what has constituted himself at a position highe over all creatures. A true scientist will always remai a deep philosopher meditating and working for th fundamentals that are responsible for creating difference between one or the other whether animat or inanimate. It is for others to take advantage o this knowledge thus revealed for creating goodwi amongst all and not for creating conditions o conflagration. Wherein lies the spirit that induce a man to do a job good or bad?—It is the environmen But environment is man's creation. Science tries t make the environment smooth, soft, congenial an mirthful and thereby offer opportunities to mankin to live in contentment of mind.

Love science, and man will love himself.



The three-hundred-year-old image of [illegible] Durga found in the [illegible] of the [illegible] family of [illegible] district.

INDO-IRANIAN RELATIONS THROUGH THE AGES

By Dr. HIRA LALL CHOPRA, M.A., D.Litt.

"Among the many peoples and races who have come in contact with and influenced India's life and culture, the oldest and most persistent have been the Iranians. Indeed the relationship precedes even the beginnings of Indo-Aryan civilization, for it was out of some common stock that the Indo-Aryans and the ancient Iranians diverged and took their different ways......Iran like India, was strong enough in the cultural foundations to influence even her invaders and often to absorb them. The Arabs, who conquered Iran in the seventh century A.D. succumbed to this influence and in place of their simple desert ways, adopted the sophisticated culture of Iran........In India this Iranian influence was continuous and during the Afghan and Moghul periods in India, Persian was the court language of the country. This lasted up to the beginnings of the British period. All the modern Indian languages are full of Persian words."

(*Discovery of India*—Jawaharlal Nehru, Pp. 112-113).

THE story of the Indo-Iranian cultural relations is actually the story of civilization in the East. As is evident from the legendary history of both the countries, India and Iran were inhabited by people professing the same faith and speaking the same language. The Vedas bear witness to this assumption that Zoroaster started preaching a Vedic religion in Iran, which laid stress on the worship of fire. The sacred texts of the Hindus bear affinity with those of Zoroastrians. Slight phonetic variations of the Avesta, can make it read like Vedic Sanskrit. The affinity is evidenced not only in the language, metre, diction and sentence-formation of the two scriptures, but also in rituals, traditions, creation-fables and accounts of the deities and angels of the Zoroastrians and the Hindus, which goes to prove that both Indians and Iranians lived together as one people prior to their division and demarcation. Both were Aryans—those living in Iran to the west of Sind, called themselves Airyans, but termed as Persians by the Greeks as the Greeks had to encounter with them in the province of Fars. Parthavas and Pahlavas occur in Indian epic tradition also; but our brothers on the western side of Sind gave us the name of Hindus and our land Hindustan. In four places in Avesta (in Yasna, Meher Yasht, Tir Yasht and Vendidad) India is referred to as "Hapthindu"—the "Saptsindhu" of the Vedas comprising the Punjab and Sind. Thus actually, the word 'Hindu' was given to us by the Iranians and 'Parthavas' and 'Pahlavas' to them from us. The Greeks changed the names of both of us to Indians and Persians.

IRAN IN RAMAYANA & MAHABHARATA

The *Ramayana*, the oldest of our epics, bears testimony to the fact that Kaikeyi, the wife of Dashratha and mother of Bharata was the daughter of an Iranian Kayani king of Kekaya. The Iranian kings of that territory used to prefix their names with 'kaya' like Kaiqobad, Kaikaoos and Kaikhusro. When on the exile of Ramchandra, Bharata is recalled from his Kayani maternal grand-father, he brings with him the presents comprising hounds, woollen raiments and skins of antelopes, which were the speciality of Iran of those days. Similarly we find in the *Mahabharata* that the blind Kaurava King Dhritrashtra was married to Gandhari, the daughter of the king of Kandahar on the border of Iran.

In the legendary history of both India and Iran, we get references to kings and people of one country visiting the other. References to Pahlavas are to be found in *Vishnu Purana, Vayu Purana, Harivansha* of *Mahabharata, Raghuvansha, Mudrarakhshasa, Kadambari and Kathasaritsagara.* Similarly in the Iranian legendary history, Hoshang, the grandson of Kayumars, the primeval ancestor of Iran, landed in India and Jamshid defeated and pursued by Zohak is supposed to have taken refuge in India. *Shahnama* of Firdausi, the repository of Iranian legendary traditions is replete with references to India. If wine was discovered in Iran by Behramgur, the musicians to complement its intoxication were supplied by Shangal from India. Naushirwan sent out Barzui, the wisest of the Iranians, to India, to search out the 'water of life' and he took away *Panchtantra* to his country, which contained tales of wit and wisdom and of practical value in the mundane life. The game of chess or *Chatrang* was also imported into Iran from India.

EARLY HISTORICAL PERIOD

In actual history, while going through the ruins of Persepolis one is struck with the structural grandeur of the minarets of Darius and some of its inscriptions. Darius Hystaspes—the great Achaemenian king—seems to have taken his inspiration from Manu or some earlier Hindu law-giver, when he declared to the people of his country in a language, which sounds like Vedic:—

> "By the will of Ahuramazda, I am king of kings, I love justice, I hate inequity, it is not my pleasure that the lower suffer injustice because of the higher —thus speaks Darius, the great Persian (Achaemenian) king (521-486 B.C.)".

The foundations of this dynasty were laid by Cyrus the Great who ruled over Iran from 561-529 B.C. He cast his eyes on India and could annex only Afghanistan and Baluchistan to his great empire and died yearning for the Punjab, which was considered to be the richest part of India. He was more or less like Babur from among the Achaemenians, but his successor Darius played the role of Akbar and truly laid the foundations of his empire, extending up to the Punjab by conquering it in 512 B.C. Punjab yielded the richest tribute of 360 gold talents (equivalent to one million pounds) to the Persian empire of Darius. The name of India is inscribed on the royal palace of Persepolis as well as on the Naqsh-i-Rustam. The existence of a fire-temple in Taxila dis-

covered by Sir John Marshall, confirms the Iranian influence there. Asoka the Great governed the north-west part of India as its viceroy in the times of the kingship of his father, Bindusara. Many Iranian customs regarding the disposal of the dead were in vogue in Taxila. Asokan pillars from Ghazni to the southern-most part of India are constructed on the patterns of pillars of Darius to be found in Persepolis. Cyrus established benevolent monarchy in Iran and it goes to the credit of Iran that the monarchy still exists there continuously, and its close rivals, China and Egypt, have relinquished it only in the twentieth century and it is the proud privilege of the present monarch of Iran that he is going to celebrate the 2500th anniversary of monarchy in his country in 1961, where more than 50 heads of different countries will participate in its deliberations.

The Sasanians from Ardeshir Babakan (226-240 A.D.) to Behramgur (420-440 A.D.) had always aspired to create good relations with India. Behramgur visited the court of Raja Shangal of Kannauj and the latter's daughter married Behramgur whose progeny was known as *Gardhbhil Rajputs*. Shangal, knowing Behramgur's fondness for poetry and music despatched with him twelve thousand Luri minstrels to Iran and the place where they settled in that country is called Luristan.

Naushirwan (531-579 A.D.), the just and the most illustrious of the Sasanians, married his daughter to Bapa Rawal, the chief progenitor of the Rajputs. It was in Naushirwan's time that *Panchtantra* found its way to Iran with the name of *Kalileh wa Dimnak*.

DIPLOMATIC ENVOYS EXCHANGED

Pulkesi II, a great Chalukyan king of South India defeated king Harsha in earlier half of the seventh century and sent an ambassadorial deputation to king Khusro Parviz of Iran in 625 A.D. and from there in return an embassy was sent to the Indian king—an event which is represented in a large fresco-painting in Cave No. 1 at Ajanta. The romance of Khusro and Shirin is also interestingly illustrated in the Ajanta caves.

The Arab conquest of Iran in 651 A.D. was of great significance, which became a source of genuine friendship between India and Iran. The last Zoroastrian king Yazdgird III found no refuge in his own country and was compelled to fly from there towards the East. He had three daughters, Mehrbanu, Shahrbanu and Mahbanu. Mehrbanu was lost in the mountains, Shahrbanu was married to Imam Hussain, the hero of Karbala and the grandson of Prophet Muhammad, whose progeny was known as Sayyids and the third Mahbanu is said to have been married to a Hindu prince of Udaipur, thus becoming an ancestor of the bravest and the most famous Rajputs of India. The Zoroastrians, in their zeal to protect their sacred fire from pollution, turned their faces towards India and since then, they are living in India as Parsees—a community which has genuinely contributed to the economic welfare of the country. One of the presidents of the Indian National Congress in its early years, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, the first Indian member of the British Parliament, was a Parsi.

ISLAM IN INDIA

It is significant that India received Islam largely through Iran. Iran refused to accept the introduction of Arabic language and culture and so did India. It was only in Sind which was invaded by Mir Qasim that the Arabic language could find its way, otherwise in the rest of the country, it was Persian which became the court-language and the Persian customs and manners were in vogue in the Indian courts.

The seventeen invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni wrought incalculable vandalism to Indian art and architecture, but the appraisal of the country by Al-Biruni brings into relief the high social order and the intellectual pursuits of spiritual matters which were prevalent in the country at that distant date. The *Shahnama* of Firdausi got currency in India immediately after its composition and the first Hindi translation of it was done in Kashmir by Bodi Butt.

Kashmir and Iran were always culturally inter-related. *Panchtantra* was sent from Kashmir to Iran in Naushirwan's time and the Persian language entered into the happy valley through the efforts of Shah Hamadan. From among the Hindus of India, Kashmiri Brahmins have always held aloft the torch of Persian language and culture and even after their migration from there to other parts of India due to their persecution by Sikandar, the idol-breaker, they were the pioneers in the field much earlier than the advent of the Mughals in India as will be evident from the two big volumes of *Bahar-i-Gulshan-i-Kashmir*. Precisely on the lines of the *Shahnama* of Firdausi, Kalhan Pandit composed his *Rajtarangini*, a legendary-*cum*-factual versified history of Kashmir in 1148 A.D. which starts with the *Puranas* and ends with the beginning of the eleventh century—thus laying the foundations of writing true history in Sanskrit on the lines of the Muslim chroniclers.

PERSIAN IN INDIA

With the coming of Mughals, Indian courts were saturated with Iranian influence and culture. Iran adopted Shia-ism as its state religion under the Safavids and did neither patronise nor encourage Persian poets or panegyrists, who found Mughal courts in India as the last, the best and the most appreciative refuge for their poetic talent and we have names of quite a few hundreds of them who were being provided for honourably from these courts. Humayun, under pressure from Sher Shah Suri of Bengal, was obliged to quit India and seek refuge with the Safavi king of Iran and on return from there with Iranian help, when the Delhi throne was restored to him, he brought with him some renowned Iranian painters, artists and architects. The reigns of Akbar, Jahangir, Shahjahan and Aurangzeb find superb Persian poets, historians and chroniclers in India, with whose contact the Indian talent got its proper training and we find Amir Khusro, Abul Fazl, Faizi, Urfi, Naziri, Zahuri, Saib, Talib, Kalim, Hazin, Chandra Bhan Brahmin, Manohar Tawsani and others writing in standard Persian which was acceptable to the people of Iran. Indian contribution to Persian Lexicography is unrivalled in the whole of Persian literature up to today. It was a pleasant surprise for me to see on the walls of the Azarbaijan mosque of Teheran written the following famous Persian verse of Chandra Bhan Brahmin signifying the width and adaptability of the Iranian mind:

Babin karamat-i-butkhana-i-mara ai shaikh
Ke chun kharab shawad khana-i-khuda gardad

"O religious preceptor, see the miracle of our idol-temple,

Which when ruined, still remains a house of God."

Hafiz, the most famous bard of Persian literature was invited by Sultan Ghiasuddin of Bengal to India, but he could not comply with his wishes due to rough

(*Continued on Page 30*)

VEGETABLE RESOURCES IN WATER

By Dr. K. BISWAS,

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WATER is the sustainer of life. Thus, creation proceeded from water. After the great deluge when the earth with its mountains and forests all remained submerged, Lord Basudeva called upon Manu, the great Law-Giver, and commanded him to protect all forms of plant and animal lives for the preservation of creation and evolution of plant and animal lives on the earth.

The evolution of plant and animal lives, as revealed in the researches of biologists, begins from the minutest microscopic flagellated unicellular organism known as *protista*. The plant and animal developed from this tiny microscopic organism into two separate branches of life—the plant life and the animal life. The body of this *protista* is about two to five hundredth part of a millimeter. Thus, all types of plant and animal lives composing the flora and the fauna of the present time are believed to have evolved from such microscopic simple flagellated organisms and reached their highest stage exhibiting the most elaborate, complex and highly advanced forms. Millions of years ago in the days of yore giant pre-historic trees and animals were petrified and carbonized, and thus got embedded in the earth's crust. Some of them are deposited in the form of vast coal seams and fossil beds of plants and animals in different parts of the world, and these indicate the early history of plants and animals on the earth. The evolution of plant and animal lives as envisaged in our ancient scriptures also supports to some extent the Darwinian theory of evolution which brought a renaissance in the modern biological investigations all over the world.

FLOWERS OF THE SEA

About three-fourths of the globe are water and enormous "unfathomed caves of ocean" bear numerous plant and animal organisms which originate, grow and die in the depths of the seas and oceans. In the freshwater lakes, jheels, tanks and ponds too plants and animals live in mutual harmony on a principle of give-and-take policy. The plants give food and shelter to the animals, and the animals in their turn give manure and body-building elements to the plants. The salt water, brackish water, fresh water—all have been serving as wonderful media for the vegetable organisms to grow and perform their life-history year in and year out from time immemorial. The ice-water in the Arctic and snowy mountains and the water of some of the artesian wells and other sub-soil waters as well as the rain-water do not contain any organism unless these are contaminated. The bulk of the vegetable lives, therefore, is confined to all kinds of surface water, that is, the oceans, the seas, the canals, the rivers, the lakes, the ponds, and the jheels etc. harbouring numerous forms of plants and animals. The aquatic plants flourish most luxuriantly mainly in the two main types of water, namely, the marine including brackish water and the fresh water. Vegetable lives in these two types of water differ in their structures and methods of reproduction and life-history. It is not possible to deal with all these numerous kinds of plants living in the two expanses of water. The salient features of the vegetable lives in these two types of water with special reference to human welfare are dealt with here. Each expanse of sea, or ocean, or lake forms a unique medium in which minutest microscopic plant-life as well as larger plants, some of them are several thousands of feet long, occur in the sea-beds, and along the sides either submerged or exposed to the tidal waves. These plants of the marine waters are commonly known as sea-weeds. They are well-known for their marvellous display of colour and designs in their fronds which serve as exquisite objects of art. They are rightly called the flowers of the sea by the poets:

Call us not weeds, we are the flowers of the sea,
For beautiful, bright, and gay tinted are we:
We grow independent of sun-shine or showers:
Then call us not weeds, we are ocean's own flowers.

SEA-WEEDS AS FOOD

Sea-weeds are also valuable materials for various economic uses. They supply food to many sea-animals, such as, whales. Many unicellular floating plants in the sea serve as food to fishes, such as, cod-fish, which yields valuable cod-liver oil. The original source of this valuable nutritious oil is the microscopic marine plankton algae. One great biologist asserted that the food problem could be solved by using these vast masses of floating plants and animals occurring in the seas and the oceans. The sea-weeds can also serve as food to man and animal. They are rich in soda, potash, iodine, nitrogen, silica, lime, carbon, and bromine and, in fact, these form a good source of iodine. The tough gum-weed *(Gracilaria tenax)* is used for the preparation of glue and varnish. Species of *Gelidium, Gracilaria* and others found to grow along the Indian coasts are the well-known Ceylon-moss or Agar-Agar used for food, preparation of ice-cream, and culture medium for bacteria and fungi. Many other sea-weeds which are grown in and about coasts of Madras and Bombay are vast resources which can profitably be utilised for solving the food problem and organic manure. It is said that war has made sea-weed—eaten in many forms in different parts of Britain—a familiar food to many people who had never heard of it as a food before. Dulse, a species of small, smooth-leaved sea-weeds, is often eaten uncooked by the Scots. In some parts of England it is served with roast mutton or as a savoury on toast. "Sea-weed bread", sometimes called "laver bread", is popular on the Welsh coast.

One American authority declared recently that the world is foolish to rely so much on wheat sup-

plies, as there are equally good crops to be harvested from the sea. There was enough nutritious vegetation grown in the Saragasso sea alone to feed all Europe, he said, if only it were harvested and prepared for human consumption.

MATERIALS FOR INDUSTRIES

In some of the beds of the oceans have been discovered vast areas covered with deposit of fossil remains of the most remarkable unicellular plant known as *Diatom*. These unicellular plant organisms bear on their silicified walls markings of extraordinary beauty. The artists and microscopists enamoured of the artistic beauty of the markings on their walls, use them for their designs and for testing the dissolving power of microscope. The fossil beds of Diatoms or Diatomaceous earth, as these are called, are valuable raw materials for various industrial purposes. Researches reveal that these are used as an absorbent for liquid nitro-glycerine, to make an explosive, dynamite, that could be transported with comparative safety. The ashes are also used in the 'filtration of liquids, especially those of sugar refineries,' 'for polishing engines, and are good materials for tooth-paste.' Recent discovery indicates that there is a possibility of occurrence of such deposit of Diatomaceous earth in and about the Andamans and the Laccadive islands in the Indian Ocean.

The potentiality of utilising the vegetable life of fresh water reservoir in our country is also enormous. The microscopic organisms as well as the higher plants are valuable food for fishes, and are thus used in pisciculture. Many water plants, such as, *Kalmi sak—(Ipomea reptans)*, *Susni sak—(Marselia quadrifolia)*, *Hinche sak—(Enhedra fluctuens)*, are cooked as vegetable and widely eaten in India. They are also of medicinal value and used for purifying blood, curing insomnia and acidity, and treating eye-trouble. The larger aquatic plants must, however, not be allowed to grow in such larger quantity as to choke up the tanks and lakes, and thus cause unhygienic and insanitary condition for fish fauna and making water unpotable. The vegetation must, therefore, be controlled and kept growing in such a manner that a balance between vegetable and animal lives is properly maintained. If the plant-life cause chokage, there will be dearth of oxygen in the water, and the animal life including fishes might die *en masse*, as it often happens during hot weather due to over-dose of carbon dioxide.

MANUFACTURE OF FOOD

Attempts are being made in Europe and U.S.A. at manufacturing wholesome food from the unicellular algae—*Chlorella vulgaris*—a common alga of Indian fresh-water. The culture of this alga in acres of water as a veritable algae farm from which wholesome food can be manufactured for human consumption, has been undertaken in U.S.A. and other countries. "It is said that a species having single cell plant called algae or Chlorella which was far ahead in converting sun's energy into food, than any other plant known in the vegetable kingdom, after addition of mineral fertilisers (potash, nitrogen, phosphate) into water along with carbon dioxide gas resulting algae was rich in 89% food, without roots, stems, and leaves. After controlling chemicals and gas one can grow starch (grain) sugar, protein, oil or vitamins."

"After an experiment of California University Research Section 89% oil was produced from one lb. of algae, one acre of pond grown Chlorella was equal to 25 acres of soil yield requiring no tillage, seeding, rain or severe human labour required for soil grown plants."

"Here food was manufactured according to schedule, similar to factory method continuously and harvesting was also easy through pumping contrivances and thus one person was able to take care of 100 acres of algae farm very easily."

The vegetable lives in the rivers and flowing waters are not many due to the strong current of the waters, and in some cases the muddy colour of the water prevents the light to penetrate through and the conditions of life in such waters are not favourable for supporting vegetable life in large numbers, excepting a few members of current-water plankton-algae.

BACTERIA-FREE GANGES WATER

The current water of the Ganges contains valuable elements, and the plankton coming from the sea, especially down-streams, are valuable food for Hilsa and other fishes of great delicacy. The water has got also much antiseptic properties, as it can easily be seen from the Ganges water, which, if kept stored in a vessel for many months does not encourage growth of bacteria, plants or animals. It is believed that the Ganges water contains "Bacteriophage," and the great scientist Prof. Hans Molisch agreed with the writer that it must be this and also other chemical and physical properties in the water of the Ganges which prevent growth of germs of diseases and kill the germs of many infectious diseases, like cholera, typhoid etc., if and when it occurs in the water and exposed to the direct sun light for more than 5-10 seconds. It is, therefore, quite natural for the religious Hindus to pray to Ganga and even to invoke the presiding deity when pouring the sacred water into the mouth of dying Hindus. It is therefore, no wonder that so much sanctity is ascribed to the water of our sacred Ganga, which as our mythological story goes, flowed down on the earth from the matted hair of the head of Lord Shiva to purify the sins of the earth. Ganga is the source of our irrigation of land and an important route for communication. Ganga brings fishes. Ganga is the main source of migration of myriads of biological life. Ganga takes away all our dirts and debris. Ganga supplies our drinking water. Ganga is the source of medium of biology. Ganga purifies the rich, the poor, the sinful and holy alike without distinction of caste and creed and religion. Let us all bow down to the holy mother Ganga of our sacred land.

O, Gangaya Narayanaya Shivaya Namo Nama

(I bow to the holy Ganga and the Lord Narayana, the Lord whose abode is in water, and the Lord Shiva—the all-pervading energy sustaining the creation with its never-ending manifestation of life.)

The vegetable life in water is a world by itself. Anyone standing on the side of a sea, lake, or a tank, a jheel, a pond, or a puddle, and observing plants and animals floating, swaying, dancing and playing in the water in their natural beauty, cannot but wonder at the marvels of the sea and the pond life, and will find in them "complete expression of the will of God in things created." He will then surely try to peep into the secrets of "organic creation in the midst of which our lives are embedded." Researches on the vegetable life in the fresh and marine waters are sure to reveal many important results for the solution not only of the food problem but also of mysteries of plant and animal lives in the marine and fresh-waters, which are likely to have direct or indirect bearing on the human life and welfare of mankind at large.

Then study her with reverence high, and
she will give the key,
So shalt thou learn to comprehend to the
secrets of the sea. (MARIE J. EWEN)

INDIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO International Civil Aviation

By D. CHAKRAVERTI
Retired Deputy Director of Civil Aviation, India.

IN the present days, when India is playing such an important role in various spheres of international activities, one is often asked,—"What contribution has India made or is making in the field of international civil aviation?" Those who keep themselves up-to-date in their knowledge of international civil aviation have a fairly good idea of the part that India is playing in the International Civil Aviation Organization,—in the Council of Nations in the field of civil aviation. They are also familiar with the contribution that the Indian airline—Air India International—has made in the sphere of international air transport, but many of them often fail to go any further and indicate any other contribution that India has made in the development of civil aviation in the past and its progress in the present.

The contribution that India has made in the International Civil Aviation Organization is by no means insignificant and the work that Air India International has done in the field of international air transport has received unstinted praise even from quarters which could not possibly be branded as blindly biased towards India. Valuable as these contributions are, they do not give a clear indication, or paint a complete picture of India's full contribution in the development of international civil aviation.

FIRST FLIGHT ACROSS ATLANTIC

In order to have a correct perspective of the picture, we shall have to go back a few years in the history of international civil aviation. As is well known, civil aviation was born soon after the end of World War I. It was during the twenties that civil aviation made rapid progress. The U.S.A., with its enormous resources in man and material went ahead by leaps and bounds. In Europe, international civil aviation, though far behind according to the American standard, also made significant progress. One has to note, that in those days, civil aviation of the Old World had no way of coming in contact with that of the New World. The Atlantic was the insurmountable barrier that kept the two worlds completely apart. The civil aviation of those days had not learnt to take the Atlantic in its stride. The day when the flight across the Atlantic was a matter of daily schedule was still years ahead. One still recalls the day in 1927, when Lindbergh made his flight across the Atlantic and became a national hero overnight. His achievement was hailed as the greatest event of that period.

Now-a-days, more than 100 aircraft fly across the Atlantic every day and people take no more notice of these flights than they do of the buses and the local trains that they may be taking every morning to go to their places of business or work. Aviation has certainly progressed in the course of the last 30 years.

In those early years of aviation, with the insurmountable barrier of the Atlantic lying between them, civil aviation in Europe and civil aviation in America grew up independently of each other, with no possibility of any close link between the two. This had an important bearing on the development of civil aviation of later years. The Atlantic was a standing challenge to civil aviation and both the designers of aircraft and the operators of airlines knew full well that the challenge will have to be met head on if civil aviation was not to remain in straight jacket all its life. We know how civil aviation has won the day but this success came only after World War II and the War certainly accelerated the progress of civil aviation and hastened the advent of the day of conquest of the Atlantic by civil aviation. But that is another story and we need not go into it here.

During the decade, ending with 1930 or so, civil aviation in Europe had been making steady progress. The size of aircraft on scheduled airlines was getting bigger, the amount of traffic was increasing, and the airlines were opening up new routes to connect the capitals and the business centres of Europe.

POLITICAL & GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEMS

After the airlines in Europe had established themselves on a firm footing and gained enough experience of running air services, they naturally did not feel satisfied to remain confined within the bounds of Europe. They had the natural urge to go further afield and break new ground.

When the airlines were exploring the possibility of extending their routes, they had to face a few political and geographical problems.

To the west of Europe lay the Atlantic and as mentioned before, at that time an extension of the airline in that direction was out of the question. To the east lay Russia and even though at the time people had not started talking about the "Iron Curtain", they had started feeling its presence. Besides, Russia was not in a position—nor in a mood—to welcome any airline from the West. So an extension of the airlines towards that direction was equally unfeasible. So the only alternative left to the airlines at that time, was to extend towards the south—to reach the continents of Africa, Asia and Australia by a leap across the Mediterranean.

While the operators and their Governments were

considering the question of the extension of the air routes from Europe, political considerations came into the picture. The nations which had made considerable progress in civil aviation in Europe were also the colonial powers.

These countries had their dominions and colonies in South East Asia, Africa, and Australia and they were extremely eager for a rapid means of communication with these territories in the far-off parts of the world. Thus Great Britain was interested in an air service to South Africa, India, and Australia; France to Indo-China; and the Netherlands to the East Indies. As a matter of fact, it was these political considerations which gave the incentive for the expansion of the air services from Europe to South East Asia and Australia.

IMPORTANCE OF INDIA

When these countries decided on the extension of their air services to the Far East, the importance of India in this field was immediately recognised. A glance at the map of this part of the world will show that there were three routes by which Europe could be linked up with Indo-China, East Indies, and Australia. The first was across Russia, the second across India, and the third across the Indian Ocean. As has been explained before, for political reasons a route across Russia was out of the question. For technical reason a route across the Indian Ocean was also impracticable. In those days a range of five hundred miles or so was considered to be a magnificent performance for an aircraft and even this range had to be obtained only with the price of considerable sacrifice of valuable payload. In view of this position, the only possible route which offered no insurmountable political or geographical obstacles was across India.

When all the countries interested in the development of civil aviation were convinced of the fact that without the active co-operation of India, development of civil aviation was unthinkable, they tried their best to persuade India to play her role which had come to her because of her geographical position. One may also mention here that Great Britain was one of the parties vitally interested in this development of civil aviation.

India was in a difficult position. In those days India was not in a position to lay down her own policies. But in this matter Great Britain took the views of the Government of India into consideration and the Government of India did not want to act without creating a certain amount of public opinion in its favour. Besides, the economic resources available to the country had also to be taken into full consideration before an international commitment could be made.

After long deliberations and consultations amongst the parties concerned, the Government of India decided to put India on the air map of the world and provide facilities for the airlines which were flying across the country at the time.

GROUND FACILITIES : IMPLICATIONS

This decision of India to provide ground facilities to the international airlines which were flying across her territory had many economic and political implications. In the first place, the cost of providing the facilities for the airlines was not inconsiderable. At that time both Burma and Pakistan were parts of India and the territory of India extended from Karachi on the west to Victoria Point on the southern tip of Burma. The distance between the two points, as the aircraft flew those days, was nearly three thousand miles. Along this distance aerodromes of suitable dimensions and surface had to be laid every few hundred miles. As the range of the aircraft was comparatively small and the aircraft were not suitably equipped to fly in bad weather, emergency landing grounds were essential for the safety of aircraft. Meteorological services had also to be provided on an adequate scale. This meant the setting up of a huge network of observatories all over the country and a number of forecasting centres all along the route. For the sake of safe navigation and economic operation of the air services an efficient tele-communication service was an essential requirement. These were certainly heavy commitments that India took upon herself when she agreed to provide ground facilities for international air services. It may also be mentioned here that at that time, India had no air services—internal or external—of her own. So she had no direct interest in the ground facilities that she provided at the time. As the number of international services flying across India was small, the financial return on the capital invested was almost negligible.

In implementing this policy of providing ground facilities for international civil aviation, Government of India had to face some criticism. It was stated in certain quarters that the Government was embarking on this policy involving heavy capital and recurring expenditures not in national interest, but only to serve the interest of some foreign airlines including those of Great Britain. There were, however, many in India who did not subscribe to this point of view. They felt that to keep the development of ground organisation in abeyance till India was in a position to start her own internal airlines was a short-sighted policy which would hamper progress of civil aviation in the country in the long run.

SIGNIFICANT DECISION

When one looks back on the progress of civil aviation during the last twentyfive years, one feels convinced that this decision of India to provide ground facilities on her territory, for the international air services, was one of the greatest contributions that any country has ever made for the progress of international civil aviation. It is difficult to say how international civil aviation would have progressed if India had not provided the facilities at that time. As I have explained before, without these facilities in India, the air services from Europe could not have reached Far East or Australia. With the insurmountable obstacle of the Atlantic on the West and the vast land of India on the East, civil aviation would have been cramped and would have had very limited scope of expansion. And one wonders if civil aviation would have had to wait for ten years or more before it could provide aircraft of adequate performance to fly across the Atlantic in the West or India in the East.

If India's contribution to international civil aviation had been invaluable in the past, it has been no less valuable in recent years. India has been a member of the International Civil Aviation Organisation ever since its birth and has been elected to the Council of that organisation in all the elections that have taken place since that time. It may be mentioned here in passing that India's part in international civil aviation has not gone without recognition in the international field. In some of the elections in International Civil Aviation Organisation

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WHY RELIGION?

By Dr. ROMA CHAUDHURI

Principal, Lady Brabourne College, Calcutta.

At the very dawn of human civilization, the most profound question of the world was asked in India by a housewife, (Maitreyi), with no pretension to any deep yearning or scholastic achievement, thus:

"What shall I do with that which cannot make me immortal?" (*Brihadaranyak Upanisad*—2.4.3.).

This desire for immortality is an eternal, fundamental, universal desire of mankind.

It may be said that Immortality is the very Law of Nature herself. In the physical world, we have the Great Law of Conservation of Energy, which asserts with confidence that the material world is like a closed circle, with neither beginning nor end, so that Matter cannot be destroyed, but can have only changes of form, and is, accordingly, something ever-continuous, ever-existent, eternal. In the same manner, in the animal world, too, we have another Great Law, viz: the Law of Self-Preservation and Race-Preservation, which also tells us with equal confidence that the species does not die, even when the individuals do — for, from parents to progeny, through chromosomes and genes, the same characteristics are transmitted, generation after generation, according to the Principle of Heredity. In this way, Physical Immortality and Biological Immortality do, indeed, constitute the very core and essence of this vast and variegated universe of ours which, in the midst of all apparent changes and endings, death and destruction, goes on persisting and persisting, in one form or other, in an endless, ever-revolving cycle.

"HUMAN IMMORTALITY"

But is this the kind of Immortality that we desire? Apparently not, for, here there is really nothing to desire for — these being inevitable Laws which bring about their own effects mechanically without any desire or striving on the part of any one at all. So, the Immortality we desire for is not, surely, a Law of Nature, but rather an exception to it,—something which we have to strive for and achieve, through sweat and tears, through one-pointed attention and energy. Now, what are our ordinary worldly desires? From the cognitive side, desire for Knowledge; from the conative side, desire for Power; and in between the two, the real desire from the emotive side, viz: the desire for Love, or in other words, Fame. This is nothing but the desire to be remembered by all with affection for our Knowledge and Power, and thereby be immortalised in their hearts. This may be called "Human Immortality," as contrasted from the "Physical Immortality," found in the Material World, and "Biological Immortality," found in the Animal World.

WHAT IS REAL IMMORTALITY?

But, is even this enough? Is even this real Immortality? Just as we have certain inviolable physical and psychical laws, so we have also several inviolable spiritual laws or maxims; and one of the most fundamental of these is that what is selfish can never have any real or eternal value. Hence, this selfish desire for Immortality through Fame cannot really be called "Immortality" at all. Just as the Matter-particles, or the genes that simply continue to persist, cannot be called "Immortal" in any proper sense of the term, so exactly, this Human Fame also cannot make one really immortal at all.

So, we have to rise still higher to reach Immortality in the real sense of the term. This is "Spiritual Immortality," which, really, is nothing but a tautology—for, Immortality is only and always Immortality of the Spirit—the Body—or 'Deha' is dissolved, the vital-breath or 'Prana' is stifled, the Mind or 'Manas' implying merely empirical consciousness disappears—whatever the Scientists, the Physicists, the Biologists, the Psychologists might tell us. But the only Reality that really persists is the Spirit, the self or the Soul, the 'Atman.' And herein lies the essential necessity of Religion, the eternal messenger of "Spiritual Immortality" on earth.

Here, three questions naturally arise: What is Spiritual Immortality, what is Religion, what is the relation between the two—in which alone we shall find answer to the query we started with: "Why Religion?"

THE ATMAN, THE SOUL

Thus, firstly, Spiritual Immortality implies only one thing, viz: that the Spirit, the self or the Soul, the Atman is ever-perfect, ever-full, ever-developed. It has no birth and death, no increase and decrease, no change of any kind whatsoever. Whatever be its nature—whether it be only consciousness in essence, or both consciousness and bliss in essence, or neither; whether it be only an Essence without Attributes, (Nirvisesa) or an Essence with Attributes (Savisesa)—leaving aside all these metaphysical controversies — it may be asserted, with no fear of dispute that it is Eternal Existence, i.e., what it is, it is from all eternity and will continue to be so.

RELIGION : DHARMA : IDEAL

Secondly, Religion, too, implies only one thing, viz: that it is a firm basis, a support or a foot-hold for entire universe to stand upon. Numerous defi-

nitions of "Religion" have been attempted in different theological systems, in different ages. But, the term "Dharma" in Sanskrit gives, perhaps, the best etymological meaning of "Religion" as "one that supports" implying a two-fold two-sided support, viz: Religion supports or holds the Universe; the Universe, in its turn, supports or holds Religion —Religion is nothing if it be not embodied in the Universe, and enshrined in the hearts of men. *Thus, Religion does not necessarily involve a belief in God—in India, at least, there have been and are Religions that are atheistic in nature—but a belief in an Ideal, above the trammels of the merely earthly existence; in the Soul, above the bondage of the body; in a Life Eternal, above the fleeting mundane shadows. In such an Ideal, in such a Soul, in such a Life Eternal only can one find a Foundation, firm and permanent, soothing and solacing.*

RELIGION : MIRROR OF IMMORTALITY

Thirdly, the relation between Spiritual Immortality and Religion also implies only one thing, viz: that Religion mirrors Spiritual Immortality, just as a mirror reflects the sun. It is through Religion that we come to know that the Soul is Immortal, present in all its beauty, majesty and glory from all eternity, waiting only to be recognized and realised, when the veil of Ignorance is lifted up. When dark clouds hide the sun from our vision, the loss is on our own part, as we, for the time being, fail to see the ever-present sun—and not on that of the sun itself, which is always there, whether actually seen or not. And the wind that blows these clouds off does not, indeed, newly create the sun to shine for us; but only reveals the ever-shining sun, so long temporarily concealed from us, to us. In the very same manner, Religion is the wind for us, the sustaining, exhilarating, enlivening wind that blows off all the dark clouds of Ignorance that darken our lives, stifle our breath, confine us in a narrow dungeon, besmear us with filthy mud, submerge us in a stinky mire.

WORLD'S FIVE MALADIES

The whole world is now darkened, stifled, confined, besmeared and submerged — darkened by foolishness, stifled by hatred, confused by selfishness, besmeared by dishonesty, submerged in despair. These, undoubtedly, are the Five Main Maladies of the Modern World that have almost brought it on the brink of death.

It cannot be denied that in spite of all his spectacular, breath-taking achievements in the fields of Science, Economics, Politics, Arts and Crafts, and what not, the Modern Man is a very foolish one, as he is not yet able to look upon the whole universe, whole Mankind as his own—but is it not very foolish for a part to think itself absolutely distinct from the whole to which it essentially belongs? This foolishness generates hatred for others; this hatred generates selfishness or strivings for one's own self alone; this selfishness generates dishonesty, or attempts to gather everything for one's own self, depriving all others; this dishonesty finally generates despair, for such selfish and dishonest strivings can never succeed according to all laws, physical or spiritual.

WORLD OF DESPAIR

In this way, the Modern World has inevitably become a World of Despair, a World of Frustrations and Failings, a World that has lost all hopes and all faiths, and finally, a World that has grown Desperate —for, Despair naturally makes one Desperate. So, the more it is clinging to self-existence, self-exp sion, self-exultation, the more it is becoming bi bewildered, bereaved.

So, is it not time for Religion to step in to tore new Life, new Hope, new Faith? Is it not for it to tell the mad and nuddled Modern that the Immortality he is constantly aiming will as constantly elude him, unless he can disc the Immortal Spirit within, and mingle it with Spirit of all?

In the answer to this question, lies the an to the fundamental question: "Why Religion?"

"Why Religion?" Simply because it is Life it Love itself, Loveliness itself—combined into Grand Whole: Bliss, the last word of all schol investigations, of all theological dogmas, of philosophical wranglings.

And—

"Who would have lived, who would breathed, if there were no Bliss around
(Taittiriya-Upanisad).

INTERNATIONAL CIVIL AVIATIO

(Continued From Page 22)

for the seats on its Council, in recent years, I had obtained her seat as one of the most impor providers of ground facilities for international transport.

ENVIABLE RECORD : JET AGE

Within the last few years, India has also into the field of international air transport. It in 1948 that India first started her air service to U.K. In the course of the last eleven years, In airline has made considerable progress. It has regular services not only to the U.K. but also to Africa, Australia, and Japan. In the near fu India intends to extend her air service to the U States of America. It is certainly an enviable re It is however too early to make a correct assess of India's contribution to international civil avi in this field. We, however, feel confident that future historians will not find India's contributi this field to be in any way insignificant.

With the advent of the Jet Age India has faced with new problems. It is unnecessary into all these problems here. Many of them already well-known, others may be too comple an analysis in this article. But one may say all truth that in this new age also India is p her role well. All the facilities that India provided so far are upto international stan The Special Panel that the ICAO set up to ex the adequacy of the existing facilities all aroun world, for the operation of Jet aircraft, has not the facilities in India to be deficient. So in modern aeronautical world, India continues to the air map of the world.

When international civil aviation was in infancy, India had made valuable contribution its development. During the past quarter century, India has done her bit to keep interna civil aviation on the right lines. She has pla useful part in preventing international civil av from being caught in the devastating whirlwi international power politics. Now that interna civil aviation stands at the threshold of the Age, India has made her contribution in prep the ground for the future in a well-balanced m India can look back on the past with satisfaction she looks to the future with confidence.

PLANNING OF RURAL HOUSING

By A. N. KERR, Engineer

BEFORE the last World War, the low standard of a major portion of rural housing was an outstanding feature. During the war, shortage of man-power and building materials in addition to longer hours of work was responsible for the neglect of even normal maintenance and repair. When the war was over, our country achieved independence. During these last 12 years of our independence, the restricting condition of essential building materials has already been considerably improved and it is hoped now that improved economic conditions will permit appreciable rural building programme and raising of living standards.

In the rural areas of our country the farmer's house is his place of business as well as his domicile and the farmer's wife is his partner in business. The wife manages the kitchen and its gardens, helps in poultry rearing, makes butter and preserves food for off-season consumption, as unemployment covers nearly six months in the year among the farmers. These items should also be considered as sources of the family income. Therefore, we must consider rural housing in this light, as the farmer's house is not just a dwelling place, it functions in a dual capacity. It is an abode as well as a workshop.

Truly speaking, the villages are the very life and soul of the Indian nation, its perennial source of strength and joy. This has been so for centuries and will be so in the future. If the villages lie idle and uncreative, the springs of India's energies will dry up.

Broadly speaking, India is predominantly an agricultural country, and contains more than a fifth of the world's rural people and 75% of India's population, or 250 million people or so, depend on agriculture for their livelihood.

Yet, the villagers have for long been neglected. As a result, when India became free, her rural community remained the most impoverished in the world. It is a tragedy that tens of thousands of backward villagers in our country are slowly sinking to lifelessness through chronic starvation and ill health.

THE HOUSING NEEDS

Up to the present time, the farmer's house has, in most instances, been of an urban type, with possibly one change, i.e., a large kitchen to provide plenty of room for the farmer's wife's work. But there are many kinds of activity to be considered in a successful design of this domestic structure which functions in its dual capacity. So in my opinion the kitchen, with its work unit components, is the heart of the home plan. It is, in addition to being the area for food preparation, the contact point of the work units of the farmer's wife and of the farmer's work activities. A generous amount of storage space for preserved foods and staple goods should be provided. Adjacent to the kitchen, a work porch or verandah should be provided. This porch or working verandah functions as the laundry and for the initial preparation of food. It serves as the point of entry to the house for farmer and the children, requiring provision for storing, work and rainy weather clothing and gear. Also, it may well serve as an element of circulation from the kitchen to the root cellar, to the chicken brooder house, to the milk house and to the kitchen garden.

The remainder of the house consists of bed rooms for the family which, according to present day census figures, has from three to four persons.

The porch or verandah should be comfortably large to accommodate the social activities of visiting families, which are customary with rural people. Other activities might be gathering in community centre. The drainage, sanitation and drinking water problem should also be considered on a community basis.

In planning rural housing what has been badly neglected is the planning of all the farm structures as a group of houses.

A study of the farm operation and management would disclose the fact that the farmer would save many steps and operations, if his workshop were so designed and mechanised, that his farming operations and household management would be performed with a minimum of effort. On a farm, where ground areas are not restricted, there is no logical reason for tight plan arrangements, requiring excessive shifting of gears or "backing up" of house. Likewise, there is no logical reason for loose, sprawling plans and arrangements causing excessive use of effort and equipment to get the works done.

The problem of arranging these various elements into a successful layout, economical in construction costs and with local materials for efficient farm operations, is most interesting. The present opportunities should be utilized for some very delightful architectural designs of intriguing motives which are not found in the design of urban housing.

RURAL ZONING & REGIONAL PLANNING

On the other hand, there should be rural zoning throughout the country. The area beyond the urban type of district, the region is usually unrestricted and the entire agricultural area is treated as a residium for which new urban districts will be carved as the city expands. Meanwhile, the rural section of the region is left unprotected and every farm or industry or commercial establishment forces itself on the rural environment.

The decentralization of cities will draw more and more urbanized residences and industries into rural areas, not only near cities, but much "further out".

Other parts of the regional planning include highways, recreational facilities, parks and forests, lakes and streams as well as multiple use of the farm for scenery, recreation, sanctuaries for wild life and fishing facilities along with agriculture.

The farm family owes its community time and unstinted effort in the planning and organisation of the

society of which it has become an ever important part. Agriculture is the most important factor in the future of any rural region. Each farm family in a community is vital to that community. The drinking water problem is also a vital problem in the rural areas. Therefore, zonal planning should not be ignored by the planners.

After independence we have made considerable progress in many directions, but we have a leeway to make up in rural housing. The standard of housing will have a bearing upon the standard of living of the people in the rural area. The majority of the people in the rural area today live in a sub-standard housing condition as the rural housing has not changed its character very much and for this reason there is still not much demand for the homestead land in rural areas. But with the growth of population in these areas—due to influx from the congested cities—the demand for homestead land will abnormally rise. And, so lack of planned development in rural areas will one day present us with a serious problem, which may result in the abandonment of whole villages.

NEED FOR STATE SUBSIDY

Therefore, planned development of rural housing envisages also the development of transport and communications, water supply, medical, basic educational institutions and all round development in community living. In rural areas permanent types of structure is not at all necessary except for community and hospital purposes. Rural housing will develop out of necessity, size of family and out of their surplus storing after meeting the family's need of food, clothing etc.

Unless the present rural agronomy develops substantially, the character of rural housing cannot be expected to change very much without some help in the form of subsidy from the State. This subsidy may be given in the form of coal for burning bricks at reduced rates, or supply of timber at subsidised rates. Corrugated sheets for roofing and some other essential materials at the reduced prices may be made available within the purchasing power of the average villagers. This distribution of materials at subsidised rates can be made through village co-operative societies or by special officers appointed by the State Government.

For rural housing we should try to use only non-iron and non-cement materials, in view of the difficulty in procuring these materials. In our country there were 5,58,089 villages with a population of 295 million and about 54 million houses to accommodate them. Nearly 50 million houses are needed to be rebuilt or substantially improved. A large number of villages had to be provided with wider streets, better drainage, school building, community centres, etc.

RURAL HOUSING "CELLS"

To conduct, guide and control the rural housing programme in the country efficiently each State Government should set up a rural housing "cell." The "cell" should prepare village layouts, evolve economic designs for individual houses having regard to the use of local materials and climatic conditions and give technical advice to local authorities.

Therefore, before undertaking this large-scale housing in rural areas, it will be necessary to undertake a large-scale survey of material resources and then prepare a plan for the execution of which and for the satisfactory progress of the housing pr gramme it will be necessary to have a sepa housing department in each State with adeq technical, town planning and other personnel for co-ordination and implementation of various hou schemes.

TENTATIVE SPECIFICATIONS

In my opinion these economical and strai forward specifications should be adopted for r housing in our country as follows:—

Foundation: Lime concrete over a brick soling or boulder soling. Lime has been extens used in our country over 35 years as a buil material.

Superstructure: Local brick or rubble mas wall in lime or cinder up to plinth level, and a floor, brick work or rubble masonry in mud cinder mortar or ordinary soil with 8% cement volume as mortar.

Lintels: Salwood or similar hard wood wi coat of coaltar as a preservative coat.

Roof: Pent roof with sal or similar hard w or bully rafter and purlins, bamboo mat (tar pain and hard wood bettens overlaid by flat or pan country tiles. Alternatively in areas where rainfall is heavy, galvanised corrugated sheets be substituted by roofing tiles.

Ceilings: 1¼" thick local hard wood pl supported on cross wooden beams resting on m ties of roof trusses, which can be used as a loft storage space. This wood should be treated wi preservative coaltar.

Wall Treatment: The exterior surface of w can be finished in lime and sand plaster with admixture of 10% of cement after properly rac out the joints and the interior surface can be tre by mud plaster mixed with husk or choppered fibre with 5% of cement over the brick surface may be given 2 coats of lime wash on top.

Flooring: This may be of 1" cement conc floor over a brick flat and finished smoothed or be of stabilized soil of 3" thickness.

Joinery: This may be of sal or similar h wood and the same will be painted with 2 c of painting. The fittings to be of iron.

DUTIES OF THE STATE

Our Union Government have already set up R Housing Boards and they have asked each S Government to set up a Rural Housing Boar guide and control the rural housing progra efficiently. But it is a great task for the State G ernment alone to cope with this problem. Until unless major help come forward from the U Government by way of subsidy, technical help supply of building materials at reduced rates, housing problem will not be solved in the near fu

Therefore, in my opinion, in our country, the Central Government can do much to assist encourage better living in rural areas. It can im a set of standards in rural planning and constru with special emphasis on health. It can build b houses for rural inhabitants and encourage numbers of villagers to do likewise. It can r rural housing developments and arrange suppli building materials at nominal rates. It can pr technical assistance and give subsidy to rural habitants and farmers. It can solve the proble drinking water in hot summer where the vast people are suffering for want of drinking water.

Let us hope that the rural housing problem be solved efficiently in a planned manner in the future.

ANTIQUITY OF AYURVEDA

By Dr. RADHA KUMUD MOOKERJI

THE term *Ayurveda* literally means the *Veda* or Science of Life and Longevity, of which the limit is taken in the *Veda* as 100 Autumns or years. This Hindu science is as old as the *Vedas* and set before itself the aim of prevention of diseases in preference to their cure as a means of promoting longevity. Thus the knowledge of *Ayurveda* is as old as civilization. The *Rigveda*, that oldest work of mankind, knows of Rishis or seers as practising physicians *(Bhishaj)* (IX. 122), and not merely as seekers after spiritual knowledge.

The *Atharva Veda* is rich in medical material derived from a wide study of the prevailing and common diseases by which the Indians were afflicted in old Vedic as in modern times. The most prominent and prevalent of these diseases was *Fever* described in the *Atharva Veda* as "cold and burning hot," making patients "yellow," with "its brother consumption, sister cough, and nephew herpes" (V. 22), all of a common brood. It also mentions other current and common diseases, such as Leprosy, Jaundice, Dropsy, Asthma, Ophthalmia, and also surgical cases like fractures and sores. It gives an exact enumeration of the bones of the body. It also mentions the various herbs which were then the known sources of Ayurvedic medicine which was used in the treatment of these common diseases of the country.

Much valuable medical material is also contained in the Buddhist sacred texts and canonical works like the *Vinaya Pitaka*. The *Vinaya* ranks as one of the oldest Pali texts and belongs very closely to the time of the Buddha, the details of whose life it has faithfully recorded. They may be taken roughly to be of about 400 B.C. while the Buddha's time is taken by tradition to be 623-543 B.C. The modern followers and students of *Ayurveda* take as the starting point of Ayurvedic science the treatises of *Charaka* and *Susruta* who are generally dated to as late as 2nd and 4th century A.D. But the Buddhist texts which contain valuable medical knowledge are not generally within their purview. The detailed information given by these texts (e.g. The *Matravagga*, VI) affords us "a very fair insight into a good deal of medical lore current at that early period, that is about 400 B.C., in the valley of the Ganges. It is a pity that the current authorities on the History of Medicine (and also of Law) have entirely ignored the details obtainable from these ancient books of Buddhist Canon Law." (Rhys Davids, *American Lectures*, pp. 57-8).

JIVAKA THE BEST PHYSICIAN

Space does not permit any elaborate treatment of the medical knowledge and practice described in some of these Pali texts. I shall only refer to the story of the medical attainments of the best physician of the times, whom the Emperor of Magadha, Bimbisara (C 603-515 B.C.) appointed as the physician in ordinary attendance on the Buddha. The physician's name was Jivaka Komara Vachchha (a specialist in children's diseases, *Kumarabhritya*), who in his youth went from Magadha, his birth-place, to the distant city of Takshasila, the greatest centre of medical education which he wanted to acquire as "means of livelihood." He studied Medicine there for 7 years after which he had to pass a practical test for completing his education. His teacher asked him to take a spade and seek round about Takshasila, and whatever plant he saw as not medicinal to bring it to him. Jivaka returned and reported to his teacher that he could not see any plant that was totally devoid of medicinal properties. Thus a medical student was examined as to his knowledge of medical botany, of those medicinal plants in which were to be found the sources of the medicines upon which the science and practice of *Ayurveda* depended. This practical examination was necessary for graduation in medicine. A knowledge of Pharmacy was essential for the practice of Medicine in those early days when the physician had to build up his own domestic factory for the manufacture and storage of the medicines upon which he had to depend in his treatment of diseases.

Jivaka now was granted the licence to practise as a physician. He soon developed a very large and lucrative practice which extended through different regions of India. He had calls from such far-off places as Saketa (Ayodhya), Varanasi, Rajagriha, Ujjayini, and Vaisali. He was generally called by royal and rich patients mostly suffering from chronic and desperate diseases which defied treatment and was able to charge high fees amounting to 16,000 *Katrapanas* (roughly as many rupees).

His first serious case came from Saketa where a Seth's wife had been suffering for seven years from a "disease in the head" which the best physicians of the country failed to cure, "though much gold was spent on them as their fees." Jivaka, as a youthful physician, was fair enough to offer as the condition of his treatment that "his fees might be paid only if the patient were cured." Jivaka then prepared the medicine for the patient by boiling up ghee with various drugs and administered the medicine to the patient through her nose. By one dose, the patient was cured and was glad to pay Jivaka more than he expected, "16,000 *Katrapanas* together with a coach, horses, and two servants." These he promptly presented to the prince who brought him up and paid for his entire education.

SURGICAL OPERATION

Next, there was a call from another Seth at Rajagriha for treatment of his obstinate head disease from which he had been suffering for seven years. This time Jivaka had to take recourse to a surgical operation to cure him. He "tied him fast to his bed, cut through the skin of the head, drew apart the

flesh on each side of the incision, pulled two worms out of the wound, then closed up the sides of the wound, stitched up the skin on the head, and anointed it with salve."

His next patient was the Emperor of Magadha, Bimbisara himself whom he cured of fistula by one anointment.

The next call came to him from Varanasi from a rich patient who suffered from intestinal disentanglement "so that he could not digest anything and looked discoloured with the veins standing out upon his skin." Jivaka had to perform upon the patient a risky surgical operation. He had "to cut through the skin of the belly, drew the twisted intestines out, and showed them to his wife." He then "disentangled the twisted intestines, put them back into their right position, stitched the skin together, and anointed it with salve." As the patient was cured, his father paid Jivaka his usual fee of 16,000 *Katrapanas.*

His next important patient was King Pajjata of Ujjayini, who suffered from jaundice and requested Emperor Bimbisara to spare for him the services of his physician. As the patient had a distaste for any ghee in the medicine he cleverly boiled up the ghee with various other drugs that it took the colour, smell, and taste of an astringent decoction. After his cure, the King sent to Jivaka a piece of precious cloth made of hand-spun yarn and hand-woven.

DIVINE PATIENT

We may finally refer to his divine Patient, the Buddha himself, who had once the humours of his body disturbed. First, Jivaka asked his attendant Ananda to rub his body with fat for a few days, but later found that a purgative was necessary for him. "Not considering it becoming to give him a strong purgative, he had three handfuls of three lotuses imbued with various drugs to be smelt by the patient. Each handful produced several motions by which the Buddha was greatly relieved and cured of his constipation. After that, the Buddha had to take his bath in warm water and to abstain from solid food till he was completely restored to health."

ASOKA'S MEDICAL MISSIONS

Along with this evidence of the canonical texts of Buddhism, this valuable literary evidence is strangely confirmed by the unimpeachable evidence of Emperor Asoka's own words as permanently recorded in his monumental inscriptions on the rocks of ages in a most durable form, so that they can be read to this day. As is well-known, H. G. Wells described Asoka as one of the greatest kings of history but his greatness did not derive from the mere geographical extent of his territory, vast as it was, embracing a Greater India stretching from the borders of ancient Iran up to the far South, the countries of the Keralas, Cholas, and Pandyas up to the far-off Tamraparni, but from the principles of administration which he had applied in the governance of this far-flung Empire. Asoka was, indeed, a unique character in the annals of kingship for his sheer idealism which was far ahead of his age and was translated into reality in institutions which gave it form and shape. He boldly declared as the basis of his administrative policy the fundamental doctrine of the sanctity of all life and of all God's creatures. Having convinced himself that there was no religion higher than the service of man, and *Ahimsa* or Non-Violence, he proceeded at once to apply it in life by first organising measures of relief of suffering of both men and animals, of *Manushya-Chikitsa* and *Pasu-Chikitsa*, by means of a trained medical personnel, both general and veterinary, who could draw for their treatment upon well-equipped stores of medicine prepared in the pharmaceutical factories of those days from their sources, "herbs *(aushadhi)*, roots (*mula*), and fruits (*phala*)" so that Ayurvedic treatment might not suffer for want of the medicines vital to the system. Asoka is thus to be credited with the primary provision of Ayurvedic medicine, the very sources of the medicine being cultivated in the special medical plantations where were grown "the herbs, roots, and fruits" from which it could be derived. But his medical propaganda for raising the standard of national health and physique was not confined only within the limits of his own empire *(Vijita)*. In a rare spirit of universal brotherhood he organised a Foreign Department of his Ministry of Health whose duty was to despatch to some of the cultured countries of Europe his Medical Missions carrying to them the healing measures for relief of suffering by which all life is afflicted.

IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION

Thus Asoka must be given the singular credit of introducing for the first time to some of the then cultured countries of Europe the benefits of Indian learning in that universal Science of Life (*Ayurveda*) which was at that time (c. 260 B.C.) the most highly developed medical system of the world, and making an important contribution to the physical welfare and health of mankind. These advanced countries of Europe to which Asoka despatched his Medical Missions, those Missions of Mercy, were the following Hellenistic States ruled over by their respective sovereigns named by Asoka in his Rock Edict XIII as his contemporaries, viz: (1) Antiochus I[illegible] Mess of Syria (*Anitiyoko nama Yona Raja*) (261-24[illegible] B.C.); (2) Ptolemy II Philadelphos of Egypt (*Turamaye*) (285-247 B.C.); (3) Antigonos Gonatas of Macedon (*Anitikini*) (278-239 B.C.); (4) Magas (*Maka*) of Cyrena (300-250 B.C.) and (5) Alexander (*Alikasudara*) of Epirus (273-258 B.C.). It will thus appear that all these kings were jointly alive, together with Asoka as his contemporaries, up to 25[illegible] B.C., while his inscription referring to them is dated to 260 B.C.

CHINESE STUDENT'S REMARKS

It may be stated in conclusion that a knowledge of *Ayurveda* was widely cultivated in India under the wholesome educational provision which made Medicine or *Chikitsa-Vidya* a compulsory subject of study in the Intermediate curriculum, as noted by the Chinese student I-tsing (675 A.D.) who was in residence at the Nalanda University for a period of 10 years. Although I-tsing felt great difficulty at first in mastering Medicine as a highly technical subject, he finally achieved success in the study, as he states. He also explains the utility of medical study as an important instrument of social service. "Is it not a sad thing," he asks, "that sickness prevents the pursuit of one's duty and vocation? Is it not beneficial if people can benefit others as well as themselves by the study of Medicine?"

INDIA IN EUROPE

By K. P. BISWAS

THE first week in London was then just over and with that the gloss of novelty that a new landscape and a new social surrounding brought in. A young Britisher—a Cambridge scholar—and I were having tea in a hotel and were talking over subjects mostly unearthly. Both of us were apparently then in an expansive but receptive mood. The talk, in consequence, was not rigid and could touch many points.

At one stage it drifted to that interesting subject—the future shape of the Indo-British relationship. What would he think, I asked, of the residue content of the centuries-old association that India and Britain for historical reasons had when all political and economic ties between the two would be quite a normal feature?

The question was surely unexpected by him and though well-posted in history he hesitated for a moment to give a prompt reply to it. He, however, did not shirk it. For his help I volunteered an explanation of my own to serve as a background for him to plant his reply thereon. India, said I, would forget many things which England rightly or wrongly considered as her achievements here. But English literature and English ideas, I vouchsafed, she was likely to hold to and to assimilate as her own. What would England, in turn, I repeated, keep in her memory of this Indo-British association?

A Cambridge product as he was he did not take the question in a light-hearted fashion. He did not refer to the spicy Indian curry which many Englishmen now in retirement there remembered so vividly. His cautious reply was that the Hindu—he did not say Indian—toleration and the Hindu approach, he thought, would continue to impress the English mind for long.

INTEREST IN INDIAN AFFAIRS

I did not pursue the point further with him nor did I put the same question to any other Englishman to find out to what extent this Cambridgeman's anticipation was supported by others. For I felt that a question like that could be put and answered only when an appropriate atmosphere prevailed. I must, however, admit that at the far off corner of the island the evidence was readily available of the ordinary Englishman evincing keen interest in India and Indian affairs. That interest could any way be analysed and the motive force explained.

That India was much alive in the British mind would come as no surprise to us. It was so natural.

But what surprised me more was to notice that India was equally alive in other European countries—countries with which India in the past had had no direct contact. Of course text books in schools of these countries still depict India as in the past and ordinary European notions about India have undergone no change.

But to those who were enlightened, who took interest in world affairs and international topics India was assuming a role, a new role which sometimes they could readily appreciate and at times could not. That India was getting them interested in both respects was a factual statement.

The interest that the enlightened section of people of these countries takes about India, of course, varies in quality and quantity. Of the three Scandinavian countries, for instance. Norway's association with India is the closest for she is just now helping India in developing her fishery—Norway is the undisputed authority in this industry in Europe.

CALCUTTA TRAM CAR DRIVER

I was commenting on the grand achievements of the Swedish industries to a high-ranking official of its co-operative movement at Stockholm and concluded by saying that Sweden now could claim to have reached the zenith of a typical welfare society. He corrected me and replied that they were having newer problems arising out of a faster social life and were scanning the eastern horizon to get a balance in life. India, he fervently hoped, would not lose her anchorage in her efforts for industrialisation to be patterned after the western model. A Danish statesman, who had been to India several times, was enthusiastic over recounting that he could, while in Calcutta, notice that a tram car driver in the midst of all confusion that was Calcutta, had the mood for music while doing his duty. What was it, he was eager to know, that helped such an overworked man to sustain his balance and not to get himself reduced to a machine slave?

To a Dutch civil servant, after paying a visit to a reclaimed area, I paid compliments for the success already attained. Quick was his reply to the effect that it would not be one-way traffic. India, he said, was attracting the Dutch attention and the collaboration between the Dutch and the Indian scientists or the Dutch teachers and Indian students to meet the common problems was no longer at the primary stage and he had no doubt that it would grow in future.

Belgium, which is highly industrialised, is no longer a strange country to India nor the latter to the former. Indian trainees are getting all the facilities they require to learn the Belgian technique of steel smelting.

INDO-FRENCH COLLABORATION

Paris, the international capital of European culture, is yearly growing in popularity as a centre of pilgrimage for young Indians. Not culture alone, the French technological attainments, which are as fine as of any other country of Europe, are now being offered to Indian trainees and students to master. The Indo-French collaboration is becoming closer every year. A French diplomat, a student of Dr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, summed up the future Indo-French relationship in a typical French way. France and India, he said, were old countries and they developed their own ways throughout the centuries and he was sure time would be soon coming when both countries would be better able to appreciate each other's difficulties.

So far as Germany is concerned, the knowledge of India is manifest in all stages of the society. It is impossible for me to resist portraying two scenes witnessed there. While going through a steel-manufacturing works I noticed from a distance that

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INDO-IRANIAN RELATIONS THROUGH THE AGES

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sea and sent to him a beautiful *ghazal* (ode) in which occurs this monumental verse :

Shakkar shikan shawand hama tutiyan-i-Hind
Zin qand-i-parsi ki ba Bangala mi ravad

"All nightingales of India shall become sugar-munching,
With this sugar-candy which goes to Bengal."

Sufi-ism, the most brilliant jewel in the crown of Islam, owes its origin to Iran and the influence of Indian Vedanta and Buddhism on Islam. The sufis, who came to India to preach Islam, dragged it out of the confines of dogmatism and orthodoxy. They presented the practical aspect of Islam in such a way that it could claim itself as a universal faith based on submission to the will of God and inculcating love among human beings the world over, without any distinction or discrimination of caste, creed or colour. Sufi-ism became the connecting link between Islam and other faiths of the world, which discarded rigidity and based every spiritual value on personal experience and universal love. It is the greatest contribution of Iran to Islam. Hallaj, Ghazali, Sanai, Attar, Rumi, Bayazid, Abu Said and others suffered persecution to widen the outlook of Muslims and ultimately they succeeded in their sacred venture.

MODERN INDIA

India of the last one century has been banking upon Iranian help in the achievement of her political independence and Iran has never grudged it. Indian revolutionaries made Iran a base of their activities for India's struggle for freedom and Iran always helped and sheltered them. It is a paradox that a majority of Iranians is well aware of the Indian aspirations whereas an average Indian is ignorant about Reza Shah the Great's herculean efforts to re-make Iran. He transformed Iran to new patterns of political awakening, ethical standards and patriotic consciousness. He sought the help of India, but then India being under the thumb of the British, could not offer much. Even then, he did his utmost to bring India and Iran closer to each other. Due to his pronounced progressive views, he could not be tolerated by the Allies in the Second World War and he was made to abdicate in favour of his brilliant son, the present emperor. The late Reza Shah invited Rabindranath Tagore to Iran in 1932 and exchanged cultural delegations so as to strengthen the mutual ties.

SHAH OF IRAN'S VISIT TO INDIA

It was really symbolic of Iran's desire for close Indian friendship that the Shah of Iran came to India in February-March, 1956 and left happy memories of this historic visit by sanctioning recurring grants for some of the organisations which foster Indo-Iranian cultural fellowship. The late Maulana Azad's visit and the recent visit of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to Iran have cemented these ties to a considerable extent. The writings of Dr. A. A. Hekmat on India and the translations of the books of Gandhi, Tagore and Nehru into Persian as also the publication of Dara Shikoh's Persian translation of the *Upanishadas* and a Persian translation of Kalidas's *Shakuntala* show a genuine desire on the part of Iran to understand and appreciate India. The Iran Society of Calcutta, the deliberations of the Iranian Section of the Indian Council for Cultural Relations, New Delhi, the activities of the Aligarh University, Dairatul Maarif of Hyderabad and the publication of *Indo-Iranica* reciprocate the Iranian feelings towards India.

It will not be out of place to conclude this article with the pregnant remarks of the ex-Foreign Minister of Iran, His Excellency Dr. Ali Asghar Hekmat, which he pronounced in Allahabad when he visited India in 1944 as the leader of the Iranian Cultural Mission to India. They aptly epitomise the appraisal of Indo-Iranian relations and are quoted from Jawaharlal Nehru's *Discovery of India*, page 116. Dr. Hekmat said :

> "The Iranians and Indians are like two brothers who, according to a Persian legend, had got separated from each other, one going east and the other to the west. Their families had forgotten all about each other and the only thing that remained in common between them were the snatches of a few old tunes that, after a lapse of centuries, the two families recognized each other and were re-united. So also we come to India to play on our flutes our age-old songs, so that hearing them, our Indian cousins may recognize us as their own and become re-united with their Iranian cousins."

INDIA IN EUROPE

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in between two sturdy German workmen an Indian trainee, as helmeted as the other two, was powerfully driving a screw into a giant machine. The giant machine, I was told was dismantled after a process of steel smelting and was again set up. And this time the work was being done by the Indian trainee with his two German teachers watching him. The scene was exactly like that of a science student sitting for a practical test examination in a college laboratory. At Munich a student from Bombay, a fully qualified medical man, had recently gone for post-graduate research work in tropical diseases. The scholarship money the student would be receiving from the German source was admittedly inadequate. One could hardly live even in Spartan fashion in Germany with that scholarship. But more than he—though his case was pathetic—it was the German lady, the Secretary of the India Institute, whose reaction interested me most. On the one hand she was assuring the nervous Indian and on the other telephoning for help on his behalf. It was doubtful if any Indian student if he was put in a similar difficult situation in India could get such sisterly or motherly assistance so readily.

NON-OFFICIAL AMBASSADORS

India is thus found in these European countries to be occupying a distinct place of her own. Her past and present association, her role in the world politics and most particularly her young men and women, stationed in all these countries, are adding lustre to her name. On the other hand, all of them —though many of them have difficulties to surmount —are imbibing—as much as is humanly possible— the good points of these nations. They, more than any other agency, are acting as the true non-official ambassadors of India and on return would play the same role in respect of countries where they are today stationed. The overall picture that I could get is that India's reputation is safe in their hands.

The only point I would emphasize in conclusion is that Indian authorities would be well advised to give more attention to these young men and women and to recognise the ungrudging services which are being rendered for their welfare by so many admirers of India in those courntries. India is sure to loom large in European capitals and cities for she has such a devoted band of young men and women to espouse her cause.

All This Cry Over "TWO SQUARE MEALS A DAY"

By D. N. BHATTACHERJEE

HUNGER is the first thing that drives a man to work—to work for his bread. Without food he cannot survive, without work he cannot get the food. Even in the primitive age, the then woodlanders had to haunt the woods, raid the hills and plunge into waters for whatever they could get hold of, fruits or roots, birds or beasts, frogs or fishes. In their ceaseless struggle for existence for which they had left no stone unturned, no depth unfathomed, and no area unscaled, they made their greatest discovery. They found the milk of life, not only in the loving breasts of their mothers or in the sweet nipples of the cattle they reared for flesh and skin, but also in the tips of corn, in the shape of foodgrains, in cereals like wheat and rice and pulses. Thenceforth started the turning of soil, ploughing the fields and sowing the seeds. The art of agriculture came into being and grew up gradually with the march of time. Along with it went the breeding of cattle, spreading of farms and fisheries. When food was sufficient to stuff their burning bellies, men had time to go in for other things. They began looking beyond the horizons. They began raising their standard. They worked their mind. They worked out newer values of life and its surroundings. From cultivation of land they set out for cultivation of mental faculties. Culture and civilisation were built up step by step. Men created their own world of ideas and ideals. They formed society and framed the codes of social behaviour. They educated themselves to understand the laws of nature and made themselves more and more comfortable with the help of natural resources. Human inquisitiveness did not rest satisfied with philosophy or spiritual pursuits, but explored everything far and near. Science of physics, chemistry and mathematics developed and to save time and labour better implements and mechanism for greater production were invented. Thus dawned the era of Industry. Agriculture and Industry came to stand side by side. Industrial towns sprang up in the setting of pastoral villages. Industrial production was exchanged with agricultural production. Trade and Commerce appeared in the scene. With progress of time, those who primarily had to look to the soil for subsistence, got so many other avenues opened for earning their livelihood.

POPULATION, FOOD & LAND

But all this time, population did never stay where it was before. Number of people had also increased all along and there was increasing pressure on available lands. More lands had to be reclaimed from time to time and more crops grown not only to feed the teeming millions but also to feed the so many new machines that came to serve the human needs. Natural powers, like those of oil, coal and electricity, were no doubt already harnessed to supplement the manual power, but machines, however powerful they might be, could never produce something out of nothing. They required raw materials to process them to finish goods. They required cotton, jute, metals and all. Food production could no longer remain the sole purpose of cultivation. Cash crops were also cultivated. This further reduced the area of lands available for growing food, when increase in population and its increasing desires were taking away considerable shares of land for other purposes. Although there can be no limit for man or machines to multiply themselves, land being a meagre gift of nature, its availability was strictly limited. Intensive measures like irrigation and use of fertilisers had therefore to be adopted to grow more in smaller space or to turn deserts into corn-fields and green pastures. But whatever may be the scope of human ingenuity, the threat is always there that a day may come when supply of food will fall short of its assessed requirements if the growth of population and industrialisation goes on unrestricted.

It is not the quantity alone that matters, modern thinking asserts that the quality of the food is also to be ensured. We have to look to the nutritional aspects also. We have to include more protective foods in our daily diets. This demand on qualitative standard over and above the quantitative measures makes the problem more complex. Everything cannot be had at any one place at a time, nor can the longstanding food habits of the people changed overnight. As the availability of food is conditioned by the geography and climate of a place, so does the consumption of food differ with the tastes, habits and beliefs of the different people of different places. What is palatable to one may not be good to the other. The food problem in all its characteristic features thus provides enough food for thought and baffles any offer of easy solution.

DEFICIENCY IN INDIAN DIET

The per capita consumption of food in India amounts only to 1683 calories, whereas in U.K. it is 3068 and in U.S.A. 3088. In terms of weight, an average Indian takes only 18 oz. of his traditional food when 48 oz. is the minimum required by nutritional standard. Composition of Indian dietary is also quite miserable. It contains too large a portion of cereals and pulses according to nutritional standards.

Cereals constitute as much as 68% of the Indian diet, whereas in U.S.A. it is only 23% and in U.K. 30. As regards pulses, the position is still worse. As against only 2.6 in U.S.A. and 1.7 in U.K., the proportion of pulses amounts to as much as 12% in India. Milk, milk-products and many other protein foods are by far superior in protective values. But the Indian dietary is conspicuously lacking in these nutritional

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REFUGEE PROBLEM

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rehabilitate Japanese national economy. Western Germany has also received substantial assistance direct and indirect from the U.S.A. But India had to deal with a refugee problem of larger magnitude with its own scanty resources. While the financial burden so far has been borne by the Centre, the brunt of actual implementation, and this is the most difficult part, has fallen mainly on the Government of West Bengal as regards refugees from East Pakistan.

WEST BENGAL'S BURDEN

Official statistics give the figure of migrants from East Pakistan as 41.17 lakhs; but this included only those who have come over with regular documents, and qualify as refugees. But it excludes members of families that have any earning member in Calcutta. Considering the prevalence of the joint family system and the fact that most middle class families had one or two earning members in Calcutta, it will be easy to appreciate that a large section of refugees has been excluded from rehabilitation assistance. The economic burden on these earning members has been vastly increased at a time when they virtually lost their properties in E. Pakistan. Besides a large number of indigent people who, whether through ignorance or technical hurdles have not been able to take out migration certificates do not appear in official statistics. Nevertheless they continue to exist adding to the miseries of Calcutta and West Bengal. In its anxiety to end the chapter of Rehabilitation, Government last year decided that migrants from East Pakistan coming over from 1st April, 1958 would not be given any rehabilitation benefits. Earlier, the rules for the grant of migration certificates were made more stringent, forcing large number of people to come over without proper papers. The combined result of all these measures has been to increase the number of displaced persons from East Pakistan who are thrown entirely on their own resources; and that means the street, for even the shelter of Sealdah Station platforms is not now available to them.

140 REFUGEE CAMPS

But even according to the official statistics, which for the reasons indicated above give only an inadequate measure of the magnitude of the problem, there were a total number of 140 camps still running at the end of 1958 housing a population of 2.07 lakhs. Of these 124 camps are in West Bengal. This is five times the number of refugees in camps under the U.N. High Commission, whose rehabilitation, according to the U.N. General Assembly resolution mentioned above, still needs substantial international effort to help solve the problem. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that questions are being asked why the problem of refugees from East Pakistan, which left unattended can become a threat to the security in this part of the world, has not been brought to the notice of the United Nations and other international organisations engaged in philanthropic activities, especially when the United Nations in terms of its resolution of March, 1959 is prepared to organise assistance to all categories of refugees wherever they may be in the world.

COLD WAR POLITICS

Those who ask the question in accents of surprise or anger are not perhaps aware of the ramifications of the Cold War. Even purely humanitarian activities in the prevailing atmosphere get caught in the toils of the cold war politics. This impression is strengthened by the two Soviet amendments which were rejected by the Committee before the Resolution declaring a World Refugee Year was carried by a majority of 56 votes to eight with nine abstentions. The entire Soviet bloc opposed the resolution, while the neutral bloc abstained. The first Soviet amendment sought to insist on a clause that the United Nations efforts on behalf of refugees should aim "above all" at promoting "the earliest voluntary return of the refugees to their home countries and the unconditional return thereto of children who have been separated from or have lost their parents". The second amendment which was also rejected is even more revealing: It called for the termination of the "inadmissible" practice of taking advantage of the plight of the refugees in order to recruit them for hard labour under discriminatory conditions, for subversive and diversionist activities against their countries of origin and for military or para military organisations of various kinds. In view of its cold war involvement, India abstained from voting on the original resolution along with Burma, Cambodia, Hungary, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Uruguay and Yemen.

U. N. RESOLUTION

The U.N. resolution (1) urged Governments to co-operate in accordance with the national wishes and needs of each country, and from a humanitarian point of view, in promoting World Refugee Year throughout the world....to focus interest in the Refugee Problem and encourage additional financial contributions from Governments, voluntary agencies and the general public. (2) requested the U.N. Secretary-General to aid in the promotion of the World Refugee Year by all available means; and (3) urged that a final solution of the refugee problem should be accomplished through voluntary repatriation, resettlement or integration "on a purely humanitarian basis and in accordance with the freely expressed wishes of the refugees themselves."

INDIA & WORLD ASSISTANCE

At the present juncture, when the exchange of visits by the Soviet Premier and the President of the United States to each other's countries presag[e] reduction of international tension, the time is opportune to take a more comprehensive view of the scope of the U.N. resolution. Government of India too should be able to get over its inhibitions in asking for international assistance for completing the rehabilitation of the refugees from Pakistan. This will not in any way detract from the record of rehabilitation already achieved by the Government of India. The help that is required is not so much financial assistance for interim relief or territory for settlement of refugees. The most fruitful form of international assistance will be in the form of technical aid and equipment for starting industries which will provide employment opportunities to the refugee population. Government of India has already set up a Rehabilitation Industries Corporation with this object in view, and any international aid that is forthcoming may be usefully channelled through this organisation.



UNDER WATER ROMANCE



BY DR. HANS HASS

The exciting, mysterious world beneath the waves lures the adventure-crazy Dr Hans Hass not only to win the first prize at the Venice Film Festival but also to a most sublime and sensational romance with a girl of exceptional courage and extraordinary green eyes.

MOST people do their courting walking in the park, sitting at the pictures, looking at the moon.

I did mine fathoms down in the ocean with a mask on my face, flippers on my feet and the sharks for company.

For there are two loves in my life. One is my beautiful wife, Lotte. The other is the weird and wonderful world beneath the waves.

My love for Lotte is based on the understanding which, over the years, we have developed of each other.

My love of the sea is based on the desire for understanding, on the never-ending fight to unveil its carefully-guard... secrets.

This is the story of both my loves.

The ... ... the sea. For when Lotte came into .y life, I had already been working underwater for some years

But if I had not gone to France on holiday in the summer of 1937, when I was 18, then today I might have be... just a lawyer.

It was during a break in my law studies at Vienna University that I took the holiday. I was a keen ... ...mer even then and I lost no time in getting to the beach.

But when I arrived there, I saw a most extraordinary sight.

A man wa... striding into the sea wearing goggles and carrying a long spear.

As I watc... he vanished under the waves for a few moments. When he came up again, a gleaming fish was impaled on his spear.

He had been hunting under the water!

The idea fascinated me, so when the man strode out of the water, I introduced myself. He was Guy Gilpatrick, an American journalist.

WONDERS OF THE SEA

It was Gilpatrick who opened my eyes to the wonders of the sea.

Delighted at my interest, he took me out with him, taught me how to swim beneath the waves and introduced me to his friends, the fish.

From that day on, I lived only for the hours I spent bene... the ...aves. A whole new world was opened up before my eyes.

I extended my holiday and forgot about my law studies. I raced to the beach soon after dawn each day to ... ...1 out—and ...'er.

I had very little money, but soon I hit upon an idea ... give me enough to live on. I began to spear some fish e... day. Each evening I would walk round the holiday hotels and sell the fish to the cooks.

They were eager to buy, because the local fishermen were lazy and caught so few fish that prices were high. So when I had scraped together a

few francs, I bought a rusty old bicycle and extended my little business. I found new customers further a field.

But my fish-selling thrived so well that the fishermen eventually rose in anger. They accused me of stealing their trade. Me, an 18-year-old student with a sharpened stick and no boat!

The fishermen made things hard for me and the hotels that bought my fish began to fear that the fishermen would boycott them if they continued dealing with me.

The situation became very uncomfortable. So I pulled out of France. By then, anyway, I had plans. Big plans.

Spearing fish was just sport—although very exciting sport. If I could swim under water and study the fish, why not photograph them there?

This had never been done before and I returned to Vienna in a fever of excitement.

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY

My fellow students scoffed at my idea. I realised then that until I had taken my first underwater photograph, nobody would believe me. I had to regain their respect.

So during the long evenings, I worked on my first underwater camera. It was a clumsy thing, that first attempt, but it worked.

I went to Yugoslavia and there, in the warm Adriatic Sea, I took the first underwater photographs. They were published in a leading German magazine..................and my friends stopped laughing.

When I saw these photographs, I vowed to devote my life to the exciting, mysterious world beneath the waves. Filming fish, studying them, understanding them—that became my object in life. And it still is.

Soon I was planning to take moving pictures, to make a film.

But I needed help. I approached two adventurous student friends of mine and talked them into making an expedition with me to the exotic, sunlit waters of the Caribbean.

They were enthusiastic. So I threw up my law studies and we set sail for the sun.

We lived on the fish we hunted in the coral reefs. We spent hours in the sea every day. And the result was the first underwater movie.

It wasn't very good, but it was the forerunner of the films which you, and others the world over, see now on TV. It was there, in the West Indies, that I learned my first lessons in this strange and dangerous profession.

WAR INTERRUPTION

Our work there was brutally interrupted by the war. The Europe I had known as a friendly place was ripped apart but still we had to get home there.

The only way open to us was through America, Japan and Russia. To pay for the trip, we sold fish, as I had done before. It took us six months to save the cash.

We got out of Russia only a few months before Germany marched over her frontier in June, 1941. A little later and, as Austrians, we would certainly have found our way into a Russian prison camp.

My film from the Caribbean made a big impression on the German authorities and I was exempted from Army service to study marine biology. I spent the war in Berlin and Vienna.

I wrote one or two books and gave many lectures. With the money these earned, I bought my first research ship, the Sea Devil.

She was a very pretty ship 160 tons, a schooner with two masts. Count von Luckner had just rounded the world in her. She was the biggest thing in my life. I lavished my time on her, fitted her out with research equipment, dreamed of when I could make a deep-sea expedition with her after the war, using my newly-developed oxygen kits.

But tragedy lay ahead. The Russians swept into Europe. They took the Sea Devil and, to this day, I don't know what became of her. They pillaged my laboratory in Vienna and left me with practically nothing.

These were sad times for me. I had married a very beautiful and famous German film actress, Hannelore Schroth, but after two years we were divorced. I spent so much time on lecture tours, and so on, that we found it impossible to lead a normal married life.

SEARCH FOR ASSISTANT

So it was that after the war I found myself working in Vienna. I had little money and I was lonely. But I was working hard. I had been on other expeditions and I spent a lot of time writing books, lecturing and organising new adventures. I realised I would have to employ an assistant to get all the work done.

I made this known among my friends. What I was looking for, I told them, was an intelligent girl who could take my letters, type my manuscripts, answer the telephone.

What I was *not* looking for, I said, was some adventure-crazed girl who would pester me to take her with me on expeditions to the corners of the earth.

I was firmly convinced that women had no place in my sort of work. It was too dangerous, too strenuous, too tough. Anything could happen to a woman who found herself afloat with a dozen rough adventurers—and probably would. I dared not risk it.

Every week, dozens of letters poured into my office from women who wanted to sail with me into adventure. I could easily have filled the "Queen Mary" with them, had I wished.

I was scared of meeting women in those days. Inevitably, after I had been talking with one for a few minutes, she would ask: "What about taking me along on your next expedition, Dr. Hass?"

And I did not want a girl in my office who was going to ask that question a dozen times a day.

I was sitting in my office one afternoon, typing some polite but firm refusals to some of these pestering women, when the telephone rang. It was a good friend of mine.

"I am at the city swimming baths," he told me, "and I have just met a girl who says she would like

to work for you. She is a biology student and she is very capable."

"All right," I replied, "send her over for a chat."

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

I put the phone down and forgot about it. I did not expect to see the girl for a day or two—if at all. I had even forgotten to ask her name.

But only 30 minutes later, there was a knock on my door and a girl walked in.

Her long, blonde hair was still damp from the baths, and there was a damp swimming costume under her arm. But these things I noticed later.

The first thing I noticed was her quite extraordinary green eyes. They were the colour of emeralds. They looked into my own eyes steadily, confident, without any hint of shyness.

She had not been in my room more than a few seconds, yet it seemed as if she was *challenging* me to give her a job!

She was the first one to speak.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Hass," she said, "My name is Lotte Baierl."

I explained to her that I needed somebody who could do all my secretarial work and handle the day-to-day running of my office.

She nodded confidently.

"Can you write a fast shorthand note?" I asked.

"I cannot write shorthand at all, but I shall learn in two months," she replied without hesitation. I looked at her in surprise.

"Can you type well?" was my next question.

"I cannot type at all, but I shall learn in two months," she said.

Her eyes were still on mine, cool and unwavering.

I had never heard of anybody learning shorthand and typing in two months. It usually takes at least three times as long. But I couldn't help admiring this beautiful girl's initiative. I decided to give her an outside chance.

"All right," I said, nodding, "come back and see me again in two months."

She smiled, stood up and shook my hand. "Thank you Dr. Hass," she said, "I will."

Two months later, to the day, there was another knock on my door. In came Lotte.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Hass", she said, smiling. "I have learnt shorthand and typing and I am ready to start next Monday."

Her confidence staggered me. I grinned and told her: "All right, Miss Baierl, you get the job. Be here at nine o'clock on Monday."

It was only after she had gone that I realised we had not discussed her salary!

SOURCE OF CONFIDENCE

From the following Monday, Lotte brought to my office a sense of order and efficiency it had not known before, and over the weeks, I learnt something about Lotte. I discovered where this confidence came from.

During the war, as a young girl in Vienna, she saw many terrible things. But these were nothing to the horrors which she witnessed with the coming of the Russians after the war.

No pretty young girl—and Lotte was very pretty indeed—was safe in the city in those days. The Russian soldiers plundered the city. It was quite common for them to carry off screaming young girls, who were never seen again.

Often, the Russians went after Lotte. Often they drummed on her front door and searched her house, despite the protests of her parents.

But they never found her. Because whenever there was a knock on the front door, Lotte slipped through her bedroom window, swung over to a branch of a tree in the back garden and hid in the leaves!

Once, when the Russians were particularly active, Lotte spent the best part of three weeks in that tree. She sat up there for hours at a time. And while she sat, she read all my books, over and over again.

Lotte was smart, all right. What is more, her tree-squatting had given her a close insight into the kind of work I did.

It was my books which had persuaded her to become a biologist. What I did not know then was that they had also persuaded her to become an underwater adventurer.

Lotte never once gave the slightest indication that she would like to go exploring with me. She knew my views about women joining my expeditions and she was clever enough to bide her time.

She stuck to her job gamely, never once complaining, even though I often made her work well into the night.

And sometimes I would rewrite one page of a book 30 times before I was satisfied with it. But Lotte would take down the dictation and type it out without a grumble.

HER SECRET LESSONS

Unknown to me, however, she had already put into operation her plan to make me take her on an expedition.

Every other morning, she was getting up before dawn, catching a tram to the city and taking secret swimming lessons from Pavlicek, the man who trained the Austrian Olympic teams and one of the finest swimming coaches in the world.

Much of the money I was paying her was being passed on to Pavlicek in the hope that eventually she could make me break my "no women" rule!

For months, while Lotte took her secret lessons, I had no inkling that she had ambitions to sail with me.

How I underestimated the cunning of the girl! She wanted to come with me, all right. Wanted it desperately.

And one day, while I was away on a lecture tour, she went on a dangerous expedition of her own to prove to me that she could be just as good a member of my underwater team as any man—and better than most.

* * * *

Lotte was only 19 when, in the autumn of 1949, I had to leave Vienna for a few days on a lecture tour. But I had come to trust her absolutely.

In a matter of months, she had made herself invaluable to me. She ran my office, wrote my letters, typed my manuscripts, answered the telephone.

So I had no hesitation in leaving her in charge until I got back.

LUCKIEST MISTAKE

If this was my big mistake, it was the luckiest mistake I ever made!

As she saw me off that grey morning, I said to her: "Now Miss Baierl, there should be no complications while I'm away. You are sure you can manage?"

Lotte turned those devastating green eyes on me

and smiled innocently. "But of course, Dr. Hass! Everything is under control."

"Everything," as I found out later, included a cunning little plan of her own, designed to make me take her on one of my underwater expeditions.

I was convinced at that time that skin-diving was strictly for men only Lotte, knowing my views, had never once given the slightest hint that she would like to try it herself.

One of the main reasons for employing her as my secretary was that I did not think she would keep pestering me, as so many other women did, to take her beneath the waves.

So it was that I boarded the train out of Vienna confident that while I was gone she would stay in the office as a good secretary should.

The lecture tour went smoothly. I arrived back in Vienna expecting nothing to have changed.

How wrong I was !

Hardly had I set foot on the platform before a friend, who had come to meet me, excitedly thrust into my hand a copy of Vienna's biggest picture magazine.

I looked at it puzzled. Then my eyes practically popped out.

There on the front cover, in full colour, was my secretary, Miss Lotte Baierl !

UNDERWATER PICTURES

Horrified, I looked inside. There were pages of underwater pictures. And they had all been taken by Lotte !

I was furious. She had used one of my precious underwater cameras without asking. She had fooled me.

I got into a taxi and roared back to the office. I stormed upstairs. There, sitting behind her desk, was Lotte.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Hass", she said, cool as you please. "I hope you had a pleasant trip?"

Speechless, I waved the magazine at her. "Ah yes," she said calmly, "you have seen the pictures."

We looked at each other in silence for a few seconds. Then Lotte spoke again, quite calmly.

"Look here, Dr. Hass—I'm sorry about taking your camera without permission, but I knew you would never let me borrow it if I asked you and I just *had* to use it."

Then she told me what she had done.

The very morning after I had gone from Vienna, Lotte had left her home before dawn with my camera. She had taken a tram to a lake on the Vienna outskirts.

In the summer, she noticed, this lake was choked with the green scum of algae, tiny plants that made diving unpleasant and cut visibility to nil.

But in the winter the algae died off and left the water crystal-clear.

Lotte was determined to photograph something I had not taken myself. She knew I had not dived in the lake in the summer because of the algae.

And she knew I had not dived in the winter because of the cold.

Lotte had decided to risk the cold. And I *do* mean cold.

She had changed into a bathing costume at the side of the lake, and in the bitter chill had dived in with my camera.

When she came up, she was shivering so much she could hardly dress herself, but she had the photographs. How she avoided double pneumonia, I shall never know for she was a frail girl.

I had to admire the girl's courage. And my professional instinct told me the photographs were excellent. My anger vanished.

But why had she done all this? Eventually Lotte explained

"Dr. Hass," she said hesitantly, "You are going on an expedition to the Red Sea next week." I nodded.

I saw Lotte take a deep breath. Then it came in a rush. "I want you to take me with you."



"— by shouting and swimming straight at them."

"You're crazy," I exploded. "You know what I think about women doing my job. My work is a man's work.

"And in the Red Sea, of all places! Nobody's ever dived there before and it's said to be alive with man-eating sharks!

"No my girl--you're staying here in Vienna, where you belong."

Lotte shrugged her shoulders and said no more. But I should have known she wouldn't leave it at that.

I went alone to the Red Sea and I found there were wonderful opportunities for making a film there.

It is true, there *were* plenty of sharks about. But by now I had learnt how to keep them at bay—by shouting and swimming straight at them.

I came back to Vienna full of enthusiasm—Lotte had kept the office in good order while I was away—and began to plan a full-size return expedition to make the film. "Under the Red Sea".

Then I went to see the head of a film company which I knew was interested in buying distribution rights of the film.

A CONSPIRACY

To my surprise, however, the man was distinctly cool. "I'm interested," he told me, "But I'm not sure that your film will be interesting enough for my audiences. They like excitement, all right. But what really gets them is pretty girls. Now—if your film had a pretty girl running about in a swimming costume, I might be a bit more enthusiastic..............."

This set me pondering. Grudingly, I had to admit that the film man was right. It *would* be nice to have a pretty girl in my film.

But who? Suddenly I remembered Lotte. I thought about this for some time.

I thought of the tough men, used to rough living, who worked with me on these expeditions. I thought of how a woman might disturb them, might upset the discipline which was essential to our work and our safety. I thought of what might happen to a woman alone on a ship with a dozen men.

Then I thought of Lotte. I thought of her courage and her determination, her common-sense, her ability.

And I decided to risk it.

I went back to the office and told her: "I have changed my mind, Miss Baierl. You are coming with me to the Red Sea.'

Her calm face broke into the most beautiful smile I had ever seen. My heart gave a little leap. But I did not smile.

"But I am not going to let you dive," I added. "You must stay out of the water at all times."

The smile did not leave her face.

"You will be my secretary and will do exactly as you are told. I shall be the boss and, for everybody's safety, I have to be obeyed."

The smile was still there.

How could I bring home to her the seriousness of the expedition?

Then I remembered. To avoid anybody having appendicitis on board, and thus delaying the expedition, I always insisted that everybody on board must be free of this danger.

"All right," I said grimly. "Now go and have your appendix taken out!"

That wiped away the smile!

But not for long. Lotte had won the day. It was months before I found out how she did it.

While I was having my first look at the Red Sea, Lotte had gone to the film chief and dropped a word in his ear.

It had been a conspiracy. The idea of having a girl on the boat had not been his idea at all. It had been Lotte's!

But by the time I found out, Lotte had become so important to the expedition that I hadn't the heart to tick her off.

She organised our supplies. She wheedled favours out of Government officials. She wrote dozens of letters.

AT PORT SUDAN

And when I arrived at Port Sudan, in April, 1950 ready for the expedition, Lotte was with me.

Port Sudan is one of the hottest places on earth. I cannot tell you how hot it was. Even the natives lay about under the sun, unable to work. We spent all day in swimming costumes.

But Lotte was wonderful. She never failed to look fresh and cool and feminine. I began to develop an enormous respect for her.

She never lost her head. And very quickly, this coolheadedness of hers was put to the test.

The German cameraman I had brought along to take cine shots of me working under water, began to behave very strangely.

He tried to interfere with the script of the film which was solely my responsibility. He made the most ridiculous suggestions and when I turned them down he became angry.

Then one day while he was practising with his camera, he fainted under water. If one of my team had not dragged him to the surface, he would surely have been drowned.

Next he refused to smoke any cigarettes. He said I had poisoned them.

Then he began to spend all his evenings on a high balcony at the rest-house we were using. The owner watched him at the time, convinced he was planning to throw himself off.

Things got worse when we moved down the Sudanese coast to Suakin. He began to accuse me of hiding his girl friend somewhere in Suakin. In fact, she was safe at home in Germany.

Next, he walked into the bedroom of the local commissioner early one morning and delivered a fanatical lecture on German politics! The commissioner, poor chap, was too scared to stop him.

I then had no doubts. My cameraman was going insane.

I had him sent home. But his diving kit stayed in Suakin. Lotte, as usual, had waited patiently for her chance. And this was it.

SEA-DIVING LESSONS

"We shall have to wait a long time for somebody to replace the cameraman," she said casually one day. "Why not give me some lessons in sea-diving with this oxygen equipment?"

I knew better than to argue with her now. So I sighed and said, "All right. You can come and try once. But I warn you—if you make a mess of it, then you will never have another chance."

I said this for her own safety. Some people are born skin-divers. Others are not. And those who are not are dangerous on expeditions like mine.

Lotte helped me load her equipment into a native dhow—a small boat. The kit weighed 32 lbs. and Lotte had to struggle under the scorching sun to get it on.

She looked pale and grim as we climbed over the side. I thought then she was scared. Later, she confessed it was sea-sickness!

As soon as Lotte was under the waves I knew I was beaten. She took to it like a fish, joyfully somersaulting in the warm, blue water.

As we climbed back on board, she gave me a grin of victory. What could I do? I grinned back.

During the days that followed, I taught Lotte some of the finer points of skin-diving. How to hold a spear, how to adjust the oxygen supply, how to stay suspended in the water.

She was a good pupil, but I was still resolved not to expose her to the dangers of the shark-infested reefs.

However I let her help me shoot "Under the Red Sea" in the shallow, safe parts—for now it was clear that I would have to make the film almost entirely alone. The man who came from Austria to replace my insane cameraman had no filming experience at all.

All this was valuable experience for Lotte. She became a highly efficient skin-diver.

And one Sunday, I was to thank my lucky stars

that I had brought her with me and taught her something of this dangerous profession.

Because for once I was too careless with a shark. Were it not for Lotte, the shark would almost certainly have killed me.

The shark whirled on me with his razor-sharp teeth. Savage jaws closed on my right arm. I writhed in agony. For five nightmare minutes that sunbaked day the Red Sea really did run red—with my blood.

And if a green-eyed angel, Lotte Baierl—the girl who later was to become my wife—had not been on hand I would not be telling you my story today. She saved my life.

It was a beautiful day. The sun beat down on the deserted ghost town of Suakin, my expedition headquarters in the Sudan, and the water was blue and inviting.

It was Sunday. And on Sundays, my rule was that members of the expedition could do as they pleased.

For myself, I decided on a bit of sport. A little spear-fishing would give me an appetite for lunch. Perhaps I could even spear the lunch!

I set out in a rowing-boat with Lotte and Mahmud, a Sudanese native who was working with us.

It would be quite safe, I decided, to teach Lotto how to spear a fish by hand, provided we stayed close to the shore. Sharks were unlikely there.

We went just a little way beyond Suakin harbour, where the water was still and clear, and we slipped beneath the waves.

There were plenty of fish down there, but I was out of practice. They always sped away before I could spear one.

Lotte soon tired of watching me. She swam off on her own to have a look at some coral.

Strictly speaking, this was against the rules. I always insisted that nobody must swim off alone, because if he or she met with danger there would be nobody to help them.

But these were safe waters, I thought. Lotte could come to no harm there and nor could I.

How stupid I was to think that!

I swam around for a while, moodily trying to catch my lunch—and failing.

Then, suddenly, I spotted a snapper fish half-hidden behind a rock. He would make good sport, I thought!

I flapped my flippers and moved towards him. As I got close, the snapper spotted me and moved away.

ENCOUNTER WITH SHARK

And in his place, from behind the rock, slipped a shark.

He was a small brown shark, only some six feet long. Normally, I would not bother to spear a shark. The best policy with them is to leave them alone if they leave *you* alone.

But the failure of my hunting trip had made me short-tempered. Besides, I didn't want the shark to go for Lotte.

I decided to get him.

Too quickly and too clumsily, I closed in on the shark and thrust the harpoon. It hit him, but in a bad place—the tail.

The shark thrashed around madly. I knew that if he kept it up, the harpoon head might work loose and the shark would get away. He might even turn on me—and I would no longer have the harpoon to defend myself.

Also, I wanted to show him to Lotte. I thought she would be impressed.

Now I knew a lot about sharks by this time. One thing I remembered was that a shark cannot usually turn its head round far enough to reach its tail.

So normally, it is perfectly safe to grab its tail to escape being bitten.

I hauled myself quickly along the harpoon rope and grabbed the wounded shark's tail with my right hand. My idea was to hang on until he got tired and I could drag him to the boat to finish him off.

But this shark was different. He was unusually slim and agile. Hardly had I taken his tail when, like lightning, he curved round and snapped.

I felt a sharp pain in my right arm. Horrified, I looked down.



...and grabbed the wounded shark's tail with my right hand

The shark's needle-sharp teeth had sliced through part of the arm. Blood was pouring out.

The situation had become very dangerous indeed. For one thing, I had only one arm available for swimming to safety.

But worse than either of these things—sharks can smell blood from a fantastic distance. It crazes them so that they will attack anything in sight.

I knew that inside a few minutes the sea would probably be swarming with sharks. And their target would be—me!

As quickly as I could, I struggled towards the surface.

I knew this was a dangerous thing to do, because a shark is much more likely to attack anything which is swimming away from it.

But I had no choice. It was flight—or almost certain death.

I broke surface three hundred yards from the rowing-boat. At first, I thought of yelling to Mahmud to row towards me.

But I could see he was asleep. Anyway, the wind was in the wrong direction and he would not have heard me.

Grimly, I began to swim towards the boat with my left arm, my flippers working furiously.

Round me, there spread a great pool of blood. I glanced at my right arm. It looked as though it had been through a mincing-machine. The muscle were severed to the bone.

The arm gave me agony in the salt water. But I forgot even this as I wondered how many sharks were gathering in my wake.

Then I saw Lotte surface a short distance away. "What's the matter?" she shouted, beginning to swim towards me.

"Keep back!", I yelled. "Stop where you are!"

She did not hesitate. Sensing the danger, she kept at a distance until I had reached shallower water.

Mahmud heard us shouting then and began to row towards us. Lotte helped me into the boat.

She paled when she saw my arm, but she did not faint. Quickly, she tore up a towel we kept in the boat and made a tourniquet bandage out of it.

With that, she managed to stop the bleeding. But for her, I would certainly have bled to death.

Strangely, I had kept hold of the harpoon right until I was in the boat. Mahmud took it from me, hauled the shark into the boat and cudgeled it to death.

Twenty minutes later, we reached Suakin. Here my luck changed. It just happened that three people, including a hospital nurse, had arrived in Suakin on an outing. They immediately drove me to hospital.

The doctors there told me that it would be at least six weeks before the wound healed and I would be able to dive again.

Six weeks, and in the hottest period of the year!

MINISTERING ANGEL

The heat became a torture. It was painful to walk on the baked ground and difficult to think properly. I began to realise why my fellow photographer had gone berserk a week or two earlier.

One by one, the members of my expedition surrendered to the heat. They told me they simply could not stand it any more and they went home. I could hardly blame them.

But Lotte was amazing. She always looked cooler than she must have felt. While I worked fretfully on the film script, angry with myself for letting myself get bitten, she did her best to cheer me up.

She always had a smile ready and was full of little surprises. Sometimes, for instance, when I was feeling particularly low, she would suddenly produce a bag of toffees. Goodness knows where she got them from!

I began to lose my fears about bringing a woman on a tough trip like this. Instead of having a bad effect on the men, she was having a good effect.

They were shaving every morning, for instance, because they knew she disliked scruffiness. Before, they used to grow straggly beards.

Now I began to have other feelings about Lotte, too. A respect for her as a woman, not just as a member of my expedition.

But I did not dare to examine my sentiments closely. To have indulged in a romantic affair at this stage, with the expedition under way, would have been disastrous.

It was essential for discipline that I should treat all members of my team as equals. I could not have favourites.

TO THE CORAL REEFS

When I recovered, we set sail for the coral reefs on an Arab dhow—a 40-ft. schooner. It was a primitive vessel, normally used for shell-collecting and dreadfully uncomfortable. But it was all I had been able to find.

The other four men, Lotte and I slept side by side on the tiny deck. The boat was infested with cockroaches and they used to drop on us while we slept.

For some odd reason, they seemed to prefer Lotte, and this was one place where her nerve gave way. She would wake up in the middle of the night, screaming. But gradually she got used to it.

The dhow also had a crew of 11 Arabs. They were a rough bunch and at first I had fears for Lotte's safety. But they kept to their own end of the ship and, to my relief, did not bother her.

As it turned out, it was not Lotte who was in danger. It was I.

One Arab, named O Sheikh, acted as our interpreter. One day, during a peaceful lull in our work, there was a sudden piercing scream from the hold. I rushed there to find O Sheikh thrashing about on the floor.

He was foaming at the mouth and the rest of the crew were holding him down by force.

After they had tied him up, Mahmud explained

to me that O Sheikh had been taking hashish, vile drug, had gone crazy and had tried to get at me.

Mahmud produced a vicious-looking knife. "He was going to stab you with this," he said. I shuddered. I never found out why O Sheikh had suddenly wanted to kill me. We had been good friends.

But one thing was clear. He had to go. I dropped him off at the nearest port.

The way in which Lotte kept herself neat and tidy on board astonished me. She was always well-groomed.

Goodness knows she was finding life far harder than she had bargained for. For instance, our dhow had no lavatory.

We came to an arrangement that, when necessary, all the men on board would look studiously in the other direction!

Lotte accepted this situation without complaint. In fact, it didn't seem to worry her at all.

Then the mate of the dhow, a swarthy Sudanese, began to have epileptic fits and to eye her for long period with a demented gleam in his eye. His crew would pray for the evil spirits to leave his body, but Lotte did not bat an eyelid!

By this time she had become a first-class diver. At first I had vowed not to expose her to the dangers of the Red Sea. But she had all the makings of an undersea photographer and I made her a member of the diving team.

Before long, I nearly had cause to regret it.

BRUSH WITH A SHARK

One day, Lotte and I went down to have a look at a wrecked ship with a very efficient diver named Gerry.

While we were underwater, my camera stopped working and I hurried back to the boat to replace it, leaving Lotte in Gerry's care.

On my return to the wreck, I found Lotte sitting alone, like a mermaid, on a piece of rusted iron.

She signalled desperately that she wanted to surface immediately. Together we rose to the surface, where I asked: "What's happened?" "Why were you sitting down there by yourself? And where's Gerry?"

"He saw an interesting fish and swam off after it," she explained. "I stayed behind to look at the wreck and I was probing about when I felt eyes looking into my back.

"I turned round—and there was a shark! He was fully nine feet long and he looked terribly vicious.

"I was so terrified I could not move. I knew I must not show fear, or he might attack me, so I decided to just sit down and wait for him to go away.

"I was afraid he might hear my heart beating and come in even closer. As it was, he swam round a few inches from my nose and eyed me from both sides.

"Goodness knows how I managed not to panic. After a few minutes he seemed satisfied and swam away. But I was shaking so much I couldn't swim up alone. I decided to wait for you to come down."



Mahmud produced a vicious-looking knife. "He was going to stab you with this," he said.

Lotte had had her first brush with a shark 60 feet under the waves—and had been alone. I was furious with Gerry and gave him a proper dressing-down for breaking my rules and leaving Lotte on her own.

I was surprised with myself for the vehemence with which I reprimanded Gerry.

FEELING OF LOVE

Later, thinking about it, I could no longer fool myself. It had given me a tremendous shock to realise that Lotte had been exposed to such danger. And it wasn't just because she was a member of my expedition.

It was because she was beginning to mean more to me than anybody else had ever meant. I was falling in love.

But the one thing I could not do, for the sake of the expedition, was to let her know. I could not touch her hand, nor stare into her eyes, nor ask her whether she felt as I did.

* * *

Lotte had a talent for getting into awkward scrapes. And an even greater talent for never being panicked by them.

When she first met a shark in the Red Sea, for instance, she sat on a wrecked ship and waited for me to rescue her.

And I had hardly done so before she was diving down again to have another look!

It was the wreck of the Italian ship Umbra. Never had we had to be so careful when examining a wreck. For her holds had never been cleared of her cargo.

And that cargo was—several thousand tons of high explosive!

The authorities at Port Sudan, where we then had our headquarters, strictly forbade anybody to meddle with the ship.

They knew that, even after many years immersion, the explosives were still likely to blow up if tampered with. And if it did, the tidal wave, created by the explosion, would swamp half of Port Sudan!

It had taken weeks of arguing before they grudgingly agreed to let us go down and just look at the ship.

EXAMINING A WRECK

The wreck was a beautiful sight. Corals had encrusted it and countless fish had made it their home. Lotte fell in love with it immediately.

And one day, while we were 60 feet down, investigating, Lotte was so excited that she wandered off on her own to have a look inside. She probably hoped to find some treasure!

But she was not yet used to our oxygen breathing equipment and did not know the danger she was in.

When you are not experienced with it, the sheer elation of being able to swim about like a fish is likely to make you careless.

You go too deep and stay there too long. The oxygen makes you feel on top of the world. But in fact, it is affecting your system without your knowledge.

Go down too deep and suddenly you are unconscious. If you are not brought back to the surface within three minutes—you are dead.

It was with this dangerous feeling of elation that Lotte swam away to peer inside the ship. I did not notice her go.

But when after a few minutes, I turned around, she had disappeared. I raced around the old promenade deck, but could not find her.

Then suddenly, I saw bubbles coming out of a hatch down below me.

IN JAW OF DEATH

As fast as I could swim, I shot downwards and entered the dark hold. First I could see nothing. Then I spotted her. Lotte was lying on her side, unconscious, her long blonde hair waving gracefully in the water.

I knew that unless I had her 60 ft. up within three minutes, then she would be dead.

Fortunately, Lotte still gripped her breathing tube in her mouth.

Quickly, I pulled her to her feet, held her slumped body in my arms and began to carry her out of the dark hold.

All around me, I could see dark objects—the slabs of high explosive! I moved gingerly, thinking: "One false step, one tap against one of these crates and—boom! It would be death for us—and perhaps for a whole town!"

As fast as I dare, I carried Lotte to the promenade deck. Then, flapping my flippers furiously, I shot to the surface, still holding her in my arms, and had her hauled into our boat.

After a few minutes, she came round. She looked very pale--and very sweet. It was hard for me to tell her what I had to tell her.

"You are a damned nuisance," I forced myself to say. "Never will you dive with me again."

She looked unbearably miserable. But it was essential for the discipline of my expedition that every member of it was treated equally. Members who disobeyed had to be punished. I could not show any favouritism towards Lotte.

Not even when, as I now realised, I had fallen in love with her.

When she had recovered, Lotte apologised for swimming off alone. I stayed firm for two days, but then I could no longer forbid her to dive.

I couldn't bear to see the pleading in those wonderful green eyes of hers. And, besides, she was a first-class diver and very useful to me down below.

UNCANNY CALMNESS

Not only did she take good photographs, but she never panicked. Only a few days later, this uncanny calmness of hers was to save her life. This time, it was not her fault that she got into trouble.

We were working on the reef when her air supply began to run out. She surfaced to get another set of cylinders. She was in a hurry, because the work was going well, and the man in the boat gave her a breathing kit which had just been repaired and had not been checked.

She came down to me again and, almost immediately I saw through her mask an expression of astonishment come to her face.

She pointed desperately at her back. As she did so, her face-mask began to fill with water.

I looked at her cylinders. Both the breathing

tubes had come adrift. The oxygen was streaming into the water.

Hastily, I grabbed the tubes and fixed them back on the cylinders. Lotte, although she had swallowed a lot of sea, grinned at me in thanks.

Had she panicked and tried to reach the surface, she could have made it very difficult for both of us. Panic is the skin-diver's most dangerous enemy and her lack of it made her a very safe companion.

I was not the only person who had grown to like Lotte more and more during our stay in the Sudan. She had become a favourite among the native Sudanese women, with whom she would sit for hours, talking in sign-language.

IN ARAB HAREM

One day, these friends of Lotte's unwittingly landed her in a fantastic and very awkward situation.

Some of them belonged to the harem of a rich man who lived in one of the old palaces of Suakin. They told Lotte that he had heard about her and wanted to meet her.

Htd I known about this, I would never have let Lotte go alone. But she didn't tell me. She immediately accepted the invitation and trotted off to the palace. She had always wanted to see a harem — who doesn't ! — and this would be a good chance, she thought.

The woman ushered her into the sombre building, parts of it collapsing in decay. They walked silently down a dark corridor and then into an even darker room.

There, on a beautifully ornate couch lay the old man —*stark naked !*

Lotte stood rooted to the floor in fright. What did they all expect of her ?

The women made signs that she should approach the bed. The old man raised his hand and beckoned. . . .

Lotte walked to the bed as in a trance. As she got close, she saw, to her horror, that the man's body was covered with boils.

She did not speak Sudanese and the man did not speak German. But by a sign, he made very clear what he wanted.

He wanted Lotte to join him on the bed.

Later, Lotte thought that perhaps he looked upon her as somebody whose touch might rid him of his terrible boils.

But at the time, other thoughts were in her head.

She knew she had to get out of that place as quickly as possible.

The women of the harem tried to stop her, but she pushed them aside and ran through the gloomy passages until she was in the fresh air once more.

When she told me what had happened, I felt myself going hot and cold. What if these wicked women had really made her touch this old monster?

I shuddered as I thought of Lotte, whom I was growing to love more dearly every day, covered in boils!

PRECIOUS GIFT

But not all the Sudanese were as sinister as this one. While we were working in Suakin, a parcel arrived for Lotte one day. When she opened it, she saw it contained jewellery of solid gold.



All around me, I could see dark objects—the slabs of high explosive !

She called me over and I gasped at the sight of it. It was worth at least £1,000.

With it was a note, which we had translated. It was from a wealthy landowner we had never met. He said he had heard much of Lotte and he asked her to keep the jewellery as a souvenir of the Sudan and as a tribute to her courage.

"I cannot keep it," Lotte said. "It is worth a fortune and I don't even know the man who sent it. It must go back."

But I advised her to keep it. "The man who sent it is very rich and to him this is but a small token of his regard for you and your work," I told her. "If you send it back, he will probably feel offended. He means well and has attached no conditions to the gift, so why hurt him?"

Lotte kept the jewellery. We have never met this man, but she wears his bracelets and necklace often.

As the sweltering summer wore on, my team—in which Lotte had by now earned her place—piled up the material for my film, "Under the Red Sea," which was later to win me a first prize —at the Venice Film Festival.

If you saw the film, you would remember several shots of sharks. While I was taking some of those shots, close to an isolated reef, I had one of the closest shaves of my life.

FRIGHTENING ADVENTURE

It scared the daylights out of me and Lotte. Yet in its way, it also served to draw us closer together.

I was 40 feet under the waves, filming an inquisitive shark, fully nine feet long, which kept on swimming towards me.

I was not afraid of this shark. I knew that as long as I kept my eye on him and stood my ground, he would not dare close in. Sharks usually only attack people who run away.

Suddenly I felt an odd sensation in the small of my back—the movement of a big body close to me.

I turned as quickly as I could, still gripping my cine-camera. Four feet away was another shark.

A White Shark. In Australia they call him "White Devil." He is considered by many as the most vicious killer in the seven seas. Normally he haunts deep waters and avoids the shallows.

I realised immediately the peril I was in. I tried to scare him away by shouting, because normal sharks hate noise. But this fellow was not impressed. His huge jaws moved closer to me.

Clearly, he intended to attack.

He came so close to me that I could not get at him with my six-foot spear. So with all the strength I could muster, I punched him a heavy blow in the gills with my right fist. The white shark swerved and made off. But he swam round and a second later was heading straight for me again.

This time I crashed my harpoon against his head. Once again he moved away, but from the corner of my eye I saw that the first shark had taken courage and was now joining the attack.

Desperately I turned and tried to drive my long spear at him. But it was too long and clumsy.

I had to face the grim reality that I could not fight two of these killers at once. Only one thing was left—flight. And as I had found out before, to swim away from a shark is the most dangerous course of all.

Taking my courage in both hands, I shot upwards. The sharks, taken by surprise, hesitated for a second. This was just the chance I needed. The sharks spurted after me but they could not catch up.

On the surface by the edge of the reef I spotted Lotte, who had been on her nerves' edge watching the skirmish from above. As fast as we could, we sped into shallow water over the reef, then spears in hand, turned to meet our bloodthirsty pursuers.

As I had hoped, the sharks were scared of entering the shallow water, where they would have had less room for manoeuvre.

They swam angrily up and down the reef's edge. Then they went away. And we, very shaken, climbed out of the water.

This frightening adventure taught me one thing. A spear six feet long was too unwieldy for fighting sharks. From that day on, our spears have been four feet long.

Safe on land again, Lotte and I exchanged looks. We were both thinking the same : "Thank God that *you* didn't get hurt!"

But neither of us dared show our love. I longed for the end of this expedition, when my responsibilities were over, when I was no longer the leader, who not even by a glimpse could betray what his heart felt.

At last, a few weeks later, our work was finished and, tired but happy with the success of our trip, we left Sudan for Cairo.

It was now clear to me that this expedition had changed my life. I could not imagine life without Lotte. By her enterprise, courage and skill, she had made herself invaluable to me—and had won my love.

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL

I decided to propose.

Now for the first time in months, I felt a coward. I did not really know whether Lotte returned my love.

We had both taken rooms at Shepheard's Hotel. The first evening we were there, I asked Lotte to have dinner with me—although I was still calling her "Miss Baierl."

We ate well. Lotte was very gay, but I was so nervous I could not join in her mood. As she joked her way through the soup, the meat dish, the dessert and the cheese, I was repeating to myself, over and over again, what I was planning to say.

I had become so used to giving orders, that I felt distinctly awkward having to ask a favour of her—and such an important favour!

In my mind I was planning a pretty little speech. But the tension got on my nerves. I suddenly blurted out: "Miss Baierl—how would you like to become my wife?"

To my dismay, Lotte— burst into laughter. Guests at the other tables looked over in surprise as they heard her tingling laugh.

"Oh, Dr. Hass, you are such a joker!", Lotte cried.

It was not until next morning that I convinced her I was not joking.

And it was not until that night that, dropping the last shred of discipline which had ruled us in the Red Sea, I took her in my arms and we kissed under the Egyptian moon.

And it was not until a week later—a very anxious week for me—that Lotte finally said "yes."

But our love story did not end there.

When you are hounded by publicity day and night, you find you spend half your time running away from it.

Our expedition to the Red Sea had made Lotte and me famous, and when we returned to Europe we were continually in the limelight.

But we were tired and we wanted peace. We knew when we decided to marry that unless we kept quiet about it, the publicity men would pester us for weeks.

SECRET WEDDING

So we decided on a secret wedding.

One day, we both left Zurich, where we were holidaying, and went up into the Swiss Alps—to a tiny town named Kuessnach.

And there, in the town hall, with only two friends sworn to secrecy as witnesses, we were married.

It was three months before our friends, and the outside world, discovered our secret. By then, we had shed our tiredness and had settled down to our married life. We were ready for the publicity. I must say it did us proud!

We made our home in Liechtenstein, one of the world's smallest countries. Hardly had we laid the last carpet before we heard from New York that a Hollywood film company wanted to make an American version of "Under the Red sea," my prize-winning film.

IN AUSTRALIA

They offered to fly us to New York to help them. "Fine !" I said to Lotte. "That's half-way to Australia. We can go on from there to study the Great Barrier Reef. We'll get there for half-fare !"

So we did. This was the first trip that Lotte and I had made alone, as man and wife. It realised a life's ambition for me, because the Reef is a skin-diver's paradise choc-full of fascinating things to study.

We arrived at Sydney in great spirits. But they were dashed by the cynical welcome that awaited us.

Once again, the publicity machine had heralded our coming. It had related our stories of filming sharks.

Now—to the Australian, the shark is a deadly enemy. Every year, dozens of Australians are killed or maimed by them. The Aussies hate sharks and fear them. And to suggest that a man, and even more so a woman, could swim in the sea and film them without being killed—that was a joke.

The newspapers printed scathing remarks about us. There were several scornful cartoons, too. Some writers, giving us two weeks to live, printed our epitaphs.

These things did not worry me. But I was afraid they might upset Lotte. It was essential that she should not become frightened, because a shark can sense fright and will not hesitate to attack anybody who is scared.

One of the first people we met in Sydney was a top-ranking doctor who specialised in shark injuries.

"You are not serious?" he asked me over dinner. "You are not really going to swim among sharks?"

"Certainly," I told him. "It is perfectly safe if you know how to behave."

He reached into his pocket and showed me a list of 150 names. "These are the people who have been killed by sharks in the last few years off the Sydney coastline," he said.

I said nothing. He reached into another pocket. He put into my hand a set of horrifying photographs. I felt physically sick as I looked at bodies with the limbs and heads bitten off.

"These are some of the victims," said the physician grimly.

I gave him back the photographs with a shrug. Then Lotte walked in. The doctor reached into his pocket again to show her the photographs.

"No!," I said. "I will not allow my wife to see those photographs!"

"But if she is going to dive. . . . ," he insisted.

"That is our concern. I refuse to have my wife frightened in this way."

He sighed. "As you wish. But remember this—eight out of every ten people bitten by sharks off our coastline die. And die horribly. Do not take your work too lightly. Our sharks are killers."

I looked at Lotte. Her deep green eyes were as calm as ever She smiled at me. Then she said to the doctor one simple sentence. "I trust my husband."

I knew then that everything would be all right.

MORE DANGEROUS ENEMY

We moved on to Brisbane, convinced that we could manage the sharks. But there we heard of something which worried us much more than sharks.

It is called the sea wasp and is probably a minute kind of jellyfish, no bigger than the nail on your little finger.

I say "probably," because to this day nobody has ever seen one.

Nonetheless, it exists. And it carries a most terrible poison. There were several cases of people having been stung by these invisible creatures.

Every one of them had died, in excruciating agony, within ten minutes.

A shark you can see. A shark you can fight. A shark gives you a sporting chance.

But this! A creature invisible to the eye, with a sting for which there is no known antidote ! I can imagine nothing more terrifying.

Lotte and I talked a lot about the sea wasp. In the end, we decided to risk it. After all—our life was a series of risks. One more wouldn't make much difference!

We moved on to Cairns, from where we intended to sail. The local paper greeted us, in the usual cynical way, by saying we were "anxious to meet sharks as soon as possible."

I knew I had to convince the Aussies of our ability before we sailed. One day, I got the chance. A hammerhead shark was spotted just off the Cairns jetty.

I slipped into my diving kit and jumped in before the astonished eyes of the locals. I had always wanted to film a hammerhead, anyway.

I met the shark, but he was more scared of me than I was of him. He swam away and I did not get my film.

CONQUERING HERO

But I was received on the jetty like a conquering hero. The incident was widely reported next day. At last we won the respect of the sarcastic Aussies.

In a blaze of glory, we sailed in a small launch for the Great Barrier Reef.

It was beautiful, a fairyland beneath the waves. We worked hard collecting our film. Between our filming, we worked hard at something else—collecting shells!

Lotte claims she has the most beautiful collection of shells in the world. I deny this—I say mine is better! Collecting shells is a passion with both of us and we compete in finding the best ones.

One day, we went down together to see what we could find. We were picking up shells and photographing coral when, in the distance, we saw a grey nurse shark lying on the floor of the ocean. Its baby was circling nearby.



The shark headed towards us with a deadly gleam in his eye. ...whoosh! There was a tremendous flash of light from behind me.

The grey nurse is one of the six most dangerous kinds of shark. It has teeth like razor blades.

The moment we saw the shark, it rose up and headed for us at great speed. Hastily, I put myself between Lotte and the shark.

But the shark did a strange thing. It completely ignored me and headed ound me for Lotte. Time and again, I moved between the two of them. Time and again, the shark avoided me and tried to take a mouthful of Lotte.

I tried to prick him with my spear. He took no notice. I kicked at his gills. Still he came.

I was at my wit's end. If he kept on like this, he was sure to win. He could move much faster than I could.

The shark headed towards us with a deadly gleam in his eye. Then suddenly — whoosl ! There was a tremendous 'lash of light from behind me. The shark almost stopped in its tracks. Then it swerved round and shot away. I had never seen a shark retreat so fast.

I turned round in amazement. Lotte was grinning. She pointed at the flashlight on her camera. By mistake, she had pressed the trigger and the light had scared off the shark !

I then realised what had attracted him in the first place. It was the light glinting on the flashlight mirror.

From then on, we were always careful to keep the mirror pointing towards us when not using the camera. When you are under the waves, you are always learning something.

This experience made me realise the need for having a foolproof system of talking underwater in case a similar situation arose again.

So Lotte and I began to learn the deaf-and-dumb language. We are pretty good at it now and can have quite long conversations in silence!

The Reef expedition drew Lotte and me closer together than ever. We had to rely on each other for our very lives under the sea and we came to an understanding which was almost telepathic.

Lotte was still only 23, but she had become an essential part of my work. When I bought my new research ship, the *Xarifa*, she arranged all the furnishing and decorating—and made a fine job of it.

GALAPAGOS TRIP

Our first expedition in this ship was to the Galapagos Islands. We had no sooner dropped anchor there before Lotte, as usual, was in trouble.

The island we stopped at was run by an officer in the Ecuadorian Army. We were the first civilised people he had seen for ages and, naturally, he wanted to impress us.

So he invited us to the Army club. Later, we knew, we would have to ask him for a lot of assistance. So we felt we ought to keep him happy.

The moment we entered the club, I knew there was going to be trouble. The officer eyed Lotte greedily. He asked for the first dance. All right. But he insisted on every other single dance all night!

Poor Lotte was getting more and more exhausted. But the Ecuadorian was as energetic as ever. He had a comic way of dancing. He held a handkerchief

and waved it like a toreador. But we dare not laugh at him.

As the evening wore on, the officer became so drunk, he almost had to cling to Lotte to stay upright. Lotte skilfully fenced off his advances without annoying him.

Eventually, we managed to get away. But when we returned to the island a few weeks later, I told Lotte to stay below decks.

I told the officer she was not well. He was dreadfully disappointed But the ruse worked.

The Galapagos trip was a small one compared to the next—the expedition to the Indian Ocean which produced my latest TV series.

But when I was planning this trip, I could see that Lotte was not as bright as usual. The strenuous globe-trotting had worn her out. She had to have a rest.

ARRIVAL OF BABY

"Right," I said, "now let's have a baby!"

Both of us had wanted one for a long time. But the very nature of our work made it difficult. Clearly we could not take a young child on our trips.

Lotte was disappointed when I said she could not come with me to the Indian Ocean—although she flew out to join me later. But the excitement of having a baby made up for this.

I set sail for the Indian Ocean from Cannes. Lotte came down to see me off and the last I saw of her was a tiny figure waving from the quayside.

As I sailed into the sun, Lotte went back to her parents in Vienna and prepared for the baby.

On the way, the *Xarifa* had to pass through the Red Sea. We stopped there to do some scientific work and for three weeks, our ship was without mail.

From there we went to Aden to pick up a scientist who was joining my team.

He came aboard beaming and grasped my hand. "Congratulations!", he said. "What wonderful news! You must be a very happy man!"

I looked at him, puzzled. "Pardon?", I said.

"Everybody is so glad," he went on. "We are all so pleased for you."

"What on earth are you talking about?", I asked.

"Why—your baby, of course!"

While I was in the Red Sea, Lotte had had our baby. All the newspapers had printed the glad news, and countless pictures of Lotte and Meta, our little daughter, had been printed throughout Europe.

Everybody knew about my daughter.

Absolutely everybody—except me!

I rushed to a post office and cabled Lotte. Soon after, I heard that she and Meta were both doing well.

Very soon Lotte came out to join the expedition leaving Meta with her grandparents, so that we could work together in the Nicobar Islands.

I told her: "We are parents now and we must be careful. We must take fewer risks because of Meta. We must see we don't get hurt—or worse."

Lotte agreed, of course. Yet when we were under the waves, the old wonderful feeling of exhilaration came over us and we worked just as hard and took just as many chances as before. In fact, we dived deeper than ever.

NATIVES OF NICOBAR

The Nicobars are probably the most primitive islands in the world. The natives live in a jungle so tangled that, unless you know their paths, it meets you like a brick wall.

They wear no clothes at all and their lives are ruled by mysterious and frightening superstition.

We came into close contact with them once—and that was enough for me!

It happened soon after the ritual "devil murder" of one of their horrifying women witch-doctors.

The natives on her island had decided that she had become possessed by a devil. There was only one answer to this—she had to be killed.

So they captured her and paddled her over in a canoe to a neighbouring, uninhabited island. And there they murdered her in a particularly gruesome ceremony.

She was made to run a gauntlet of ten men, five each side. As she passed through, each man stabbed her several times with his long, vicious knife. By the time she reached the end of the gauntlet, she was dead.

Now the Nicobar natives have one particularly strange tradition. When one of them dies, or is killed, his or her hut is left intact and is never entered again. Eventually, it just rots away.

When Lotte heard the story of the murdered witch-doctor, she told me: "I must try to get souvenirs from her hut. This is a wonderful chance to obtain some of their carved images. I doubt whether any white men have ever seen some of the mumbo jumbo used by their witch-doctors."

Cautiously, we approached the island of the murdered woman. The natives proved friendly and fetched their headman. We gave him a pair of trousers because although they never wear clothes, they like to have them as a sign of prestige!

WITCH-DOCTOR'S HUT

He had no objections to us entering the witch-doctor's hut. I suppose he thought that if we wish

to risk the evil spirits which they thought now lived there, then that was our concern.

He took us to the hut and Lotte helped herself to two carved images—a great find.

But by now she was determined to learn more about these primitive people. That night, we anchored off another island. And next morning, it looked as though Lotte might realise her wish—to penetrate to the very heart of a native village.

For soon after dawn, a fine-looking native paddled out in his canoe, stark naked, to have a cautious look at our ship.

We gave him a small gift and this made him so happy that he hurried back to the island, soon to return with two of his pals.

We took them on board and gave them lemonade. Then they began to grab at things. We let them have all sorts of gifts. One took a fancy to a bolero Lotte was wearing. We let him have it. Another wanted to try one of my cigarettes. When I gave him one, he ate it!

They became terribly excited. Then they made it clear that they would like us to visit their island. So we followed them there.

One stayed with us on the beach while the other two vanished into the thick jungle. After a long time, these two reappeared—carrying a live pig. They gave it to us and, rather clumsily, I took hold of it.

Lotte was still determined to photograph their village, so I made signs that we would like to go into the jungle with them. They conferred for a few moments.

Then they told me, in sign language, that they wanted to take Lotte with them—but that I must stay behind!

Lotte did not hesitate. Picking up her camera, she said to me: "All right, Hans, you wait here."

I was horrified. Could I let my wife wander off into the impenetrable jungle with primitive natives who, for all I knew, might be head-hunters or cannibals? Certainly not!

"I forbid it," I said to Lotte firmly. "Either we both go, or neither of us go. But I will not allow you to go alone. You may never get back alive".

Lotte was upset. "I can look after myself," she said. But I was firm. The natives still refused to let me go with her. So I shrugged my shoulders and led Lotte back to our ship.

And that is how we were *not* the first people to take a film of life in a Nicobars village ! I don't think Lotte has ever forgiven me.

CLOSEST SHAVE

Sometimes people ask me: "What was the closest shave you have ever had?" They expect a story about sharks, or whales, or some other fearsome creature.

But my worst moment didn't involve anything like that. It involved a perfectly harmless little fish called a razor fish. And it happened on our last expedition.

On our way home, my fellow cameraman and I dived just off Singapore to see if there was anything worth filming. We found a shoal of these razor fish.

They are so-called because they are very slim. For some reason, they have a habit of dancing, nose-down. We were lucky that they decided to do a dance for us and, very excited, we began to film them.

In our excitement, we completely forgot about the very strong current at this point. Oblivious to danger, we followed the fish, taking some fine shots. When we surfaced, a unique film safe in our cameras, we were horrified to find ourselves a whole mile from our anchored boat. The current had carried us away.

There was nothing for it but to swim that mile, against the current, loaded down with our heavy equipment and already tired from our work undersea.

Swimming that mile was the toughest thing I have ever had to do in all my years of underwater filming. Time and again, I was tempted to let my equipment drop to the bottom of the ocean and so lighten the load.

But grimly I clung to it as I crept towards the boat. My colleague, too, refused to jettison his precious cargo.

When we reached the boat, we were so exhausted that it was all we could do to pull ourselves aboard.

When I saw the film, however, I knew it had all been worth it. And Lotte forgave me then for taking such a big risk.

You see—Lotte knows now that underwater filming is not just a job and not just a game. It's one big risk, all the time.

But living in the sea is our life. And for as long as we can we shall go on adventuring in a world which to you is weird and remote, but which to us is as familiar as the world outside your living-room window—and a great deal more exciting!



FINE ARTS AND HUMAN SOUL

By ANIMA RAI CHOWDHURY, M.A., B.T.

MAN is intelligent, emotional, imaginative. His inner divinity, his moods, his search after the higher truth, bliss and the Infinite make him creative. This creative energy of man needs expressions. The mediums of such expressions are fine arts. As the above mentioned elements of human nature vary both quantitatively and qualitatively from man to man and in a man from time to time, these expressions take different forms. These forms are literature, music, poetry, drawing, painting, modelling, sculpture, needle-work etc. All these come under the category of fine arts. Each of them differs from any other no doubt, but the difference is of kind only and not of degree. How will you compare a piece of painting with that of a needle-work when they reproduce the same thing with the same degree of accuracy and fineness? A good poem is as rare as a piece of fine music.

Through fine arts we reproduce the nature, the material world and the human mind. Even in fictions and imaginary pictures our experiences of this world form the foundation of our imagination. Now which portion of nature and human mind do we reproduce in fine arts? Are not those portions only what are appealing to our senses and mind? The feeling aspect of man has an inherent tendency to seek after its satisfaction in the ideal of beauty. Thus only beautiful aspects of the world are reproduced by fine arts and over and above that whenever we reproduce anything we consciously or unconsciously make an attempt to add further beauty from our imagination. Fine arts, then, can be said to be the expression of creative energy of man in forms of truthful beauty.

Let us now probe a bit deep into the truth and beauty of fine arts. The truth in fine arts is quite different from the truth in history or science. In this ever-changing world there is some truth which is universal, above time and space. History relates occurrences and incidents with the accuracy of facts and figures, but a piece of literature presents the truth which is true for all ages, places and human hearts. When Prince Gautama left his royal palace, his father sobbed and mourned. But the exact utterances of King Suddodhana at that time or the exact description of the room where the King shed tears are not recorded in literature but the pain and agony of father's heart is a universal truth and is the subject-matter of literature. The validity in the conversations between Radha and Krishna or in the behaviours of the Gopikas is questionable, but the universal truth behind this chapter of the *Bhagabat* is the pure and simple love of tender hearts and is the central theme of Vaishnava literature. The joy in the union of Radha and Krishna or the pang of their separation stands as a symbol of nothing but the eternal emotions of human hearts.

Truth, however universal, must be mixed with beauty. A beautiful thing expands our mind, raises the soul higher up in worship of the Divine P[illegible] which commands this universe. The moon [illegible] shines at night, the evening sun that sets i[illegible] western horizon, stars that twinkle in heavens, f[illegible] that blossom in the open air—all remind us o[illegible] great creator. "My heart leaps up when I beh[illegible] rainbow in the sky" is the utterance of the p[illegible] mind when it is overflown with delight at the [illegible] of beauty. Fine arts are soothing to the se[illegible] pleasing to the mind because of their living be[illegible] They satisfy our aesthetic ideal and make our [illegible] tions wake up in response to the call of beauty[illegible]

There are, of course true pictures of rude pra[illegible] life presented by artists and are defended on r[illegible] tic ground. But an artist is great only whe[illegible] takes into account both the divine and animal [illegible] of human conduct but does not paint such pi[illegible] which may rouse the animal side of characte[illegible] that case it is deprived of beauty. Moreove[illegible] onesided picture, being a particular case, is [illegible] a revolt againt the universal truth. Artists ar[illegible] supposed, for the sake of beauty, to neglec[illegible] natural and normal human passions and emo[illegible] and draw pictures of artificial divine life and [illegible] be the moral dictators, but they are expected [illegible] so far where there is beauty in the whole [illegible] Normal and natural elements are to be blended [illegible] beauty. If either truth or beauty is lost fine [illegible] not worth its name.

Universal truth, when mixed with beauty[illegible] the power of touching human soul. This pow[illegible] touching, expanding, enlightening our soul [illegible] goodness of fine arts. The stronger is the power[illegible] more successful is the art in serving human p[illegible] and hence, great is the artist himself. [illegible] fine arts, born of the creative energy of h[illegible] mind, finally attain the goal in touching h[illegible] soul.

All the images of Lord Tathagata glow [illegible] brilliance. The celestial radiance of His serene [illegible] reminds us of the Great Truth that He has illus[illegible] in His Enlightened Life. Our heart does rea[illegible] that memory of the urge which prompted th[illegible] nunciation of Prince Gautama when we respo[illegible] that reaction, a good part of our conscio[illegible] awakes to a glimpse of light. There is no such [illegible] which reveals His true appearance of the tim[illegible] after Enlightenment. He was then physically [illegible] delicate and His body reduced to a skelet[illegible] thirst and hunger. The absence of such an [illegible] is due to the fact that physical weakness is a [illegible] porary fact and has no power of touching ou[illegible] whereas the peace, bliss, love, wisdom and li[illegible] His soul is true for ever and for ever. So on[illegible] radiant face shines before our eyes, touches ou[illegible] and makes us ponder over the question, at lea[illegible] a moment,—"What is Nirvana?"



TICKET TO DEATH

An arresting story of murder by planting bomb in an air liner

By Evan Hunter

SQUAK Mountain was cold at this time of the year. The wind groaned around Davis, and the trees trembled bare limbs, and even at this distance he could hear the low rumble of planes letting down at Boeing and Renton. He found the tree about a half-mile east of the summit. The DC-4 had struck the tree and then continued flying. He looked at the jagged, splintered wood and then his eyes covered the surrounding terrain. Parts of the DC-4 were scattered all over the ridge in a fifteen-hundred-foot radius. He saw the upper portion of the plane's vertical fin, the number-two propeller, and a major portion of the rudder. He examined these very briefly and then he began walking toward the canyon into which the plane had finally dropped.

When he found the plane, it made him a little sick. The Civil Aeronautics Board report had told him that the plane was demolished by fire. The crash was what had obviously caused the real demolition.

The plane had been in a nearly vertical position when it struck the ground, and the engines and cockpit had bedded deep in soft, muddy loam. Wreckage had been scattered like shrapnel from a hand-grenade burst and fire had consumed most of the plane, leaving a ghostlike skeleton that confronted him mutely. He stood watching it for a time, then made his way down to the charred ruins.

The plane still stank of scorched skin and blistered paint. When he entered the cockpit, he was faced with complete havoc.

He knew that the report had proved indication of an explosion prior to the crash. There had been no structural failure or malfunctioning of the aircraft itself. The explosion had occurred in the cabin, and the remnants of the bomb had shown it to be a home-made job. He'd learned all this in the past few days, with the co-operation of the CAB.

Five people had been killed. The three pilots, the stewardess, and Janet Carruthers, the married daughter of his client George Ellison. It could not have been a pleasant death.

Davis climbed out of the plane and started toward the ridge. There was a hard gray winter sky overhead. He walked swiftly, with his head bent against the wind.

When the shots came, they were hard and brittle, shattering the stillness as effectively as twin-mortar explosions.

He dropped to the ground, wriggling sideways toward a high out-cropping of quartz. The echo of the shots hung on the air and then the wind carried it toward the canyon, and he waited and listened, with his own breathing the loudest sound on the mountain.

I'm out of my league, he thought. *I'm way out of my league. I'm just a punk, and this is something big*.

The third shot came abruptly. It came from some high-powered rifle, and he heard the sharp *twannng* of the bullet when it struck the quartz and ricocheted into the trees.

He pressed his cheek to the ground, and he kept very still, and he could feel the hammering of his heart against the hard earth. His hands trembled as he waited for the next shot.

The next shot never came. He waited for a half-hour, and then he bundled his coat and thrust it up over the rock, hoping to draw fire if the sniper was still with him. He waited for several minutes after that, and then he backed away from the rock on his stomach, not venturing to get to his feet until he was well into the trees.

Slowly, Davis made his way down the mountain.

He called George Ellison from a pay phone. When the old fan came on the line, Davis said, "This is Milt Davis, Mr. Ellison."

Ellison's voice sounded gruff and heavy, even over the phone. "Hello, Davis". he said. "How are you doing ?"

"I'll be honest with you, Mr. Ellison. I'd like out."

"Why ?" He could feel the old man's hackles rising.

"Because the FBI and MPs are already onto this one. They'll crack it for you and it'll probably turn out to be some nut with a grudge against the government. Either that, or a plain case of sabotage. This really doesn't call for a private investigation".

"Look, Davis," Ellison said, "I'll decide whether this calls for........."

"All right, you'll decide. I'm just trying to be frank with you. This kind of stuff is way out of my line. I'm used to training wayward husbands, or skip tracing, or an occasional bodyguard stint. When you drag in bombed planes, I'm in over my head."

"I heard you were a good man", Ellison said, "You stick with it. I'm satisfied you'll do a good job."

Davis sighed. "Whatever you say", he said. "Incidentally, did you tell anyone you'd hired me ?"

"Yes, I did. As a matter of fact........."

"Who'd you tell?"

"Several of my employees. The word got to a local reporter somehow, though, and he came to my home yesterday. I gave him the story. I didn't think it would do any harm."

"Has it reached print yet?"

"Yes," Ellison said. "It was in this morning's paper. A small item. Why?"

"I was shot at today, Mr. Ellison. At the scene of the crash. Three times."

There was a dead silence on the line. Then Ellison said, "I'm sorry Davis. I should have realized." It was a hard thing for a man like Ellison to say.

"That's all right," Davis assured him. "They missed."

"Do you think--do you think whoever set the bomb shot at you?"

"Possibly. I'm not going to start worrying about it now."

Ellison digested this and then said, "Where are you going now, Davis?"

"To visit your son-in-law, Nicholas Carruthers. I'll call in again."

"Fine, Davis."

Davis hung up, jotting down the cost of the call, and then made reservations on the next plane to Burbank. Nicholas Carruthers was chief pilot of Insuperable Aircraft's Burbank Division. The fatal flight had been made in two segments; the first from Burbank to San Francisco, and the second from Frisco to Seattle. The DC-4 was to let down at Boeing with Seattle-Tacoma designated as an alternate field. It was a simple ferry flight, and the plane was to pick up military personnel in Seattle.

Quite curiously, Carruthers had been along on the Burbank-to-Frisco segment of the hop, as company observer. He'd disembarked at Frisco, and his wife, Janet, had boarded the plane there as a non-revenue passenger. She was bound for a cabin up in Washington, or so old man Ellison had told Davis. He'd also said that Janet had been looking forward to the trip for a long time.

When Davis found Captain Nicholas Carruthers in the airport restaurant, he was sitting with a blonde in a black cocktail dress, and he had his arm around her waist. Davis studied the pair from the doorway and reflected that the case was turning into something he knew a little more about.

He hesitated inside the doorway and then walked directly to the bar, taking the stool on Carruthers' left. He waited a moment and then said, "Captain Carruthers?"

Carruthers turned abruptly, a frown distorting his features. He was a man of thirty-eight or so, with



He hesitated inside the doorway............

prematurely graying temples and sharp gray eyes. He had thin lips and a thin, straight nose which divided his face like an immaculate stone wall. He wore civilian clothing.

"Yes," he said curtly.

"Milton Davis. Your father-in-law has hired me to look into the DC-4 accident." Davis showed his identification. "I wonder if I might ask you a few questions?"

Carruthers hesitated, and then glanced at the blonde, apparently realizing the situation was slightly compromising.

"Take a walk, Beth," he said.

The blonde pouted, lifted her purse from the bar, and slid off the stool.

"Ask your questions," Carruthers said.

Davis studied him for a moment. "All right, Captain," he said mildly. "I understand you were aboard the crashed DC-4 on the flight segment from Burbank to San Francisco. Is that right?"

"That's right," Carruthers said. "I was aboard as observer."

"Did you notice anything out of the ordinary on the trip?"

"If you mean did I see anyone with a bomb, no. And if you're referring to the false alarm, Mister Whatever-Your-Name-Is, you can just start asking your questions straight. You know all about the false alarm."

Davis felt his fists tighten on the bar top. "You tell me about it again," he said.

"Sure," Carruthers said testily. "Shortly after take-off from Burbank, we observed a fire-warning signal in the cockpit. From number three engine. As it turned out, it was a false warning. When we got to Frisco, the mechanics there checked and found no evidence of a fire having occurred. Mason told the mechanics—"

"Was Mason pilot in command?"

"Yes." A little of Carruthers' anger seemed to be wearing off. "Mason told the mechanics he was satisfied from the inspection that no danger of fire was present. He did not delay the flight."

"Were *you* satisfied with the inspection?" Davis asked, then added, "Your wife boarded the plane in Frisco. Were you satisfied there was no danger of fire?"

"Yes, I was."

"Did your wife seem worried about it?" Davis asked.

"I didn't get a chance to talk to Janet in Frisco," Carruthers said. "I had to take another pilot up almost the moment I arrived. For a hood test. I had to check him out. I'm chief pilot, you know. That's one of my jobs."

"And there wasn't even enough time to stop and say hello to your wife?"

"No. We were a little ahead of schedule. Janet wasn't there when we landed. I hung around while the mechanics checked the fire-warning system, and Janet still hadn't arrived. This other pilot was waiting to go up, so I left."

"Then you didn't see your wife at all," said Davis.

"Well, that's not what I meant. I meant I hadn't spoken to her. As we were taxiing for take-off, I saw her come onto the field."

"Alone?"

"No," Carruthers said. "She was with a man." The announcement did not seem to disturb him.

"Do you know who he was?"

"No. They were rather far from me, and I was in a moving ship. I recognized Janet's red hair immediately, of course, but I couldn't make out the man with her. I waved, but I guess she didn't see me. She went directly to the DC-4. The man helped her aboard and then the plane was behind us and I couldn't see any more."

"I see. Was she carrying luggage?"

"A suitcase, yes. She was bound for our cabin, you know."

"Yes," Davis said. "I understand she was on a company pass."

I got the ticket for Janet when she told me she was going up to the cabin."

"Mmm," Davis said. "Did you know all the pilots on the ship?"

"I knew one of them. Mason. The other two were new on the route. That's why I was along as observer."

"Did you know Mason socially?"

"No. Just business."

"And the stewardess?"

"Yes, I knew her. Business, of course."

"Of course," Davis said, remembering the blonde in the cocktail dress. He stood up and moved his jacket cuff off his wrist-watch. "Well, I've got to catch a plane, Captain. Thanks for your help."

"Not at all," Carruthers said. "When you report in to Dad, give him my regards, won't you?"

"I'll do that," Davis said. He thanked Carruthers again, and then went out to catch his return plane.

* * *

He got aboard at about five minutes before take-off. He browsed through the magazine he'd picked up at the newsstand, and when the fat fellow plopped down into the seat beside him, he just glanced up and then turned back to his magazine again.

The plane left the ground and began climbing, and Davis looked back through the window and saw the field drop away below him.

"First time flying?" the fellow asked.

Davis looked up from the magazine into a pair of smiling green eyes. The eyes were imbedded deep in soft, ruddy flesh. The man owned a nose like the handle of a machete, and a mouth with thick, blubbery lips.

"No," Davis said. "I've been off the ground before."

"Always gives me a thrill," the man said. "No matter how many times I do it."

Davis smiled politely, and the fat man chuckled and then thrust a beefy hand at Davis. "MacGregor," he said. "Charlie or Chuck or just plain Mac, if you like."

Davis took his hand and said, "Milt Davis."

"Glad to know you, Milt," MacGregor said. "You down here on business?"

"Yes," he said briefly.

"Me, too," MacGregor said. "Business mostly."

Davis turned back to the magazine as politely as he could, smiling once to let MacGregor know he wasn't being purposely rude.

"Go right ahead," MacGregor said genially. "Don't mind me." He stretched out in the seat, closing his eyes, and did not speak again until the plane was ten minutes out of San Francisco.

"Let's walk to the john, eh, Milt?" he said. "This is a .38 here under my overcoat."

CHAPTER—II

FOR a second, Davis thought it was another of the fat man's tired jokes. He turned to look at MacGregor's lap. The overcoat was folded over his chunky left arm, and Davis could barely see the blunt muzzle of an automatic poking from beneath the folds.

He lifted his eyebrows a little. "What are you going to do after you shoot me, MacGregor? Vanish into thin air?"

MacGregor smiled. "Now who mentioned anything about shooting, Milt? Eh? Let's go back, shall we, boy?"

Davis rose and moved past MacGregor into the aisle. MacGregor stood up behind him, the coat over



The walnut stock caught Davis at the base of his skull.

his arm, the gun completely hidden now. Together, they began walking toward the rear of the plane.

When they reached the men's room, MacGregor flipped open the door and nudged Davis inside. Then he crowded in behind him, putting his wide back to the door. He reached up with one heavy fist and rammed Davis against the sink, then ran his free hand over Davis' body.

"Well," he said pleasantly. "No gun."

MacGregor lifted the .38, pointing it at Davis' throat. "All right, Milt, now give a listen. I want you to forget all about that crashed DC-4. I want you to forget there are even such things as airplanes, Miltie I could mark you up nice with the sight and butt of this thing." He hefted the .38 in his hand. "I'm not going to do that. Not now. I'm just telling you, nice-like, to lay off. Just lay off and go back to skip-tracing, Miltie boy, or you're going to get hurt. Next time, I'm not going to be so considerate."

"Look . . . . " Davis started.

"So let's not have a next time, Miltie. Let's call it off now. You give your client a ring and tell him you're dropping it, Miltie boy. Have you got that?"

Davis didn't answer.

"Fine," MacGregor said. He reached up suddenly with his left hand, almost as if he were reaching up for a light cord. At the same time, he grasped Davis' shoulder with his right hand and spun him around, bringing the hand with the gun down in a fast motion, flipping it butt-end up.

The walnut stock caught Davis at the base of his skull. He stumbled forward, his hands grasping the sink in front of him. He felt the second blow at the back of his head, and then his hands dropped from the sink, and the aluminium deck of the plane came up to meet him suddenly, all too fast . . .

Someone said, "He's coming around now," and he idly thought, *Coming around where?*

"How do you feel, Mr. Davis?" a second voice asked.

He looked up at the ring of faces. He did not recognize any of them. "Where am I?" he asked, and thought immediately: *God, that's a classic statement!*

"San Francisco," the second voice said. The voice belonged to a tall man with a salt-and-pepper moustache and friendly blue eyes. MacGregor had owned friendly green eyes, Davis remembered.

"We found you in the men's room after all the passengers had disembarked," the voice went on. "You've had a nasty fall, Mr. Davis. Nothing serious, however. I've dressed the cut, and I'm sure there'll be no complications."

"Thank you," Davis said. "I wonder . . . . . did you say all the paassengers have already gone?"

"Why, yes."

"I wonder if I might see the passenger list? There was a fellow aboard I promised to look up, and I'm darned if I haven't forgotten his name."

"I'll ask the stewardess," the man said.

Davis reached for a cigarette and lighted it. When the stewardess brought the passenger list, he scanned it hurriedly.

There was no MacGregor listed, Charles or otherwise. This fact did not surprise him greatly.

The doctor asked if he'd sign a release stating he had received medical treatment and absolving the airline. Davis felt the back of his head, and then signed the paper.

It wasn't until he had finished his cigarette that he remembered he was in San Francisco. He found himself wishing that he and MacGregor would meet again.

He walked briskly to the cyclone fence that hemmed in the runway area. Quickly, he showed the uniformed guard at the gate his credentials and then asked where he could find the hangars belonging to Insuperable Aircraft. The guard pointed them out.

Davis walked through the gate and toward the hangars the guard had indicated, stopping at the first one. Two mechanics in greasy coveralls were leaning against a work bench, chatting idly. One was smoking, and the other tilted a Cola bottle to his lips, draining half in one pull. Davis walked over to them.

"I'm looking for the mechanics who serviced the DC-4 that crashed up in Seattle," he said.

The mechanic with the bottle was short, with black hair curling over his forehead, and quick brown eyes that silently appraised Davis now. "If you're thinking about that fire warning," he said, "it had nothing to do with the crash. There was a bomb aboard."

"I know," Davis said. "Were you one of the mechanics?"

"I was one of them," he said.

"Good," Davis smiled and said, "I didn't catch your name."

"Jerry," the man said. "Mangione." His black brows pulled together suspiciously. "Who you investigating for?"

"A private client. The father of the girl who was a passenger."

"Oh. Carruthers' wife, huh?"

"Yes. Did you know her?"

"No. I just heard it was his wife. He's chief pilot down Burbank, ain't he ? What'd you want to know ?"

"First, was the fire-warning system okay?"

"Yeah. We checked it out. Just one of those things, you know. False alarm."

"Did you go into the plane?"

"Yeah, sure. I had to check the signal in the cockpit. But don't drag me into this. I just checked the fire-warning system, that's all."

"Were you around when Mrs. Carruthers boarded the plane?"

"The redhead? Yeah, I was there."

"What'd she look like?"

Mangione shrugged. "A broad, just like any other broad. The red hair was the only thing gave her any flash. In fact, I was a little surprised."

"Surprised? What about?"

"That Tony would bother, you know."

"Who? Who would bother?"

"Tony. Tony Radner. He used to sell tickets inside. He brought her out to the plane and helped her get aboard."

"Are you sure about that? Sure you know who the man with her was?"

Mangione made an exasperated gesture with his hairy hands. "Don't I know Tony when I see him ? It was him, all right. He took the broad right to her seat. I guess maybe . . . . . . well, I was surprised, anyway."

"Why?"

"Tony's a good-looking guy. And this Mrs. Carruthers, well, she wasn't much. I'm surprised he went out of his way. But I guess maybe she wasn't feeling so hot. Tony's a gent that way."

"Wasn't feeling so hot?"

"Tony had to help her up the ladder, and he practically carried her to her seat. Yeah, she musta been pretty sick."

"You said Radner used to work here. Has he quit?"

"Yeah, he quit."

"Do you know where I can find him ?"

Mangione shrugged. "Maybe you can get his address from the office in the morning. But, Mister, I wouldn't bother him right now, if I was you."

"Why not?"

"Because he's on the honeymoon," he said.

* * *

He slept the night through and when he awoke in the morning, the back of his head hardly hurt at all. He shaved and washed quickly, downed a breakfast of orange juice and coffee, and then went to the San Francisco office of Insuperable Aircraft.

Radner, they told him, was no longer with them. But they did have his last address, and they parted with it willingly. He grabbed a cab, and then sat back while the driver fought with the California traffic. When he reached Radner's address, he paid and tipped the cabbie, and listed the expenditure in his book.

The rooming house was not in a good section of the city. It was red brick, with a brown front stoop. There was an old-fashioned bell pull set in the wide, wooden door jamb. He pulled this and heard the sound inside, and then he waited for footsteps.

The woman who opened the door was greasy with cold cream, and her hair was tied up in rags. "Yes ?"

"I'm looking for Tony Radner," Davis said.

The landlady regarded him suspiciously for a moment. "He doesn't live here any more," she said.

"Darn," Davis said. He shook his head and assumed a false smile. "Isn't that always the way ? I came all the way from New York, and now I can't locate him. Did he leave any forwarding address?" Davis asked.

"No. He left because he was getting married."

"Married!" Davis said. "Well, I'll be darned! Old Tony getting married ! You wouldn't know who he married, would you ?"

"Yes", she said guardedly. "A girl named Alice Trimble."

"Alice Trimble," Davis said reflectively. "You wouldn't have her phone number, would you ?"

"Come on in," the landlady said, finally accepting Davis at face value. She led him into the foyer of the house, and Davis followed her. She stepped close to the phone and examined the scribbled numbers on the wall.

She stepped back at last and placed a long white finger on one of the number. "This one. This is the one he always called. I hope you find him," the landlady said. "Nice fellow, Mr Radner."

"One of the best," Davis said.

He called the number from the first pay phone he found. He listened to the phone ring four times on the other end, and then a voice said, "Hello ?"

"Hello," he said. "May I speak to Miss Trimble, please?"

"This is Miss Trimble," the voice said.

"My name is Davis," he said. "I'm an old friend of

Tony Radner's. He asked me to look him up if I ever was in town . . . . ." He paused and forced himself to laugh in embarrassment. "Trouble is, I can't seem to find him. His landlady said you and Tony . . . ."

"Oh," the girl said. "You must want my sister. This is *Anne* Trimble."

"Oh," he said. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize . . ." He paused. "Is your sister there?"

"No, she doesn't live with me any more. She and Tony got married."

"Well, now, that's wonderful," Davis said. "Know where I can find them?"

"They're still on their honeymoon."

"Oh, that's too bad." He thought for a few seconds, and then said, "I've got to catch a plane back tonight. I wonder . . . . . . I wonder if I might come over and . . . . . well, you could fill me in on what Tony's been doing and all. Hate like the devil to go back without knowing *something* about him."

The girl hesitated, and he could sense her reluctance.

"I promise I'll make it a very short visit. I've still got some business to attend to here. Besides . . . . well, Tony loaned me a little money once, and I thought . . . . . well, if you don't mind, I'd like to leave it with you."

"I — I suppose it would be all right," she said.

"Fine. May I have the address?"

She gave it to him, and he told her he'd be up in about an hour, if that was all right with her. Then he went to the coffee counter, ordered coffee and a toasted English, and browsed over them until it was time to go. He bought a plain white envelope on the way out, slipped twenty dollars into it, and sealed it. Then he hailed a cab.

CHAPTER—III

ANNE Trimble was a tall brunette, and her costume emphasized her height. She was wearing tightly tailored toreador slacks that ended just above the rounded calves of her legs. A starched white blouse with a wide collar and long sleeves was tucked firmly into the band of the slacks.

"Come in," she said, "won't you?" She had green eyes, and she smiled pleasantly now, lifting her black brows.

Davis stepped into the cool apartment, and she closed the door behind him.

He followed her into a sunken living room furnished in Swedish modern. She walked to a long, low coffee table and took a cigarette from a box there, offering the box to him first. Davis shook his head and watched her as she lighted the cigarette. Her hair was cut close to her head, ringing her face with ebony wisps. She wore only lipstick, and Davis reflected that this was the first truly beautiful woman he had ever met.

"Now," she said, "you're a friend of Tony's, are you?"

"Yes," he answered. He reached into his jacket pocket and took out the sealed envelope. "First, let me get this off my mind. Please tell Tony I sincerely appreciate the loan, won't you?"

She took the envelope without comment, dropping it on the coffee table.

This is a very cool one. Davis thought.

"I was really surprised to learn that Tony was married," he said. "I still can't get over it. How'd he happen to meet your sister?"

"Like that," Anne said. "How do people meet? A concert, a club, a soda fountain." She shrugged. "You know, people meet."

"Don't you like Tony?" he asked suddenly.

She seemed surprised. "Me? Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. I think he'll be very good for Alice.



She took the envelope without comment, dropping it on the coffee table

He has a strong personality, and she needs someone like him. Yes, I like Tony."

"Well, that's good," Davis said. "You live here alone, just the two of you?"

Anne Trimble smiled and sucked in a deep cloud of smoke. "Just two little gals from L.A.," she said. "We're all alone in the world. Dad died when we were both little girls, then Mom a few years ago. Now, of course, Alice is married. Don't misunderstand me. I'm very happy for her."

"When were they married?"

"January 6th," she answered. "It's been a long honeymoon."

January 6th, Davis thought. *The day the DC-4 crashed.*

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"Las Vegas."

"Where in Las Vegas?"

"I don't know where they're staying. I've only had a wire from them since they were married. I don't imagine they're thinking much of me. Not on their honeymoon."

"No, I guess not," Davis said. "I understand Tony left his job. Is that right?"

"Yes. It didn't pay much, and Tony is really a brilliant person. He and Alice said they'd look around after the honeymoon and settle wherever he could get located."

"When did he quit?"

"A few days before they were married, I think. No, wait, it was on New Year's Eve, that's right. He quit then."

"Then he wasn't selling tickets on the day of . . . ."

Anne looked at him strangely. "The day of what?"

"The day he was married," Davis said quickly.

"No, he wasn't." She continued looking at him, and then asked, "How do you happen to know Tony, Mr. Davis?"

"Oh, the Army," Davis said. "The last war, you know."

"That's quite a feat," Anne said.

"Huh?" Davis looked up.

"Tony was in the Navy."

"Well," he said, sighing deeply, "I guess I pulled a bloomer."

Anne Trimble stared at him coldly. "Maybe you'd better get out, Mr. Davis. If that's your name."

"It's my name. Look," he said, "I'm a private eye. I'm investigating the crash for my client. I thought . . . . ."

"What crash?"

"A DC-4 took a dive in Seattle. My client's daughter was aboard her when she went down. There was also a bomb aboard. I'm trying to find whoever put the bomb aboard."

"And you think Tony did?"

"No, I didn't say that. But I've got to investigate all the possibilities."

Anne suddenly smiled. "Are you new at this business?"

"No, I've been at it a long time now. This case is a little out of my usual line." He rose and said, "Thanks very much for your time, Miss Trimble. I'm sorry I got to see you on a ruse, but . . . ."

"You should have just asked. I'm always willing to help the cause of justice." She smiled. "And I think you'd better take this money back."

Out in the street he hailed a cab for which Ellison would pay, and headed for the old man's estate.

* * *

The butler opened the door and announced, "Mr. Davis, sir."

Davis smiled at the butler and entered the room. It was full of plates and pitchers and cups and saucers and mugs and jugs and platters. For a moment Davis thought he'd wandered into the pantry by error, but then he saw Ellison seated behind a large desk.

Ellison did not look old, even though Davis knew he was somewhere in his seventies. The only signs of age on Ellison were in his face. It was perhaps a bit too ruddy for good health. He had steel-gray hair cropped close to his head and his eyes were a penetrating pale blue. Davis wondered from whom Janet had inherited her red hair, then let the thought drop when Ellison rose and extended his hand.

"Ah, Davis, come in, come in."

Davis walked to the desk, and Ellison took his hand in a tight grip.

"Hope you don't mind talking in here," he said. "I've got a new piece of porcelain, and I wanted to mount it. Know anything about porcelain?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"Pity, Volkstedt wouldn't mean anything to you then, would it?"

"No, sir."

"Here now," Ellison said. "Look at this sauce boat."

Davis looked.

"This dates back to 1783, Davis. Here, look." He turned over the sauce boat, but he did not let it out of his hands. "See the crossed hayforks. That's the mark, you know, shows it's genuine stuff. Funny thing about this. The mark so resembles the Meissen crossed swords . . . . . ." He seemed suddenly to remember that he was not talking to a fellow connoisseur. He put the sauce boat down swiftly but gently. "Have you learned anything yet, Davis?"

"A little, Mr. Ellison. I'm here mainly for money."

Ellison looked up sharply and then began chuckling. "You're a frank young man, aren't you? How much will you need?"

"A few hundred or so. I'll probably be flying to Vegas and back, and I may have to spread a little money for information while I'm there."

Ellison nodded briefly. "I'll give you a check before you leave. What progress have you made, Davis?"

"Not very much. Do you know a Tony Radner, Mr. Ellison?"

Ellison looked up swiftly. "Why?"

"He put your daughter on the DC-4, sir. Do you know him?"

Ellison's mouth lengthened, and he tightened his fists on the desk top. "Of course I do! How do you know he put Janet on that plane?"

"An eyewitness, sir."

Ellison shouted, "If he had anything to do with . . . ."

"How do you know him, Mr. Ellison?"

Ellison's rage subsided for a moment. "Janet was seeing him," he said. "She fancied herself to be in love with him. He's a no-good, Davis, a plain . . . ."

"You mean she wanted to marry him, rather than Carruthers?"

"No, that's not what I mean. I mean she was seeing Radner. *After* she and Nick were married, She . . . . . she had the supreme gall to tell me she wanted a divorce from Nick." Ellison clenched his hands and then relaxed them again. "You don't know Nick, Davis. He's a fine boy, one of the best. I feel toward him the way I'd feel toward my own son. I never had any boys, Davis, and Janet wasn't much of a daughter." He paused, then said, "I'm grateful I've still got Nick."

"Your daughter wanted to divorce Carruthers?"

"Yes," Ellison said.

"Did she tell Carruthers?"

"Yes, she did. But I told *her* I'd cut her off with-

out a penny if she did She changed her mind mighty fast after that Janet was used to money, Davis. The idea of marrying a ticket seller didn't appeal to her when she knew she'd have to do without it."

"So she broke it off with him?"

"On the spot."

"When was this?"

"About six months ago," Ellison said.

"And she hadn't seen him since?"

"Not that I knew of. Now you tell me he put her on that plane. I don't know what to think. Do you suppose she was going to keep a rendezvous in Washington with Radner?"

"I don't think so. At least . . . . . . well, I should think they'd have left together if that were the case."

"Not if she didn't want to be seen. She was travelling on a company pass, you know."

"That seems odd," Davis said. "I mean—"

"You mean, with all my money why should she travel on a pass?" Ellison smiled. "I like to help Nick out, Davis. I keep him living well; did it when Janet was alive, and still do it. But he's a proud boy, and I've got to be careful with my methods of seeing to his welfare. Getting Janet her ticket was one of the things that kept his pride going."

"I see." Davis washed his hand over his face. "Well, I'll talk to Radner. Did you know he was married now?"

"No, I didn't."

"Yes On the day of the crash."

"On the day . . . . . . then what on earth was he doing with Janet?"

"That's a good question," Davis said. He paused, and then added, "Can I have that check now?"

* * *

It was not until after supper that evening that Nicholas Carruthers showed up. Davis had begun packing a small bag for the Vegas trip.

Carruthers was in uniform this time.

Surprised to see you, Carruthers," Davis said. "Come on in."

"Thanks," Carruthers said. He glanced around the simply furnished apartment noncommittally, then stepped inside and took off his cap, keeping it in his hands.

"What's on your mind, Carruthers?"

"Janet," he said, "Let it lie. Tell the old man you're dropping it."

Davis thought back to the genial Mr MacGregor. "You remind me of someone else I know," he said.

Carruthers did not seem interested. "Look, Davis, what does this mean to you, anyway? Nothing. You're getting paid for a job. All right I'm willing to pay you what you would have made. So why are you being difficult?"

"Am I being difficult? I didn't say I *wouldn't* drop it, did I? It depends. I'd like to know why you want it dropped."

"Let's just say I'd like it better if the whole thing were forgotten."

"A lot of people would like it better that way. Including the person who put that bomb on the plane."

Carruthers opened his eyes wide. "You don't think I did that, do you?"

"You were aboard the plane. You could have."

"Why would I do a thing like that?"

"Maybe you didn't like the idea of Janet playing around with Tony Radner."

Carruthers laughed a short, brittle laugh. "You think that bothered me? That two-bit punk? Don't be ridiculous. I was used to Janet's excursions, Davis. Radner didn't bother me at all."

"You mean there were others?"

"Others? Janet collected them, Davis, the way the old man collects porcelain A hobby, you know."

"Did the old man know this?"

"I doubt it. But I think Radner was the first time it came into the open. He squelched that pretty fast, you can bet."

"But you knew about it? And it didn't bother you?"

"Not in the least. I'm no angel myself, Davis. If Janet wanted to roam, fine. If she thought of leaving me, that was another thing."

"That you didn't like," Davis said.

"That I didn't like at all." Carruthers paused. "Look, Davis, I like money The old man has a lot of it. Janet was my wife, and the old man saw to it that we lived in style. I could have left the airline any time I wanted to, and he'd have set me up for life. Fact is, I like flying, so I stayed on But I sure wasn't going to let my meal ticket walk out."

"That's not the way I heard it," Davis said.

"What do you mean?"

"Janet's gone, and the old man is still feeding the kitty."

"Sure, but I didn't know that's the way it would work."

"Didn't you?"

"You're forgetting that I didn't know what the old man's reactions would be. I still don't know. It's early in the game yet, and he's still crossing my palm, but that may change. Look, Davis, when a man takes out accident insurance, it's not because he hopes he'll get into an accident The same thing with Janet. I needed her She was my insurance. As long as she was around my father-in-law saw to it that I wasn't needing." Carruthers shook his head. "No, Davis, I couldn't take a chance on my insurance lapsing."

"Perhaps not. Why do you want me to drop the case?"

"Because I want a status quo. The memory of Janet is fresh in the old man's mind. I'm coupled with the memory That means he keeps my Cadillac full of gas. Suppose you crack this thing ? It becomes something that's resolved There's a conclusion, and the old man can file it away like a piece of rare porcelain He loses interest—and maybe my Cadillac stops running."

"You're a pretty scurvy character, aren't you, Carruthers?"

Carruthers smiled. "Why? Because I'm trying to protect an investment? Because I don't give a damn that Janet is gone? I stayed with her because I like the old man's money. And she stayed with me because she knew she'd be cut off penniless if she didn't. A very simple arrangement." He paused. "What do you say, Davis?"

"Take a walk, Carruthers. Take a long walk and don't come back."

Carruthers stared at Davis for a long time. He said nothing and there was no enmity in his eyes. At last he rose and settled his cap on his head.

At the door, he turned and said, "You're not being smart, Davis."

CHAPTER—IV

PERHAPS he was not being smart at all. Perhaps Carruthers was right.

It would have been easier to have said no right from the start. *No, Mr. Ellison, I'm sorry. I won't take the case. Sorry.*

That would have been the easy way. He had not taken the easy way. The money had appealed to him, yer and so he'd stepped into something that was really far too big for him. He had no right. You don't call in a druggist to perform an appendectomy.

But he was in now, and someone had shot at him a good long while ago. And MacGregor had dented the back of his head, and now Carruthers had been around too — everyone callin on the dimwitted investigator, everyone suddenly interested in a guy whose life had been routine and commonplace up to now.

If I wait long enough, he thought, *everyone will be around, either with money or automatics in their fists.*

At first, he thought it was sabotage, plain and simple. The DC-4, after all, had been headed for Seattle to pick up military personnel.

The shots on the mountain had changed his mind. Carruthers—that was another thing again. Carruthers *could* have put that bomb aboard. So could Mangione, the mechanic. And so could Radner. Or perhaps Janet had been a suicide, had brought the bomb aboard herself.

No, he could not buy that one. Janet Carruthers, from what he had heard about her, did not strike him as the sort of person who takes her own life.

But if someone other than Janet had brought the bomb aboard, there had to be a real good reason for it. Nobody kills five people without having a reason.

CARRUTHERS ? He had a reason, all right. If he got rid of Jan.' he'd still have Ellison's money. and he wouldn't have the annoyance of being saddled with a woman he hated.

MANGIONE ? That was a tough one. He'd been aboard the plane before the takeof but he hardly seemed like a murderer. Besides, what was his motive?

RADNER ? He had put her aboard the plane, and God knew how he'd finagled that on the day of his wedding. But he *had* put her aboard, and she had dumped him six months previously, and some people don't like the idea of being thrown over.

MacGREGOR? A hood, probably. A cheap gunsel who'd been hired to put a scare into Davis. Davis wouldn't be surprised if MacGregor had been the sniper in the mountain, too.

But a bomb is an awfully elaborate way of killing someone, assuming the death of Janet Carruthers was the reason for the bomb. It would have been so much easier to have used a knife, or a gun, or a rope, or poison.

Unless the destruction of the plane was an important factor in the killing.

Did the killer have a grudge against the airline as well ?

Carruthers worked for the airline, but he was apparently well satisfied with his job. Liked flying, he'd said. Besides, to hear him tell it, he'd never even consider killing his wife Sort of killing the goose, you know. She was too valuable to him. She was—what had he alluded to?—insurance, yes insurance.

Which, in a way, was true Carruthers had no way of knowing how Ellison would rea.. to his daughter's death. He could just as easily have washed his hands of Carruthers, and a man couldn't take a chance on......

"I'll be—!" Davis said aloud.

He glanced at his watch quickly. It was too late now. He would have to wait until morning.

"I'll be—!" He said again.

It would be a long night.

* * *

Mr. Schlemmer was a balding man in his early fifties. A pair of rimless glasses perched on his nose, and his blue eyes were genial behind them.

"I can only speak for Aircraft Insurance Association of America, you understand," he said. "Other companies may operate on a different basis, though I think it unlikely."

"I understand", Davis said.

"First, you wanted to know how much insurance can be obtained from our machines at the San Francisco airport." Schlemmer paused. "We sell it at five cents a thousand dollars. The maximum insurance for any one person is fifty thousand".

"Is there anything in your policy that excludes a woman travelling on a company pass?" Davis asked.

"No", Schlemmer said. "Our airline trip policy states 'travelling on ticket or pass.' No, this woman would not be excluded"

"Suppose the plane's accident occurred because of a bomb explosion aboard the plane while it was in flight? Would that invalidate a beneficiary's claim?"

"No," he said. "The exclusions are disease, suicide, war, and, of course, we will not insure the pilot or any active member of the crew"

"How long does it take to pay?"

"Well, the claim must be filed within twenty days after the occurrence. Upon receipt of the claim, and within fifteen days, we must supply proof-of-loss forms to the claimant. As soon as these are completed and presented to us, we pay. We've paid within hours on some occasions. Sometimes it takes days, and sometimes weeks. It depends on how rapidly the claim is made, the proof of loss submitted—all that. You understand ?"

"Yes," Davis said. He took a deep breath. "A DC-4 crashed near Seattle on January 6th. Was anyone on that plane insured with your company ?"

"There was only one passenger," Schlemmer said. "We would not, of course, insure the crew."

"The passenger was Janet Carruthers," Davis said. "Was she insured ?"

"Yes".

"For how much ?"

Schlemmer paused. "Fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Davis." He wiped his lips and s "You know how it works, of course. You purchase your insurance from a machine at the airport. An envelope is supplied for the policy, and you mail this directly to your beneficiary or beneficiaries as the case may be, before you board the flight."

"Yes, I've taken insurance," Davis said.

"A simple matter," Schlemmer assured him, "and well worth the investment. In this case, the beneficiaries have already received a check for fifty thousand dollars."

"They have ?"

"Yes. The claim was made almost instantly, proof of loss filed, the entire works. We paid at once".

"I see," Davis said. "I wonder . . could you tell me....you mentioned suicide in your excluding clause. Was there any thought about Mrs Carruthers' death being suicide ?"

"We considered it," Schlemmer said. "But quite frankly, it seemed a bit absurd. An accident like this

one is hardly conceivable as suicide. I mean, a person would have to be seriously unbalanced to take a plane and its crew with her when she chose to kill herself. Mrs. Carruthers' medical history showed no signs of mental instability. In fact, she was in amazingly good health all through her life. No, suicide was out. We paid."

Davis nodded. "Can you tell me who the beneficiaries were ?" he asked.

"Certainly," Schlemmer said. "Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Radner."

* * *

He asked her to meet him in front of DiAngelo's and they lingered on the wharf a while, watching the small boats before entering the restaurant. When they wer- seated, Anne Trimble ordered a daiquiri, and he settled for scotch on the rocks, and he sipped his drink slowly, thinking, *I wish I didn't suspect her sister of complicity in murder.*

They made small talk while they ate, and Davis felt he'd known her for a long time, and that made his job even harder. When they were on their coffee, she said, "I'm a silly girl, I know. But not silly enough to believe this is strictly social."

"I'm an honest man," he said, "It isn't."

She laughed. "Well, what is it then?"

"I want to know more about your sister."

"Alice? For heaven's sake, why?" Her brow furrowed, and she said, "I really should be offended, you know. You take me out and then want to know more about my sister."

"You've no cause for worry," he said very softly. He was not even sure she heard him. She lifted her coffee cup, and her eyes were wide over the brim.

"Will you tell me about her?" he asked.

"Do you t'ink she put the bomb on the plane?"

He was not prepared for the question. He blinked his eyes in confusion.

"Do you ?" she repeated. "Remember, you're an honest man."

"Maybe she did," he said.

Anne considered this, and then took another sip of coffee. "What do you want to know ? she asked. "Understand, Mr. Davis...."

"Milt," he corrected.

"All right. Understand that I don't go along with you, not at all. Not knowing my sister. But I'll answer any of your questions because that's the only way you'll se- she had nothing to do with it."

"That's fair enough," he said.

"All right, Milt. Fire away."

"First, what kind of a girl is she ?"

"A simple girl. Shy, often awkward. Honest, Milt, very honest. Innocent. I think Tony Radner is the first man she ever kissed."

"Do you come from a wealthy family, Anne ?"

"No."

"How does your sister feel about ...."

"About not having a tremendous amount of money ?" Anne shrugged. "All right, I suppose. We weren't destitute even after Dad died. We always got along very nicely, and I don't think she ever yearned for anything. What are you driving at, Milt?"

"Would fifty thousand dollars seem like a lot of money to Alice ?"



She pulled out a red leather wallet, unsnapped it, and then removed one of the pictures.........

"Yes," Anne answered without hesitation. "Fifty thousand would seem like a lot of money to anyone."

"Is she easily persuaded ? Can she be talked into doing things ?"

"Perhaps. I know very well she couldn't be talked into putting a bomb on a plane, though."

"No. But could she be talked into sharing fifty thousand that 'as come by through devious means?"

"Why all this concentration on fifty thousand dollars ? Is that an arbitrary sum, or has a bank been robbed in addition to the plane crash?"

"Could she be talked," Davis persisted, "into drugging another woman?"

"No," Anne said firmly.

"Could she be talked into forging another

woman's signature on an insurance policy?"

"Alice wouldn't do anything like that. Not in a million years."

"But she married Radner. A man without money, a man without a job. Doesn't that seem like a shaky foundation upon which to build a marriage ?"

"Not if the two people are in love."

"Or unless the two people were going to come into a lot of money shortly."

Anne said, "You're making me angry. And just when I was beginning to like you."

"Then please don't be angry. I'm just digging, believe me."

"Well, dig a little more gently, please."

"What does your sister look like ? Do you have a picture of her ?"

"Yes, yes, I do."

"She put her purse on the table and unclasped it. She pulled out a red leather wallet, unsnapped it, and then removed one of the pictures from the gatefold. "It's not a good shot," she apologized.

The girl was not what Davis would have termed pretty. He was surprised, in fact, that she could be Anne's sister. He studied the black-and-white photograph of a fair-haired girl with a wide forehead, her nose a bit too long, her lips thin. He studied the eyes, but they held the vacuous smile common to all posed snapshots.

"She doesn't look like your sister," he said. "You're much prettier."

Anne screwed up her eyebrows and studied Davis seriously.

"May I keep the picture ?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said. "Why ?"

'I'm going up to Vegas. I want to find your sister and Radner."

"Then you're serious about all this," she said softly.

"Yes, I am. At least, until I'm convinced otherwise. Anne....It's just a job. I...."

"I'm not really worried, you understand. I know you're wrong about Alice, and Tony, too. So I won't worry."

"Good," he said. "I hope I *am* wrong."

She lifted one raven brow, and there was no coyness or archness in the motion. "Will you call me when you get back?"

"Yes," he said. "Definitely."

"If I'm out when you call, you can call my next-door neighbour, Frieda. She'll take the message." She scribbled the number on a sheet of paper. "You will call, won't you, Milt ?"

He covered her hand with his and said, "Try and stop me."

* * *

He went to City Hall right after he left her. He checked on marriage certificates issued on January 6th, and he was not surprised to find that one had been issued to Anthony Louis Radner and Alice May Trimble. He left there and went directly to the airport, making a reservation on the next plane for Las Vegas. Then he headed back for his apartment to pick up his bag.

He put his key into the lock, twisted it, and then swung the door wide.

"Close it," MacGregor said.

MacGregor was sitting in the armchair to the left of the door. One hand rested across his wide middle and the other held the familiar .38, and this time it was pointed at Davis' head. Davis closed the door, and MacGregor said, "Better lock it, Miltie."

CHAPTER—V

WHO'S paying you, MacGregor?"

"Now, now," MacGregor said chidingly, waving the gun like an extended forefinger. "That's a secret now, ain't it?" Davis watched the way MacGregor moved the gun, and he wondered if he'd repeat the gesture again. It might be worth remembering, for later.

"Come on, MacGregor, who hired you?" He poised himself on the balls of his feet, ready to jump the moment MacGregor started wagging the gun again. MacGregor's hand did not move.

"Don't let's be silly, Miltie boy," he said.

"Do you know *why* you were hired?"

"I was told to see that you dropped the case. That's enough instructions for me."

"Do you know that fifty grand is involved? How much are you getting for handling the sloppy end of the stick?"

MacGregor lifted his eyebrows and then nodded his head. "Fifty grand, huh?"

"Sure. Especially when some slob is willing to handle the dirty details. Do you know there's a murder involved, MacGregor? Five murders, if you want to get technical. Do you know what it means to be accessory after?"

"Can it, Davis. I've been in the game longer than you're walking."

"Then you know the score. And you know I can go down to R and I, and identify you from a mug shot. Think about that, MacGregor. It adds up to rock-chopping."

"Maybe you'll never get to see a mug shot."

"Maybe not. But that adds another murder to it. Are they paying you enough for a homicide rap, MacGregor?"

"Little Miltie, we've talked enough."

"Maybe we haven't talked enough yet. Maybe you don't know that the Feds are in on this thing, and that the Army . . . . ."

"Oh, come, Miltie. Come on now, boy. You're reaching."

"Am I? Check around, MacGregor. Find out what happens when sabotage is suspected, especially on a plane headed to pick up military personnel. Find out if J. Edgar isn't on the scene. And find out what happens when a big-time fools with the Federal government."

"I never done a state pen," MacGregor said, seemingly hurt, "Don't call me a big-time."

"Then why are you juggling a potato as hot as this one? Do you yearn for Quentin, MacGregor? Wise up, friend. You've been conned. The gravy is all on the other end of the line. You're getting all the cold beans, and when it comes time to hang a frame, guess who'll be it. Give a good guess, MacGregor".

MacGregor said seriously, "You're a fast talker."

"What do you say, MacGregor? How do you feel, playing the boob in a big ante deal? How much are you getting?"

"Four bills," MacGregor said. "Plus."

"All right, keep the dough and forget you were hired. You've already had the 'plus,' and you can keep that as a memory."

"I've only been paid half the dough," MacGregor said.

"When's the rest due?"

"When you drop the case."

"I can't match it MacGregor, but I'll give you fifty for your trouble. You're getting off easy, believe me. If I don't crack this, the Feds will, and then you'll really be in hot water."

"Where's the fifty?"

Davis reached for his wallet on the dresser. "Who hired you MacGregor?" He looked up, and MacGregor's smile had widened now.

"I'll take it all, Miltie."

"Huh?"

"All of it." MacGregor waved the gun. "Everything in the wallet. Come on."

fat man's chest. MacGregor staggered back, then swung his arm around just as Davis' fing clamped on his wrist. He did not fire, and Da knew he probably didn't want to bring the apartme house down around his ears.

They staggered across the room in a clumsy em brace, like partners at a dance school for beginne Davis had both hands on MacGregor's gun wrist n and the fat man swung his arm violently, trying shake the grip They didn't speak or curse. M Gregor grunted loudly each time he swung his ar and Davis' breath was audible as it rushed thro his parted lips. He did n loosen his grip. He forc MacGregor across the roo and when the fat ma back was again the w Davis began methodica smashing the gun ha against the plaster.

"Drop it," he sa through clenched tee "Drop it."

He hit the wall with Ma Gregor's hand again, a this time the fingers ope and the gun clatt re to t floor. Davis stepped ba for just an instant, kick the gun across the roo and then rushed forwa with his fist lenched.

He felt his fist sink in the flesh around Ma Gregor's middle. The f man's face went white f an instant, and then h buckled over, his arms em bracing his stomach. Dav dropped his fist and th brought it up from h shoelaces, catching Ma Gregor on the point of h jaw. MacGregor lurch backward, slamming in the wall, knockin a pictu to the floor. vis hit h once more and MacGreg pitched forward into h face. He wriggled onc and was still.

Davis stood over hi breathing hard. He wait until he caught his brea and then he glance at h watch.

Quickly, he picked up t .38 from where it lay o the floor. He broke it ope checked the load, and th brought it to his suitca laying it on top of his shir



Davis began methodically smashing the gun hand against the plaster......

"You *are* a jackass, aren't you?" Davis said. He fanned out the money in the wallet, and then held it out to MacGregor. MacGregor reached for it, and Davis loosened his grip, and the bills began fluttering toward the floor.

MacGregor grabbed for them with his free hand, turning side-ways at the same time, taking the gun off Davis.

It had to be then, and it had to be right, because the talking game was over and MacGregor wasn't buying anything.

Davis leaped, ramming his shoulder against the

He snapped the suitcase shut, called the police tell them he'd just subdued a burglar in his apar ment, and then left to catch his Las Vegas plane.

* * *

Davis tried all the hotels, and then all the roo ing houses, and then all the motor courts. They w all very sorry. They had no Radners registered, couldn't identify the photograph of Alice.

So he started making the rounds then. He linge ed at the machines, feeding quarters into the sl watching the oranges and lemons and cherries wh

before his eyes but never watching them too closely, always watching the place instead looking for the elusive woman named Alice Trimble Radner

Or he sat at the bars. nursing along endless scotches his eyes fastened to the mirrors that commanded the entrance doorways He was bored, and he was tired but he kept watching and he began making the rounds again as dusk tinted the sky, and the lights of the city flicked their siren song on the air.

He picked up the newspaper by chance. He flipped through it idly, and he almost turned the page, even after he'd read the small head: FATAL ACCIDENT

The item was a very small one. It told of a new Pontiac convertible with defective brakes which had crashed through the guard rail on the highway, killing its occupant instantly. The occupant's name was Anthony Radner. There was no mention of Alice in the article.

Little Alice Trimble, Davis thought. *A simple girl -Shy, often awkward. Honest.*

Murder is a simple thing. All it involves is killing another person or persons You can be shy and awkward, and even honest—but that doesn't mean you can't be a murderer besides. So what is it that takes a simple girl like Alice Trimble and transforms her into a murderess?

Figure it this way. Figure a louse named Tony Radner who sees a way of striking back at the girl who jilted him and coming into a goodly chunk of dough besides. Figure a lot of secret conversations, a pile of carefully planned moves. Figure a wedding, planned to coincide with the day of the plotted murder, so the murders can be far away when the bomb they planted explodes.

Radner gets to see Janet Carruthers on the same pretext, perhaps a farewell drink to show there are no hard feelings. This is his wedding day, and he introduces her to his bride, Alice Trimble. They share a drink, perhaps, but the drink is loaded and Janet suddenly feels very woozy. They help her to the airport, and they stow the bomb in her valise. None of the pilots know Radner. The only bad piece of luck is the fact that the fire-warning system is acting up, and a mechanic named Mangione recognizes him. But that's part of the game.

He helps her aboard and then goes back to his loving wife, Alice. They hop the next plane for Vegas, and when the bomb explodes they're far, far away. They get the news from the papers, file claim, and come into fifty thousand.

Just like falling off Pier 8.

Except that it begins to get sour about there. Except that maybe Alice Trimble likes the big time now. Fifty Gs is a nice little pile. Why share it?

So Tony Radner meets with an accident. If he's not insured, the fifty grand is still Alice's. If he is insured, there's more for her.

The little girl has made her debut. The shy, awkward thing has emerged.

Portrait of a killer.

Davis went back to the newsstand, and he bought copies of all the local newspapers and then went back to the hotel

When he was back in his room, he took off his shoes and threw himself on the bed

The easy part was over, of course The hard part was still ahead He still had to tell Anne about it, and he'd give his right arm not to have that task ahead of him Alice Trimble? The police would find her. She'd probably left Vegas the moment Radner piled up the Pontiac. She was an amateur and it wouldn't be too hard to find her. But telling Anne, that was the difficult thing.

Davis thumbed through the first newspaper until he found the item about Radner's accident. It was a small notice and it was basically the same as the one he'd read It did add that Alice Trimble was on her honeymoon, and that she had come from San Francisco, where she lived with her sister

He leafed through the second newspaper, scanning the story quickly Again basically the same facts. Radner had taken the car for a spin. Alice hadn't gone along because of a headache. The accident had been attributed to faulty brakes, and there was no speculation that Alice might have grounds for suit. if she cared to press charges, against the dealer who'd sold them the car

The third newspaper really did a bangup job. They treated the accident as a human-interest piece, playing up the newlywed angle. They gave it the tearful head 'FATE CHEATS BRIDE' and then went on to wring the incident dry There was also a picture of Alice Trimble leaving the coroner's office. She was raising her hand to cover her face when the picture had been taken It was a good shot, close up, clear. The caption read: *Tearful Alice Radner, leaving the coroner's office after identifying the body of her husband, Anthony Radner.*

Davis did not notice any tears on Alice Trimble's face.

He looked at the photograph again.

He sat erect and brought the newspaper closer to his face and stared at the picture for a long time.

And he suddenly remembered something important he'd forgotten to ask Anne about her sister. Something damned important. So important he nearly broke his neck getting to the phone.

CHAPTER—VI

HE asked long distance for Anne's number and then let the phone ring fifteen minutes before he gave up. He remembered the alternate number she'd given him then, the one belonging to Frieda, the girl next door. He fished the scrap of paper out of his wallet, studying the number in Anne's handwriting, recalling their conversation in the restaurant. He got long distance to work again, and the phone was picked up on the fourth ring.

"Hello?"

"Hello. Frieda?"

"Yes?"

"My name is Milt Davis. You don't know me, but Anne said I could leave a message here if. . . . . ."

"Oh, yes. Anne's told me all about you, Mr. Davis."

"Well, good. good. I just tried to phone her, and there was no answer. I wonder if you know where I can reach her?"

"Why, yes," Frieda said. "She's in Las Vegas."

"What!"

"Yes. Her brother-in-law was killed in a car crash there She . . . ."

"You mean she's here? Now?"

"Well, I suppose so. She caught a plane early this evening. Yes, I'm sure she's there by now. Her sister called, you see. Alice. She called and asked Anne to come right away. Terrible thing, her husband getting killed like. . . . . . "

"What's the address?" he asked.

"It's outside of Las Vegas. A private party." She read off the address and Davis scribbled it quickly. He said goodbye, and hung up immediately. There was no time for checking plane schedules now. No time for finding out which plane Anne caught out

of Frisco, nor for finding out what time it arrived in Vegas.

There was only time to tuck MacGregor's .38 into the waist-band of his trousers and then run like the devil down to the street. He caught a cab and reeled off the address, and then sat on the edge of his seat while the lights of Vegas dimmed behind him.

A private party, Frieda had said. That was good because you don't go around shooting people in private houses. And Anne was sure as sin going to be shot, the way he figured it.

When the cabbie pulled up in front of the clapboard structure, he gave him a fiver and then leaped out of the car. He ran up the front steps and pulled the door pull, listening to steps approaching inside. A white-haired woman opened the door, and Davis said, "Alice Radner. Where?"

"Upstairs, but who . . . . . .?"

Davis shoved the woman aside and started up the flight of steps, not looking back. There was a door at the top of the stair well, and he rapped on it loudly. When he received no answer, he shouted, "I know you're in there! Open the door."

The door opened instantly, and Davis found himself looking into the bore of a .22.

"Come in," a woman's voice said softly.

He didn't need an invitation to do that. He stepped into the room, and the woman bolted the door behind him, the gun pointed at his gut.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Anne Trimble? In the bedroom. I had to tie her and gag her, I'm afraid. She raised a bit of fuss when she got here."

Davis ran into the bedroom. Anne was lying on the bed, her hands tied behind her, a scarf stuffed in her mouth. He made a move toward her and the voice came from the doorway, cool and crisp.

"Leave her alone."

"Why? Davis said. "It's all over now, anyway. You know that, don't you?"

"You're Davis, aren't you?" the woman said. She smiled, but there was no mirth on her mouth. "You should have stayed out of it. From the very beginning."

"Everybody's been telling me that," Davis said. "Right from go."

"You should have paid more attention to them, Mr. Davis. All this might have been avoided then."

"All what?"

She did not answer. She moved out of the room quickly, walking to the door through which Davis had entered. She opened the door and called. "It's all right. Mrs. Mulready. He's a friend of mine." Then she slammed the door and bolted it, walking back to the bedroom quickly.

"That takes care of her," she said, the .22 steady in her hand. She was a beautiful woman with a pale complexion and blue eyes set against the ivory of her skin. She stared at Davis solemnly.

"It all seemed out of whack," Davis said, "but I didn't know just where. It all pointed to Tony Radner and Alice Trimble, but I couldn't conceive of her as a murderess. Sure, I figured Tony led her into it. A woman in love can be talked into anything. But when I learned about Tony's accident here, a new Alice Trimble took shape. Not the gal who was talked into anything, and not the gal who'd do anything for love. This new Alice Trimble was a cold-blooded killer, a murderess who . . . ."

Davis saw Anne's eyes widen. She struggled to speak.

"Anne," he said, "tell me something. Was your sister a red-head?"

Anne nodded dumbly, and he saw the confused look that stabbed her eyes. It was then that he realized he'd unconsciously used the past tense talking about her sister.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm truly sorry, Ann He paused and drew a deep breath. "Alice is de Anne."

It was almost as if he'd struck her. She flin ed, and then a strangled cry tried to shove its past the gag.

"Believe me," he said, "I'm sorry. I . . . . . ." wiped his hand across his lips and then said, never thought to ask. About her hair, I mean. had her picture and that was all I needed to ident her. I'm . . . . I'm sorry, Anne."

He saw the tears spring into her eyes, and went to her in spite of the .22 that was still poin at him. He ripped the gag from her mouth, and blurted, "I don't understand. I . . . . wh . . . . what do you mean?"

"Alice left you on the sixth," he said, "to me Tony Radner, allegedly to marry him. She didn't kn about the trap that had been planned by Tony a Janet Carruthers."

Anne took her eyes from Davis and looked at t .22 in the woman's hand. "Is. . . . . .is that w . . . . . ."

"Janet Carruthers," Davis said, "who wanted be free of her husband more than anything else the world. But not at the expense of cutting hers off without a cent. So she and Tony figured it out, and they started looking for a redhead w would take the hook. Your sister came along, star eyed and innocent, and Radner led her to the cho ping block."

Davis paused and turned to the redhead w the gun. "I can fill it in, if you like. A lot of gues ing, but I think I'm right."

"Go ahead," Janet said. "Fill it in."

"Sure. Alice met Tony as scheduled on the d they were to be married. He probably suggested drink in celebration, drugged her, and then took some place to get her into some of your clothes. drove her to the airport then, where you were wa ing. You had to go to the airport because your s nature was necessary on the insurance policy. Y insured Alice, who was now in Janet Carruthe clothing, with Janet Carruthers' identification case anything was left of her after the crash, fifty thousand dollars. And Janet Carruthers' be ficiaries were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Radner. Y knew that Nick would be on the DC-4, but outs of him, no one else on the plane knew what looked like. It would be simple to substitute Alice you. You left the airport, probably to go directly City Hall to wait for Tony. Tony waited until N took a pilot up on a test, and then he brought A to the plane, dumped her into her seat, with bomb in her suitcase, and left to meet you. You married shortly after the DC-4 took off. You Alice Trimble's name, and most likely the identifi tion—if it was needed—that Tony had taken fr her. The switch had been completed, and you w now Mrs. Radner. You flew together to Las Ve and as soon as the DC-4 crashed, you made claim for the fifty Gs."

David heard a sob catch in Anne's throat. glanced at her briefly and then said to Janet, Tony know he was going to be driving into a pil rocks?"

Janet smiled. "Poor Tony. No, I'm afraid didn't know. That part was all my idea. Even d to stripping the brakes. Tony never knew what him."

"Neither did all the people on that DC-4 was a long way to go for a lousy hunk of ca Davis said. "Was Tony insured, too?"

"Yes," Janet said, "but not for much." She smiled. "Enough, though."

Davis nodded. "One after the other, right down the line. And then you sent for Anne because she was the only living person who could know you were *not* Alice Trimble. And it had to be fast, especially after that picture appeared in the Las Vegas paper."

"Was that how you found out?" she asked.

"Exactly how The picture was captioned *Alice Radner*—but the girl didn't match the one in the photo I had. Then I began thinking about the colour of Alice's hair, which I knew was light, and it got clear as a bell." He shook his head sadly. "I still don't know how you hoped to swing it. You obviously sent for Anne because you were afraid someone would recognize you in Frisco. But someone would have recognized you sooner or later, anyway."

"In Mexico?" Janet asked. "Or South America? I doubt it. Fifty thousand can do a lot outside of this country, Mr. Davis. Plus what I'll get on Tony's death. I'll manage nicely, don't you worry." She smiled pleasantly.

Davis smiled back. "Go ahead," he said. "Shoot. And then try to explain the shots to your landlady."

Janet Carruthers walked to the dresser, keeping the gun on Davis "I hadn't wanted to do it here," she said, shrugging. "I was going to take Miss Trimble away after everyone was asleep. You're forcing my hand, though." She opened a drawer and came out with a long, narrow cylinder. The cylinder had holes punched into its sides, and Davis knew a silencer when he saw one. He saw Janet fitting the silencer to the end of the .22, and he saw the dull gleam in her eyes and knew it was time to move. He threw back his coat and reached for the .38 in his waistband. The .22 went off with a sharp *pouff*, and he felt the small bullet rip into his shoulder. But he'd squeezed the trigger of the .38 and he saw her arm jerk as his larger bullet tore flesh and bone. Her fingers opened, and the silenced gun fell to the floor.

Her face twisted in pain. She closed her eyes, and he kicked the gun away, and then she began swearing. She kept swearing when he took her good arm and twisted it behind her back.

He heard footsteps rushing up the stairs, and then the landlady shouted, "What is it? *What is it?*"

"Get the police!" he yelled through the closed door. "Get them fast."

"You don't know what you're doing," Janet said. "This will kill my father."

Davis looked over to where Anne sat sobbing on the bed, her face buried in her hands. He wanted to go to her and clasp her into his arms, but there would be time for that later.

"My father. . . . " Janet started.

"Your father still has Nick," Davis said, "and his porcelain." His shoulder ached, and the trickle of blood down his jacket front was not pleasant to watch. He paused and lifted his eyes to Janet's. "That's all your father ever had."



She kept swearing when he took her good arm and twisted it behind her back......

VAISNAVISM IN FOREIGN LANDS

By PARASHU RAM CHATURVEDI

THE Vaisnava religion took its rise in the western and northern India, and wended its way towards the South, spreading gradually to north-east as well. Consequently, the missionaries of one part of the country began to visit the other parts, thus giving rise to an exchange of views. Its different sects did not confine the movement for its spread to the regions where it originated, but caused it to reach other places through their missionaries. Thus this religion spread nearly all over India. They made efforts in all the important cities and religious areas as a result of which monasteries of more than one sect came to be established at one and the same place, paving the way for mutual rivalry. Besides, they were led to incorporate several local traits with a view to making themselves more and more attractive and popular. This resulted in the inclusion of many unnecessary things in the externals of this religion. Making its way among an overwhelming section of the populace, it began to assume the form of a type of culture and also influenced, to some degree, persons devoid of any sectarian bias. Consequently, this religion came to spread gradually in those distant lands as well where no organised group of missionaries might ever have reached.

GIFT OF CHRISTIANITY?

Conjectures have been made by certain scholars on the basis of some resemblance, that this devotional religion is a gift of Christianity and that a considerable part of it has been shaped after the ideal of this faith. A European writer has gone the length of stating that the name of Krishna, Lord Deity of this religion has evolved out of the name Christ. Likewise the famous scholar Sir William Jones has also said that many trite and imaginary teachings of Christianity had been brought into India at some time and incorporated into the fantastic stories of Keshava. The German Pandit, Dr. Weber, too, holds that the current traditions of deifying Krishna and celebrating his birthday has emanated from an imitation of Christianity and has adduced by way of support for his view, the mention of 'Shwet Dweep'—the White Island and the teachings of Narayan to Narada in the Mahabharat. 'Shwet Deep', according to him, can be only indicative of the land of the 'white-limbed,' the Europeans to wit, because the word "Dweep" has been used, in accordance with the Indian view, for Europe on account of its being situated overseas.

VERDICT OF HISTORY

But a study of the history of the Vaisnava religion would bring out the falsity and baselessness of the above views. The contention of Dr. Weber that Krishna was at first only a great personage and was accepted as God after the birth of Christ seemed to ignore the patent proof that in the rock inscription of Bes Nagar of the second century B. C. Krishna has been called Deva-Deva—God of Gods—and his follower Heliodorous has been given the title of 'Bhag-
wat.' Heliodorous had come to India as the amba
dor of the Greek King Antiocles and had embra
Vaisnavism. In this way not only Krishna att
Godhood, but the spread of Vaisnavism in India
least two centuries before Christ is also proved. T
is supported also by the rock inscription of Ghas
and the "Mahabhasya" of Patanjali and the ma
is further pushed back by another century by
mention in the Taitariya Upanishad of 'Vasu
taking over the place of 'Vishnu.' It is also not
possible for a great personage to attain godhood
divinity, gradually. This is borne out by the life
Gautam Buddha. The mention of "Shwet Dweep"
the Mahabharat does not point to Europe either. T
island, in all likelihood is as mythological as
"Kshir Sagar," and the teachings embodied the
belong to Narayan Himself not to all and sundr

**From the accounts of the denizens of the Sh
Dweep available in the Mahabharat it is found
their heads resemble umbrellas, that their te
number sixty eight of which sixty are big and e
are small, and that they possess innumerable ton
with which they seem to be licking the sun. We
not think any European will admit such an acco
of him or his forbears.**

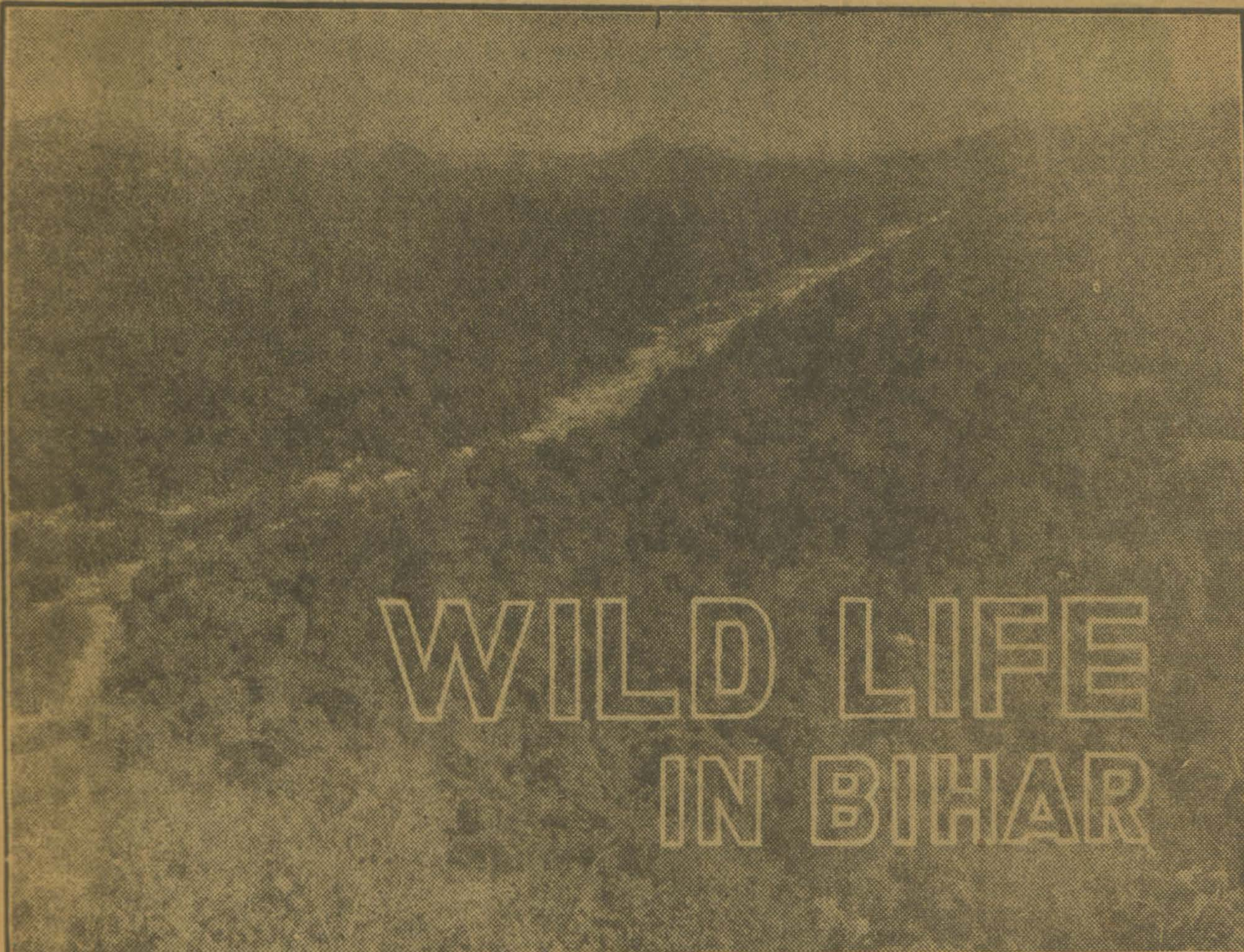
RATHER THE OTHER WAY ABOUT

It is, therefore, possible that the above rese
blances may be attributable to Christianity be
influenced by Vaisnavism. The Christian relig
found entrance into India in the first century A
along with St. Thomas's visit to this country, tho
the famous historian Vincent Smith regards this
fictitious and is not disposed to assign such an
cident to a period earlier than the third cent
The entrance into India of the story of Go
Krishna or the worship of Bal Krishna is believed
be a gift of the Abhir race which came from so
where in the west, probably from Europe bring
with it these things derived from their associat
with Christ. But that, too is equally baseless. T
the Abhirs did not borrow these things from
Christians is proved, at any rate, by the fact t
it had settled down into India by the first cen
A.D. and, if the Tamil tradition were to be belie
had arrived here many centuries earlier. Shri
Kanaksabhai says that the Abhirs are ca
"Aiyyars" in the Tamil country who had come
India several centuries before Christ along with
Pandya dynasty and whose hereditary title "Aiy
is said to have derived from the Tamil word "A
meaning the Cow.

TILAKS OF VAISNAVISM

There is one remarkable thing in this con
tion, namely, that there were many religious pe
even during the lifetime of Christ, who wore a s
cial type of sign or emblem on the forehead or
other parts of the body which was considered
traditional and which seems to have been patter
on the accepted "Tilaks" of Vaisnavism. Such a s
according to Shri Ramaswami Aiyyar, was worn
the forehead and seems pointed to in the "Rev

(Continued on page



WILD LIFE IN BIHAR

This is an excellent view that can be had from the Dak Bungalow at Hudroo and has striking resemblance with a similar river valley on the approaches to Gulmarg.

By P. C. ROY CHAUDHURY

THE forests in Bihar are concentrated in the districts of Ranchi, Hazaribagh, Singhbhum, Palamau and Dhanbad in Chotanagpur Division and sizable patches in the district of Santhal Parganas in Bhagalpur Division, Champaran in Tirhut Division and Monghyr in Bhagalpur Division. The forests cover about 20 p.c. of the area of the State of Bihar. There has been no proper census of the population entirely or partially dependent on forests and of the annual yield of the different types of forest product.

In all the forest areas, sal (*Shorea robusta*) is found in greater or less abundance, usually accompanied by kend (*Diospyros malanoxylon*) and bamboos (*Dendrocalamus strictus*). The sal trees in Saranda forest of Singhbhum district are capable of growing to giant sizes, commonly attaining 12 or 14 feet in girth. Among other species of trees there are asan (*Terminalia tomentosa*), murga (*Pterocarpus marsupium*), ebony (*Diospyros melanoxylon*), satsal (*Dalbergia latifolia*) and kusum (*Schleichera trijuga*). Sabai grass (*Ischoemum angustifolium*) and a course form of thatching grass, known locally as *khar*, are also found in various localities. Among the minor products are the mahua tree (*Bassia latifolia*), palas (*Butea frondosa*), bair (*Zizyphus jujuba*), amla (*Phyllanthus emblica*), bahera (*Terminalia belerica*) and harra (*Terminalia chebula*). Timber of all grades is produced from the different species.

RAPID DENUDATION

In 1833 Mr. Hewitt, the then Commissioner of Chotanagpur pressed for the direct management of the forests by the Government as there was a rapid denudation. A committee was appointed to make local enquiries as to the extent of deforestation in Chotanagpur and the provisions of the Bengal Forest Act VII of 1878 were tightened. But they were not found adequate. The text of a private forest bill was circulated but the criticisms received showed a

wide divergence of views of the landlords and the aboriginal raiyats through the missionaries. The Government dropped the idea of proceeding with the bill.

The deforestation process went apace and was accelerated by the large scale felling during the Second Great War. The military demand for firewood and housing timber within Bihar and the heavy requisition of different centres of consumptions were great. But after the end of the War in 1946 the State Government of Bihar promulgated the Bihar Private Forest Act empowering the State Government to take over the private forests for control and management. As a matter of fact this Act was drafted in 1937 when the first Congress Government had come to power but the matter remained in abeyance owing to the resignation of the Congress Government in 1939. The Bihar Private Forest Act also could not give the proper protection as the loopholes were utilised by the landlords and the tenants. The abolition of the zamindari by law in 1956 marked a new chapter in the history of forest preservation and the forests could be brought under a scientific and planned management. Great credit is due to the Forest Department officers, who had to work against an aggressive type of psychological and physical opposition. Their difficulties are not yet over.

STEPS FOR MANAGEMENT

The State has to ensure the balance of forest economy and to guard against the dangers. In any working plan for the preservation of forests the main dangers are fire, grazing and frost. But the biggest danger is man and his abuse of rights and concessions. The main causes of fire are the collection of mahua flowers, honey and dry thatch grass. Indiscriminate grazing particularly by the sheep and goats damages the young seedlings. Frost causes damage to coppice shoots and young seedlings in sub-mountain tracts and plains forests and particularly affects sal.

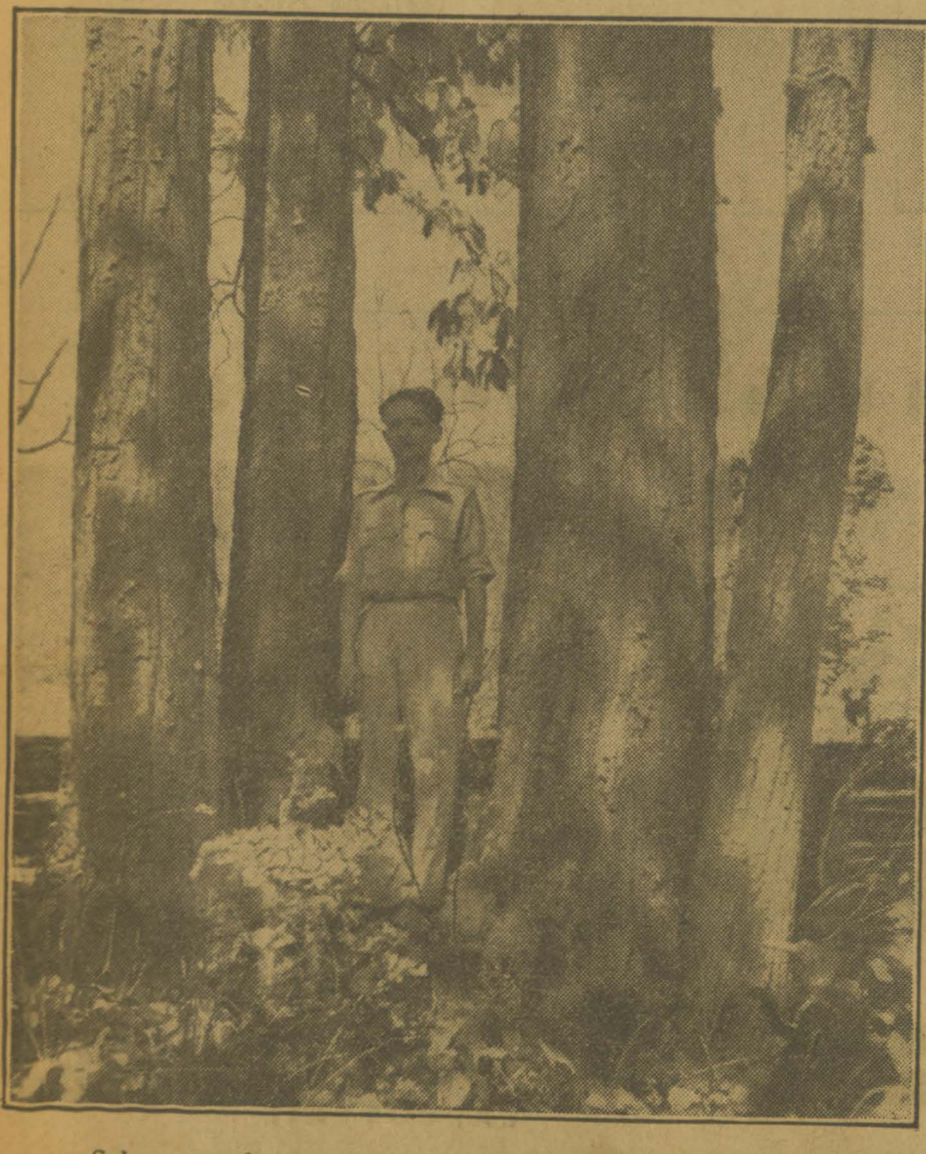
For proper management working plans are compiled under a scientific silvicultural system. The plan considers the various aspects of the forest, namely, the density, species, soil possibilities, rights and concessions, etc. The forests are grouped into a number of felling series and each series is divided into 40 parts known as annual coupe.

There are taboos as to how the cutting should not be done. A clearing process is done from time to time by which the grass, climbers and the inferior species are removed.

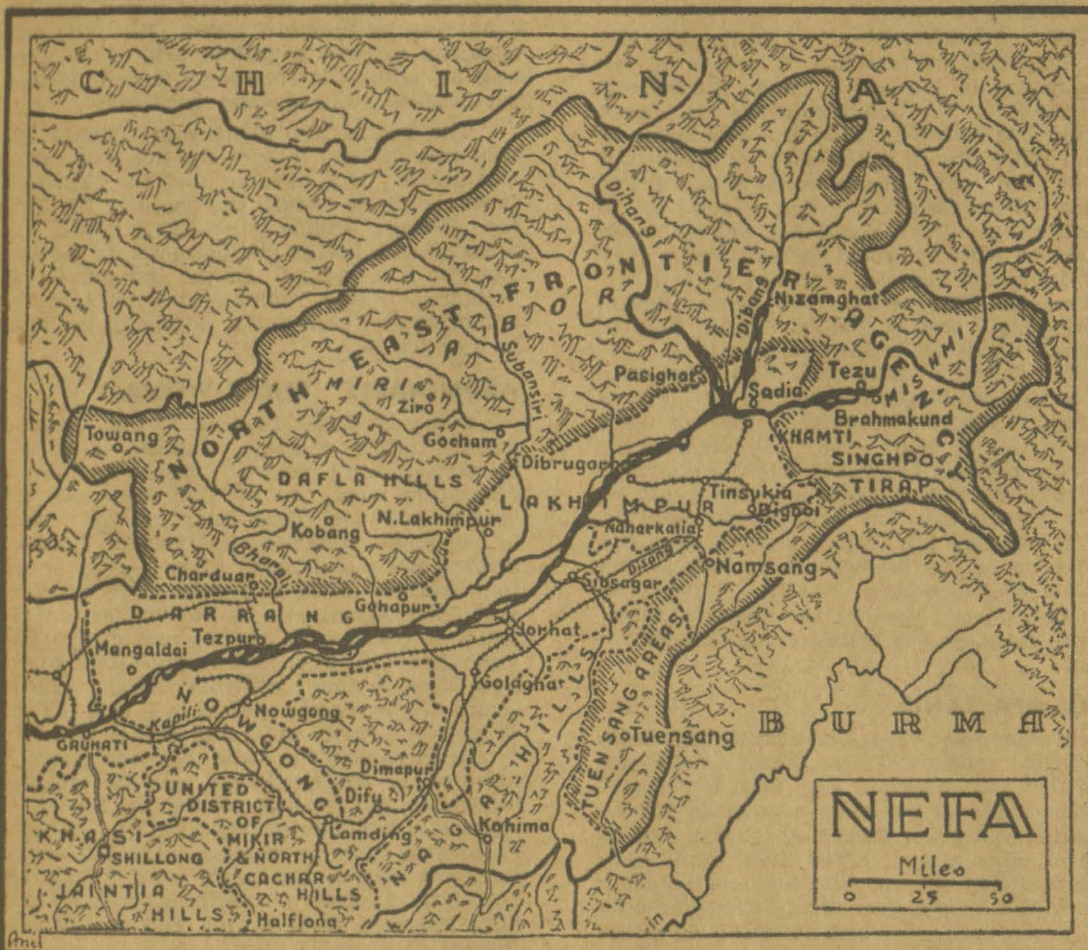
A good system of roads is absolutely necessary for the utilisation of forest resources. The forest of Chotanagpur particularly have been given a good network of road-ways interspersed with rest houses some of which are beauty spots.

But there is one aspect of forest produce which has still to be properly utilised. The natural resources of the forests in Bihar for medicinal plants, herbs and roots have not yet been properly assessed and utilised. Some of the more common medicinal produce such as *myrabolans, chireta, kurchi, anant mool, lodh, amaltas, asoka* and *arjun* are partially utilised. But apart from these identified medicinal plants there are hundreds of others which have not yet been properly identified or studied. From Singhbhum district alone a long list of such medicinal herbs commonly found has been obtained. The Hos, the indigenous tribal population of Singhbhum district have their own medicines

(Continued on Page 72)



Sal coppice shoots growing well without any thinning in Palamau.



COLOURFUL NORTH-EAST FRONTIER AGENCY

By AMIT KUMAR NAG

THE continued Chinese cartographic intransigence followed by their recent armed intrusion into the North-East Frontier Agency has brought before the limelight our little known tribal communities inhabiting the region.

The North - East Frontier Agency covers an area of roughly 30,000 square miles of wild mountainous country spread like a giant horse-shoe between the Himalayas to the North and the Brahmaputra Valley to the South. It adjoins the international boundaries of Burma on the East, of the "Tibet region of China" on the North and the East and of Bhutan on the West.

In this country of vast wildernesses, in this land of green forests, red rivers and blue hills, the human scene is infinitely varied. It abounds in flora and fauna.

Constitutionally it is a part of Assam. But in recognition of its special features, the governance of this area is the responsibility of the Government of India. The whole of North-East Frontier Agency is divided into the following five administrative Divisions: (1) Siang Frontier Division, (2) Tirap Frontier Division, (3) Lohit Frontier Division, (4) Subansiri Frontier Division, and (5) Kameng Frontier Division.

HOME OF 25 TRIBES

This area is the home of at least twenty-five distinct tribes, who while they present an extraordinary divergence of culture, language, dress and custom, have a compelling likeness in certain other major respects such as agricultural techniques, housing, lack of an indigenous script (with one or two exceptions), attitude to and practice of human cure, a tendency to remain isolated and seek security in clan and tribal compositions.

Ethnically these people belong to two main groups—Tibeto-Burman and Thai-Chinese. All NEFA tribals other than the Hkamtis and akin tribes belonging to the Tai ethnic group, speak in dialects of the Tibeto-Burman family. Broadly

speaking, the tribes of the Tibeto-Burman group belong to two sub-groups—Aka-Abor and Kachin.

To these people it is the proud task of free India to bring a new life. An attempt is being made to give them the technical blessings of the modern world; and to open their minds by education.

The NEFA Administration has during the last few years intensified its activities to secure an all-round development of the people "along the lines of their own genius." The objective is not to break with the past but rather to build the new house of a better and fuller life on the foundation of all that is good in the old. In the words of our Prime Minister, the Administration's first task is to inspire these people "with confidence and to make them feel at one with India and to realise that they are part of India and have an honoured place in it."

Adi, Aka, Apa Tani, Bokar, Bori, Dafla, Digaru, Galong, Minyong, Padam, Pailibo, Tagin, Taraon, and like tribes speak in related dialects of the Tibeto-Burman family. They have their respective councils of elders in villages or groups of villages which exercise temporal authority. Most of these tribals marry only at adult age. Betrothal may sometimes take place in childhood, but the marriage is deferred until the young couple are able to set up a house for themselves. The bridegroom, however, must pay the marriage price which depends upon the financial position of the bridegroom as well as the social position of the bride's family. Often the bridegroom-elect has to serve for his wife, sometimes several years, in the house of his prospective father-in-law.

COLOURFUL APA TANIS

The colourful Apa Tanis constitute the most remarkable tribal community in NEFA. They are peaceful, settled and organised and form a compact enclave in the middle of the Dafla country in Subansiri. In a small valley not exceeding a total area of twelve square miles, about 21,000 Apa Tanis have succeeded in building up a civilization and economy far superior to that of the surrounding tribes. According to Dr. Haimendorf, a leading authority on Asian Anthropology, this has been possible only by an intensification of permanent cultivation unparalleled in tribal areas.

The Apa Tani culture has been described as Late Neolithic. And Apa Tani dyeing and weaving are of a high order.

The agricultural land is private property; the best of it is very valuable and the skill, care and labour lavished on it are obviously extraordinary. According to some observers, the Apa Tani rice cultivation resembles the Japanese method.

The whole tribe is divided into two classes—the 'Mite' or patricians, and the 'Mura', or plebeians; the former class owns all land and the other class cultivates it and serves the Mite. No intermarriage is permitted between the classes. Every Mura clan is dependent on some Mite clan. Freed Mura, however, gets scope to become Mite as no rigid class system is maintained.

The Apa Tanis do not ordinarily use money as a medium of exchange and it is a tribal convention that the price of land must be paid for in cattle.

All Apa Tani activities, hunting, weaving, house-building, travelling and the like, are closely geared to and controlled by the agricultural year, and disputes are similarly treated. Outstanding disputes are brought out for settlement in a particular period of the year. And these are decided through mass duel or 'Gambu'.

The Apa Tanis exist as a tribe much different from others despite the fact that they speak a Dafla dialect.

Among other tribes, only the Monpas and the Sherdukpens plough land with the help of bullocks or *mithans*. The Monpas are a gentle, courageous people who cultivate on terraces, maintain large numbers of cattle, sheep and horses, and are deeply influenced by Buddhist ideals. They also make lovely colourful carpets, delicately painted wooden vessels and on ceremonial occasions wear long and colourful brocade costumes and head-gears.

The Tagins who along with Galongs inhabit the wild and desolate hills of the Subansiri, are a truculent people. It is ominous that the Chinese intruders have chosen to disturb the peace of the Tagin country. Because—unlike other NEFA tribals—the Tagins maintained a hostile attitude towards the Administration for a long time. In the last quarter of 1953, a section of unruly Tagins massacred a party of local administrative staff and a platoon of the Assam Rifles in a major raid.

ABOMINABLE SNOW-WOMAN

Siang Frontier Division is the home of bright colours, lovely weaving, dancing, singing and an attractive people known formely by the somewhat derogatory name 'Abor'; they now call themselves 'Adi' or hill-man. Then there are the remote valleys to the North, inhabited by Membas, Pailibos, Ramos, Bokars, Boris and many other groups of whom still comparatively little is known. Here are the legends about the Abominable Snow-Woman, an enigmatic figure who has only one leg and a pipe always between her lips. She haunts the snow-covered hills from time to time emitting a loud whistle which shakes the rocks and entices men into the snow-fields where she devours some and makes love to others.

In Tirap live the virile and picturesque Wanchos, allied to the Konyak Nagas, who are organized under influential and wealthy Chiefs; the Noctes, who have adopted a very elementary form of Vaishnavism and have been more in contact with the outside world than any others; the many small groups collectively known as Tangsa, a charming friendly people who have migrated from Burma and still retain the influence of Burmese dress.

Any account of NEFA is incomplete without a short reference to the prevalent religions there. It is, however, obvious that most of the communities inhabiting the Agency owe allegiance to animistic or quasi-animistic tribal faiths. Hinduism also does not fall behind in claiming NEFA as its own. It is no accident that the famous Hindu holy place Parasuram Kund is situated in the Lohit Frontier Division. Besides there are local traditions linking Hindu mythology and pantheon with the Mishmis of the Division. It is stated that a Mishmi Raja named Bhismak was the father of Rukmini Devi, the consort of Lord Krishna.

INFLUENCE OF BUDDHISM

But most probably, Buddhism is the greatest living religion in the North-East Frontier of India. It is the religion of the Hkamti, Pani Nora, Phakial, Singpho and Monpa tribes.

Hkamtis and the akin people of the Thai-Chinese ethnic family are professed followers of a popular form of Buddhism of the Burman system. They have Buddhist pagodas in their villages. Their 'Thomons' or priests ordinarily give religious discourses in a Shan dialect but the sacred books of their faith were originally written in Pali character.

The stoutest advocates of the Buddhist way of life are, however, the Monpas of the Kameng Frontier Division. The entry of the Dalai Lama into their country has made them world famous. They were the first Indians to receive His Holiness on our

soil at the end of his historic long march from the Norbulingka summer palace. Numbering about twenty thousand they live on the western border of NEFA. Their civilization centres round a monastery at Tawang, which is mainly responsible for keeping alive the flame of Buddhism among the people. The present monastery at Tawang was established at the time of the fifth Dalai Lama by one of his close associates, named Mera Lama, to preach Buddhism there. Later when the Tawang monastery was established by the Lama preacher, his devout sister also founded a nunnery called 'Ani Gompa'. Both the monastery and the nunnery are functioning well. The Head Lama of Tawang is elected. He is a Monpa. He is the spiritual guide of all Monpas. He appoints Nyertsangs or collectors who collect grains for supplying ration and other necessities to the monastery and the nunnery. The monastery which can easily accommodate five hundred monks, has 425 at present. There is a tradition among the Monpas that every third son of the family must be sent to the monastery before he attains his tenth year. In the monastery he undergoes a religious training under a monk guardian. If, however, the parents of the boy want back their child, as they usually do, they will have to pay a compensation.

The Tawang monastery is also a seat of learning. A very big library is maintained there. The collection contains about 3,000 manuscripts — mostly scriptures—in Tibetan and Monpa languages. There is also another library at Dirang Dzong monastery. These bear ample testimony to the cultural achievement of the Monpas. Flourishing under the fostering care of the religion of the Enlightened one, the Monpas of NEFA attained a level of mature civilization in all spheres of life. Consequently, flowering took place beyond the high hills and dense forests, of miniature Nalandas and Vikramshilas.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF ADMINISTRATION

Thanks to the sincere efforts of the Government of India, new horizons are opening out before the backward tribal people of NEFA. Admittedly this is no mean achievement. People who till yesterday lived by organised raids on their neighbours are now fighting for better life. The cloud of anxiety which formerly darkened the lives of so many of the tribal people is a thing of the past. Throughout NEFA a new life of peace and security has come, women and children go freely about the country-side, and the idea of inter-tribal and inter-village co-operation is spreading everywhere gradually.

The NEFA is not a very healthy place to live in, and as such it is impossible to over-emphasise the importance of bringing the benefits of modern medicine and surgery to its people. However, this has not been very easy, for the tribals believe that disease is caused by evil spirits, and must, therefore, be treated by magical and sacrificial means. But slowly and gradually the doctors are overcoming opposition and are meeting with more and more response. In certain tribal areas the Government is known as "medicine" because of the Administration's crusade against diseases. Well-equipped hospitals and dispensaries have been functioning in the Agency.

COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

The Administration lays a great deal of stress on cottage industries, and in various training centres the tribals are taught many kinds of home industries, which will help them to make things for themselves. The material culture of the tribal people is in many ways well adapted to their environment. One cannot but admire the achievements of their creative and artistic faculty. Their weaving, which is marked by good taste for design and colour, their wood-carving, their work in cane and bamboo, is of high quality. In the various cottage industries training centres run by the Government it is aimed to preserve and develop the beauty and technical skill which exist already.

In the sphere of communications marked developments have been made to make life of the tribal people a little bit more worth living. But a lot more remains to be done.

The progress of NEFA symbolises new India's determination to achieve all-round development.

The whole picture was quite different only a decade or so ago. The otherwise enlightened British rule did nothing to uplift the aboriginal inhabitants of almost unadministered NEFA. With meagre means of livelihood a tribe had to struggle hard for its very existence and, as a result, there was continuous warring between the tribes.

In 1947 there were only eight administrative centres in the whole of the Agency. But at present, apart from consolidating the administration, some 80 such centres have been opened.

From the viewpoint of agriculture also the Agency remained completely unexplored and unattended then. But the picture of NEFA today points to a definite progress in agricultural production through improved methods.

SPHERE OF EDUCATION

In the sphere of education too, NEFA stood neglected during the British rule. There were only two Lower Primary Schools throughout the Agency in 1947. Today two High Schools, 18 Middle Schools and about 160 Lower Primary Schools are functioning. The academic progress is stated to be satisfactory. The first batch of NEFA school students passed Matriculation Examination of the Gauhati University this year.

Besides, primary education is being imparted through the medium of tribal dialects in Dev Nagri script. And it has been decided that teaching in higher classes to the extent possible should also be done similarly.

But considerable attention has been paid to the fact that in no circumstances should the system of education tend to divorce the students from their normal life. Although the curriculum of studies has hitherto been according to conventional pattern, due emphasis has been laid on instructions in crafts and agriculture. The system of education has, therefore, been made multi-lateral in character so that reading and writing as well as arithmetic are suitably blended with instructions in agriculture and crafts which form the mainstay of the tribal people.

The problems of NEFA are special and distinct and will require for many years to come to be handled in a special way. In recognition of this fact it is administered under direction of the Government of India. The ultimate goal is national integration and complete communal mobility, but for a short period the need of special protection and some form of isolation has been accepted.

Against the background of the Chinese aggressive designs, these problems assume further proportions. The peaceful pursuits and ways of life of the tribal people are now threatened from the North. While India eagerly looks forward to normalisation of relations with the People's Republic of China, it is our painful duty to be vigilant as recent happenings have belied our hopes in the peaceful intentions and continued friendship of our great neighbour. When the gauntlet has been thrown, the challenge must be accepted in all firmness. The sooner the nation realises the gravity of the situation the better for all of us in Asia. But all doors should be kept open for negotiations and peaceful settlement of disputes, if any.

WILD LIFE IN BIHAR

(Continued from Page 67)

from the jungles for headache, colic, dysentery, malaria, neuralgia, ulcer, cold, typhoid, small-pox, cholera and diseases peculiar to women. It is said that they have their own specifics for birth control and abortion. Botanically very few of these plants have been classified and probably they have no place in the modern pharmacopoeia. There is an abundant scope for proper research on this line.

The economic forest resources of Bihar consist of sal props for the coal mines and the tram lines, bamboo and sabai for paper mills, Simal and Salai for match industry, sal for house building and various types of timber for cabinet making.

With a weight of 54 lbs. per cft. and its highly refractory feature to air seasoning, sal is the most important constructional timber of Bihar. Its heart-wood is proof against white ant attacks, but the sapwood has to be treated with a preservative. The poles or ballies are extensively used for house building, anti-erosion work in the embankments, electrical trans-mission posts and telegraph poles.



Tebo and the Primitive

Bamboos are in great demand. The other common forest produces are catechu, ropes out of *Sabai* grass, toys and utensils out of softer wood, lac, *tassar*, biri leaves, hay, honey, edible fruits, roots, flowers, hides, bones and herbs.

SURVEY FOR AFFORESTATION

The Afforestation Division was created only in August, 1951 and this Division took up a reconnaissance survey of the waste and gullied lands, unfit for economic agriculture but fit for afforestation in the districts of South Bihar and Chotanagpur. This survey was completed and it was found that an area of about 2,12,330 acres of waste land could be taken up immediately for afforestation and soil conservation purposes. The survey, it may be mentioned, could not cover all the waste lands because of administrative reasons. Only big blocks of waste lands which could be managed in future as forest were selected after the survey. Smaller blocks for afforestation are uneconomic in the long run.

The incidence of erosion prevalent in different areas had to be ascertained and properly tackled. The Damodar Valley Corporation was the pioneer in this respect. Their work in Hazaribagh, Ranchi and Palamau districts was a pioneer and has to be followed up.

Broadly a twenty-year scheme of afforestation of these lands has been prepared by the Afforestation Division. Afforestation has to be scientifically pursued. Ecological succession has to be kept in view besides issues like a proper selection of species, size of stock to be used, technique of soil working, etc., have to be borne in mind. Sal (*Sorea robusta*), the most important forest species of Bihar, cannot be grown straightway on a piece of land which has been barren for years. It is necessary to select the species very much lower in the ecological succession which will be suitable for a particular type of land and after the lands have been treated for a number of years that sal could be put in. The process has to be necessarily slow and no spectacular effect could be expected of the Afforestation Division. The work is being pursued from year to year now. Till now 53,000 acres (82.80 sq. miles) have been afforested. One of the new species in afforestation areas is Kaju or Cashew nut. Bamboo plantation is encouraged for paper industry.

SIR JOHN HOULTON'S SCHEME

Afforestation Division has chosen two areas for their immediate programme. One of them is Brahmyoni and the other hills of Gaya district and the other is Rajgir hills and valleys. In 1941 when Sir John Houlton was the District Magistrate of Gaya he had drawn up a scheme for afforestation for the barren hills that surround the town of Gaya. Sir John's scheme was shelved probably because of war exigencies. The project has been revived to give a green vegetation belt to the sandy bed of the Falgu river and the barren rocky hills in and around Gaya town. A scheme of afforestation for the Gaya hills has been sanctioned. With this green belt around the hill the sultry summer climate of Gaya is expected to be moderated.

The other scheme is to give a forest belt to the old Rajgir of King Bimbisar's time. Rajgir is a valley surrounded on all sides by five barren hills covering an area of about 9,000 acres only. The valley itself contains thorny scrub jungles which were never allowed to grow by indiscriminate cutting and grazing. In 1948 the Rajgir forests came under the Forest Department and the area was found to fairly need a botanic rehabilitation. Different species of the flora were reduced to such a state that they were hardly recognisable being browsed.

Rajgir is of all India importance now. Rajgir has now been turned into a beauty spot that she deserves to be.

The Forest Department has set up a nursery at



A tribal boy in the jungle.

Rajgir with a beautiful small Rest House near Sone Bhandar in the Rajgir Valley. This area should delight any tourist. Rajgir and Jethian, about 12 miles away, have now been linked up by a first class motorable road. Jethian, it may be remembered, was the *Jet Ban* where Lord Buddha spent many seasons. Soft wood for match industry and manufacture of packing cases is also being put at various places. It is feared that *Simal*, the popular species for such purposes, is liable to extinction because of heavy felling.

PICTURE OF WILD LIFE

The rare book "Jungle Life in India" by V. Ball gives us a picture of the wild life in Bihar about a century before. Ball came to India in 1864 and has given us a picture of what he saw in the course of his wide travels in Manbhum-Hazaribagh (1865-67), Singhbhum (1868-69), Rajmahal hills-Bhagalpur (1869-70) and Ranchi (1870-71). He has given us vivid descriptions of *shikar* from that of tiger to the pink-headed ducks with the same ease as he has described the traps set up by the hill-men for peafowls and other birds. He was a keen ornithologist and has mentioned the names of several species of birds that have since disappeared.

A reading of his book fills one with a sad idea that even now there has been no birds' sanctuary preserved in Bihar although there are quite a few suitable patches of water for this purpose and that how wild life has been denuded.

Bihar that was once a paradise for birds, both permanent residents and visitors, has lost that position to a very great extent because of the denudation of the forests and the drying up or the reclamation of the waterlogged area and *jheels* within or on the fringes of the jungles. There was a rich avifauna in North Bihar, either in Champaran district or in the waterlogged areas with trees and bushes in the other districts offering a good coverage to the birds. Many of the natural lakes in North Bihar are swampy and near the jungle areas. Purnea district has now lost her swamps and jungles which had tigers, bisons, wild cows and other species of fauna and a very rich avifauna. The Birpur area which is now denuded of the jungles because of the Kosi Project had a remarkable incidence of avifauna. South Bihar and Chotanagpur that was richer in jungles had hundreds of species of birds which have now died out. Among the common casualties mention may be made of green pigeon or hurrial, pink-headed duck, various kinds of teals, blue fly-catcher, various types of partridges, rosy pelican, white breasted geese, black-winged kite, red-headed merline, common night-jar, great bustard, yellow babbler, siberian crane, widgeon, etc.

Urbanisation and industrialisation have grown at the cost of the green belts, forests and marches. The city of Jamshedpur and its neighbourhood, Ranchi and the neighbourhood, Daltonganj and its interior are typical examples of how we cannot maintain the previous incidence of avifauna if we go on with urbanisation and industrialisation. Tickell studied the birds in Singhbhum district a century and 20 years back. He found an abundance of birds, the names of many of which stand today associated with him. The steel city of Jamshedpur has driven away many of the species. In Singhbhum district we have already lost black bulbul, yellow-backed sunbird, green-breasted pitta and the forest eagle owl.

It may be mentioned here that Tholcobad in the interior of Singhbhum is still a centre where bird life could well be studied.

CARNIVORA & HERBIVORA

Coming to fauna it may be mentioned that Bihar had an abundance of carnivora and herbivora. Practically we had all the carnivora of Asia excepting the lion and the hunting cheetah. A century before, Purnea district was described by the European *shikaris* as one of the best *shikar* areas in the world. A big rhinoceros was shot within a few miles of Purnea about 8 decades back. This was sent and was preserved in the Calcutta Museum, till it integrated. Wild elephants were common in Singhbhum, Santhal Parganas, Palamau and Ranchi. Rhinoceros used to stray into the forests of Champaran quite

often. Striped tigers were in abundance throughout Chotanagpur, Santhal Parganas, Purnea and Champaran. Several white tigers have been shot and their skins preserved by *shikaris* in Bihar. Common leopard, panther, antelope, striped hyaena, wild dog, wild boar, bison, bear, wild cow, jungle cat could be seen in abundance in almost all the patches of jungles.

Black buck which is now fast disappearing was quite common in Shahabad, Champaran and Chotanagpur. The one-horned rhinoceros and the black panther, once the pride of Champaran have become extremely scarce. A few black panthers are still to be seen in Rajgir hills and at Adhaura plateau in Shahabad district.

The greatest casualty is in the various species of the antelopes and black deer. The antelope belt of North Bihar covers, portions of the district of Champaran, Darbhanga, Saharsa and Purnea. Four species of antelope, viz. The black buck, the four-horned antelope, the Indian gazelle and blue bull were once in abundance. With a lazy leader in the position of a Sheikh, the herds used to move about from place to place and run for their shelter in the jungles in the neighbourhood. The black bucks have a tremendous speed and could escape and the four-horned antelopes usually seen along forest belt and fire-lines fell an easy prey to the guns for the venison and beautiful horns. The Indian gazelle or *chinkara* in spite of the wonderful grace did not escape the greed of men. The blue bulls are still existing in patches probably because of the mistaken idea that they, commonly known as the *nilgai*, belong to the bovine group. Extremely destructive in habits they have been a menace and destroy hundreds of tons of valuable foodgrains.

The reasons for the decline of wild life in Bihar are not far to seek. During the Second Great War there were a large number of military units dispersed throughout the State of Bihar. These military men used to go about in the jungles in the trucks with bren guns and slaughtered hundreds of the species. There has also been a relaxation of rules for the granting of licenses for firearms. The crop protection guns are also largely used for purposes other than crop protection. The jeeps and the torches have helped the prowling irregular *shikaris* who would poach in the jungles even in prohibited areas and kill wild animals. The poor forest guards have no guns and they can only report to their masters. It is unfortunate that there should be a common idea that it is the well-placed Government servants who commit more of the breaches of *shikar* rules. The number of prosecutions for poaching is insignificant.

WILD LIFE SANCTUARIES

There are still some patches in Bihar where the real thrill of seeing wild life and catching it either with the camera or gun could be had. Some of them are the Gurpa and Gajhandi forest belt of Gaya district, the Partappur areas in Hazaribagh, portions of Palamau and Santhal Parganas and the extreme limits of Champaran district in the neighbourhood of the Nepal Terai. Recently a National Park has been sponsored by the State Government near Hazaribagh town. Wild life is strictly preserved in this area, and recently a bison has also been seen there looking for a mate. Another possible area for an excellent National Park would be the extreme limits of Champaran district on the borders of Nepal Terai. There are a number of other sanctuaries in Bihar for preservation of wild life. Civic consciousness has got to grow if the beautiful wild life which was once Bihar's pride has to be continued.

The forest zones in Bihar have excellent roads, beauty spots and rest houses for the tourists. Some of them may be mentioned. Bhikhanathori in the interior of Champaran district is connected by road



A dangerous cattle - lifter shot by R. G. Sondhi, Muzaffarpur.

and railway from Muzaffarpur. Both King George V and Edward VIII when he was Prince of Wales had spent a night at Bhikhanathori bungalow while shooting tigers in the neighbourhood. Gurpa and Gajhandi in Gaya district are on the Grand Chord Railway line and have good forest bungalows on hill tops. Tholcobad, Gua, Manoharpur and Saranda in Singhbhum district are connected by roads and some of them also by railway. The forest bungalows at these places are extremely well-situated and offer a rare grandeur of natural scenery and wild life. Hazaribagh district has got a number of restful forest bungalows, all on roads and Partappur and Chatra out of them have wonderful facilities for seeing wild life, nature's beauty, waterfalls, gorges and shooting big games, etc. There is now a well-furnished forest bungalow in the National Park which is only 6 miles from the main Hazaribagh Road. The various D.V.C. bungalows and the forest bungalows near the D.V.C. dams have become quite popular but one would like the motorists go more into the interior. Thousands of people visit Ranchi but very few visit Horap, a small attractive forest

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PHILOSOPHY:
INDIAN AND WESTERN

By DR. ANIMA SEN GUPTA, M.A., Ph.D., Patna University

In the midst of the present-day world crisis, it is the duty of every philosopher to bring to the notice of the world such common elements of all systems of philosophy of the East and the West so as to explore regions where all will be able to meet and feel that mankind has a common heritage of culture and civilisation. In this article the author has made an attempt to show that there are several meeting points in Indian and Western philosophies which can create an atmosphere of intercultural harmony for the establishment of world solidarity and permanent peace.

IN this short article I wish to discuss critically the philosophical attitudes of India and the West with a view to finding out their points of agreement.

Philosophy in India, as we all know, was never viewed as a mere intellectual endeavour of the human mind to understand the world and its primary cause. On the other hand, the Indian philosophy sprung from an inner urge of human mind to rise above the sorrows and sufferings of this world. The study of the *sastras* here was always directed towards the attainment of only one important end, i.e. the peace and tranquillity of the mind or the *citta*. The real life of an individual is not the sorrow-stricken life of this empirical world: it is the transcendental life which is the timeless truth of all that is happening in time. The spiritual being of man is his essential being: the shell of flesh and blood is only an artificial adjunct that gets attached to a soul due to *avidya-karma*. It is because of this adjunct that the individual appears as a worldly-being in a pitiable condition and goes through a false process of birth and death, bondage and sufferings for times without number.

INDIAN APPROACH

The approach of Indian philosophy to truth and reality is, therefore, essentially moral and practical whereas the approach of the Westerners is essentially intellectual and rational. For example, the *Vaisesika sutra* has stated that philosophical enquiry should be undertaken so as to attain liberation and also to bring about good of mankind as a whole. The approach through morality does not however mean that Indian philosophy ends in ethical preachings. All ethical rules and precepts which Indian doctrines prescribe aim at transcending morality to attain the supermoral. In other words, the goal of Indian philosophy lies beyond ethics, logic and psychology. These latter branches of knowledge are all appendages of metaphysics which contain the real key-note of all philosophical speculations. Although Indian philosophy aims at achieving more than what ethics, epistemology and psychology are capable of, yet these branches are necessary as the suitable means of approach to Truth which is supra-moral, transepistemological and meta-psychological. In other words, philosophy in India is neither mere intellectualism nor mere moral purism but includes and goes beyond all.

WESTERN APPROACH

This difference in the approaches of India and the West has created a further gulf in the methods of attainment of philosophical truth of the two countries. In the West philosophical knowledge refers to an intellectual comprehension or intellectual interpretation of the universe as a whole. It is the intellectual curiosity of man regarding the origin, development and goal of life and the universe as a whole which is satisfied by the philosophical knowledge. Hence, in the West, science and philosophy stand hand in hand so far as their origin in the form of intellectual curiosity, motive in the form of intellectual interpretation of the world, and the method of study in the form of reasoning and argumentations are concerned. Difference lies only in the choice of the subject-matter. While science seeks to study the universe, part by part, philosophy makes an attempt to study the universe as a whole. Since like science, philosophy in the West adopts generally the method of reasoning to attain the highest truth, the attainment of philosophical truth here is indirect and inferential and not direct and immediate.

DIRECT REALISATION

When we come to the sphere of Indian philosophy, we find that philosophy here seeks to bring about a change in the personality of man. Mere intellectual apprehension of Truth about the world is not the real philosophical goal. In order to reach this goal, one should seek to have direct realisation of it in his own experience. Philosophical teaching in India consists essentially in making a man what he was not before. One who acquires *tattva-jnana*, attains full freedom from the shattering influences of the various impurities of the world. According to Max Muller: 'Philosophy was recommended in India not for the sake of knowledge, but for the highest purpose that man can strive after in this world'. Of course, in India too, science has been regarded as a necessary help to philosophy and like philosophy, science too has sought to give human beings relief from miseries of life; but a close observation of the motives of science and philosophy in India will reveal a fundamental difference so far as their goals are concerned. Science in India has always remained confined to phenomenal

life and phenomenal existence of human beings and has never sought to make them rise above the level of this mundane existence. Sorrows and sufferings that can be removed by application of scientific results are only particular and specific and the removal also is short-lived and temporary. Science only seeks to find out the "how" of a particular sorrow but not its "why". Philosophy, on the other hand, sees through the real nature of pain and seeks to annihilate for good all pains that constantly grind human beings under their pressure. So, science in India is *apara-vidya* that helps a man in his day-to-day existence while philosophy is *para-vidya* which seeks to find out permanent liberation from the sorrowful worldly-life. The world is a condition of misery and an absolute cessation of world-feeling, therefore, is the goal of Indian Philosophy. The method prescribed for this purpose is the method of meditation resulting in an intuitive realisation of the Supreme Reality. The various terms like *tattvabhyasa, jogabhyasa, dhyana, samadhi* etc. refer to this intuitive and supersensuous method which is supra-intellectual and supra-rational.

CONTRIBUTION TO WORLD CULTURE

The Indian attitude in regard to philosophy can be summed up like this. It emphasises that philosophical endeavours should not stop at the intellectual discovery of truth alone: it should inspire a man to reach a state of enlightenment thereby transforming his behaviour and outlook upon the world. It seems to me that this attitude is a unique contribution of our country to world-culture. When the truth is realised, an individual becomes a new man and is able to see new significance and value in life. Plato, the famous Greek philosopher, said that philosophers alone are fit to be the rulers of a state. He evidently used the word "philosopher" to denote a man whose character has been moulded in the light of knowledge. This is because, in his opinion, a philosopher should be lofty-minded, liberal, pleasant, a lover of truth, justice, courage and temperance. Now everybody will admit that these moral qualities do not spring up in the character of a man merely from an intellectual apprehension of truth....Eradication of all the impurities of life needs strenuous moral discipline resulting in the inner progress of man. Knowing the truth and living through the truth acquired are entirely different. Unless one lives through the truth, it is not possible to attain that freedom and purity of soul which is indispensable for administering justice in every form of state in an impartial manner. If philosophy fails to make us rich, it at least succeeds in making us spiritually free and pure.

A philosopher who has purified his soul and has wedded himself to truth alone, is the best person to serve as the torch-bearer of human civilisation. Thus the differences which are generally noted and quoted by the superficial observers are neither unsurpassable nor unbridgable. A reflection on the nature of the philosophical enquiry of India and the West reveals to us that there is some common ground where the philosophers of both the countries are bound to meet. This common point is the attainment of tranquillity and peace of mind which can be achieved only when the philosophy of life is rooted in truth and goodness. Self-culture and self-realisation have been highly valued in India as well as in the West. When it is stated that philosophy in the West springs from a love of knowledge, it is not meant to refer to a knowledge that adorns life only externally like an expansive piece of garment; on the other hand, philosophical knowledge in the West too has been believed to be rooted in the deeper soil of life i.e. in truth and goodness, so as to cast a magnificent glow on the character and personality of a man. This is the reason why Plato thinks that philosophers alone should be entrusted with the management of a state.

Socrates has said: "Virtue is knowledge." If a person fully understands the nature of truth, he is sure to pursue it. Without grounding his very being in truth resulting in calmness of mind, a man is absolutely incapable of practising virtues like temperance, justice etc., for the benefit of mankind as a whole. Thus, in the West too, philosophy aims at mental balance or equanimity suitable for the manifestations of various virtues in the life of a person, although this mental harmony is only a rational integration of sensibility and reason and not the tranquillity of a transcendental spiritual life which is beyond reason.

DIGNITY OF MAN

Again, Indian philosophy too lays a great emphasis on the dignity of man and on the significance and value of social life. It is not indifferent to the life in the world or to the social relations of human beings. Like the humanistic approach of the West, Indian philosophy also is interested in the promotion of ethical ideas with a view to bringing about betterment of social relations in the family of mankind. For this purpose certain common duties are recognised in Indian philosophy which constitute the very foundation of social relations and which are, therefore, to be practised by all persons in all societies without exception. Non-injury or *ahimsa*, *satya* or truth, *asteya* or non-stealing etc. are the duties which must be followed by everybody to promote social good. Practice of these common duties ennobles human relations by promoting equitable adjustment of relative demands of smaller societies in a larger ethical life of humanity. It is, therefore, incorrect to say that while Western philosophy believes in a philosophy of world and life affirmation, the attitude of an Indian philosopher towards the world is wholly negative. The world is a necessary stage and it is also of supreme moral and sociological significance to work for the benefit of the world through the functioning of a pure will which is wholly free from all passions and prejudices of mind. While a Western philosopher like Kant puts stress on the purification of the baser elements of human life by bringing them under the governance of Practical Reason, an Indian philosopher asserts that sensibilities and emotions can be purified only by the burning glow of the Light of the Spirit. It is only through the acquisition of spiritual enlightenment that the entire personality of a man is transformed and consequently he becomes a fit person to work for the betterment of human society in a disinterested manner.

COMMON HERITAGE

In the midst of the present day world crisis it is the imperative duty of every philosopher to bring to the notice of the world such common elements of all systems of philosophy of the East and the West so as to explore regions where all can meet and feel that mankind has a common heritage of culture and civilisation. The gulfs that we see today between the cultures of different countries are really artificial. If we make such an attempt in a manner indicated, it will be possible for us to have a real harmonious integration of different civilisations. This is how the philosophers of all countries will be able to create that atmosphere of inter-cultural harmony in which world solidarity and permanent peace will thrive for ever.

THE IMPACT OF DARWINISM

BY DR. SIVATOSH MOOKERJEE

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DARWIN'S contribution to Biology ranks equal in merit to the discovery made by Newton in Physics or Lavoisier in Chemistry. Darwin shook his contemporary world with the magic form of a single idea of the mechanism of evolution, the essence of which was the selectionist interpretation. Darwinism has stood the test of hundred years and now has become incorporated in the intellectual fabric of modern thought. A hundred-year-old Darwinism shows its own growth and its pervading influence on the growth of such subjects like Psychology and Sociology. Such is the dynamic nature of Darwinism which has been blessed by the wisdom of its propounder, Charles Darwin.

ADVANCE OF HIS TIME

When Darwin announced his theory of the Origin of Species, it was not received well in any way. Very few of his contemporaries had a proper estimate of the nature and magnitude of his contribution. He was even condemned from many quarters. There were men who did not even hesitate to call Darwin a second rater, who was simply trying to mimic the work of Malthus on population, though it is true that the latter certainly was, in a very real sense, his inspirer. Others thought that he was bent upon bringing the society at cross-roads; acceptance of his theory would amount to the denial of special creation, heaven and after-life etc. But Darwin upheld an essentially mechanistic concept which at once proved the nontenability of the idea of a Creator and provided the alternative of blind chance and an automatic process to explain the evolution of life. Darwin was much in advance of his time in setting forth man and monkey as evolved not from an unrelated ancestor. He brought a revolution by introducing the idea of life as a process in time.

Long before Charles Darwin, his grandfather Erasmus Darwin and a French Biologist, Lamarck, suggested to the scientific world that the present day plants and animals should have evolved from much simpler forms of life of the distant past. Darwin brought forward an almost stupendous weight of facts to convince the world about the reality of this biological process of change, which we call by the term 'evolution'. His real contribution was that he provided a real naturalistic causo-mechanical explanation of evolution, which has been so far lacking, due to which even the theory of evolution was only at best thought of a hypothesis. Darwin never ascribed any intelligence to the universe itself. He tried to explain order and directional tendencies in the evolution of animals and plants on ground of selection of changes that periodically emerge in the organisms. He was out and out a gradualist in his point of view of evolution.

In a famous passage, he wrote: "It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us".

LIFE AS A PROCESS OF TIME

Darwin arrived at the above conclusion after years of thinking. He had the unique experience of travelling for about five years in H.M.S. Beagle in the Atlantic and Pacific and seeing the animals and plants of Galapagos and other islands greatly assisted him. His voyage was a voyage of discovery. His theory on the origin of species includes facts about growth, reproduction, inheritance, variation and competition and natural selection.

He was convinced that between the number of individuals born and the number of individuals that have survived, there is always an enormous discrepancy. To illustrate this with an example, one can mention the prolific rate of reproduction in oysters. The number of eggs that are laid by them, if all grow to adult, the shells will heap up to eight times the size of the earth within a very short calculable period. Yet this never happens. This failure of survival, according to Darwin, is due to a process of competition leading on to the so-called selection. Some individuals are preferred and thus selected while others are not. It should be mentioned here that Wallace, another contemporary of Darwin, independently arrived at the same conclusion. It appeared that Wallace's work was almost a paraphrase of Darwin's elaborate work. Darwin-Wallace papers were pub-



In course of a century, Nature favoured blacker insects over lighter forms in parts of England as a response to industrialisation, selection at gene-level.



The vicious circle in food chain, weak animals are removed by more powerful animals.

lished in the proceedings of Linnaean Society on the 1st July, 1858. Of course, Darwin later published his work in the epoch-making book—*The Origin of Species*, in the following year.

BLOW TO TELEOLOGICAL CONCEPT

Darwin by his theory, consciously or otherwise, dealt a death blow to all such speculations that can be called to-day as teleological and vitalistic. Darwin's theory of the origin of species was so comprehensive that it at once explained the chronological appearance of different forms of complicated fossils in geological succession. The geographical distribution of animals and plants became understandable in the light of Darwin's idea. The meaning of the abrupt disappearance of some of the past forms of life from this globe, many of which till then inexplicable 'riddles', came within the understanding in the light of Darwin's generalization.

The theory of Natural selection had some obvious shortcomings. He believed in a blending theory of inheritance and that was the stumbling block. Darwin's idea of selection needed a particular theory of inheritance. About fifty years back, Darwin's theory of Natural Selection struggled for existence as Darwin would have said, but the selection favoured the theory. Later work has solved some of the obscurities which was left in his theory. Modern idea of heredity provides a particular theory of inheritance.

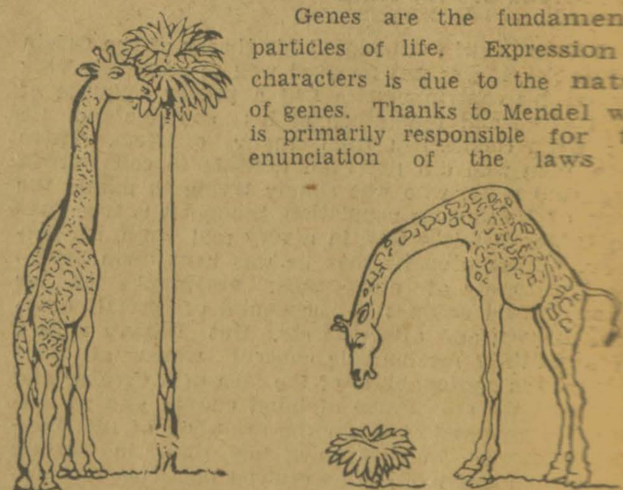
With the greater knowledge of heredity as well as variations that are generally known as mutations, the selectionist interpretation has become more than substantiated. In fact the lack of such a knowledge had rendered Darwin, particularly in his later years, to embrace a more and more Lamarckian notion in regard to origin of species. The blending theory of inheritance which Darwin accepted could never help his selectionist view. Though Mendel's work on the laws of inheritance of character of peas w there at that time it was almost unknown the scientific world.

ETHICAL DILEMMA AND SELECTION

The idea of Natural Selection throu active hostile competition, unfortunately ga rise to the notion that there cannot be humanist ethics based on such a generalisati It is very true that competition does exist a particular form of selective force. That no way means that this same kind of fo should be eternal. Though in this resp Darwin accepted this ruthless competiti almost as an eternal factor, his worthy co temporary and codiscoverer of the theory Natural Selection Wallace, had a very differe opinion. He was convinced that co-operati can and will emerge as the selective factor at higher phase of human development a perhaps the keener anthropologist in Walla permitted him to arrive at this more profou understanding.

The word selection coined by Darwin metaphorical and that led in the past to th imposition of unfortunate ethical views on h whole theory. However, this need not be th case as the modern biological researches ha established a new meaning of selection. Th efficacy of selection is that it not only concer with rejection of 'unfit' but also with the maintenan of the 'fit'. Fitness is due to the selection of gene

Genes are the fundament particles of life. Expression characters is due to the natu of genes. Thanks to Mendel wh is primarily responsible for th enunciation of the laws o



Caron d' Ache caricature of lamarkism. Function never stimulates the growth of structure.



inheritance. Darwin's idea of selection now known as Neo-Darwinism, receives the greatest support from the science of heredity.

Today, the operation of selection in an animal or a plant means in the last analysis the selection of its genes. There are genes of different sorts. Genes are a reservoir of variabilities. Heredity depends upon their organization.

Existence of a species depends upon its genetic quality and its equilibrium. Selection maintains the equilibrium, and so in essence is a process of conservation. Genes can spontaneously mutate. Mutations provide raw materials for selection to operate. While mutations open up new possibilities for evolution, selection stabilizes such mutations and this conflict results in continuous production of new forms.

GENE SELECTION & ETHICAL DYNAMISM

In spite of our immense power of consciousness, we cannot rule out the operation of selection at the somatic level. Freedom perhaps here is only the recognition of its necessity and we, by gaining the knowledge, can guide our own biological destiny, this being the objective of Eugenics.

There remain those rare human qualities of intelligent insight, falling in love, pleasure, aesthetic satisfaction etc. and these qualities will become blind in themselves, if the genetic continuity of man is broken at any point. For all his egotism and selfhood and his being highly rational and hence more free than any other being, he still conforms to the same laws of reproduction and procreation as any other organism. As mentioned earlier, selection works at all levels though it works with greater force under the shadow of the human super-ego. Julian Huxley, one of the most brilliant exponents of modern evolutionary thought, has expressed the view, "Natural selection still operates in human affairs, but to a subsidiary and decreasing extent" (*Evolution & Ethics*).

Our own ethical dynamism is not a death knell of the selection mechanism. The two sides of human evolution—his mental quality and his basic genetic propensity—are important and they are inter-related. Thus there is no scope to think that Darwinism is a biological fiasco and the selection has become a futility. We see today the natural process with greater clarity than Darwin could and for being so in this vantage position we are certainly indebted to the genius of Darwin.

Acceptance of Darwinism does not necessarily make one either an inhumanist or a pessimist, though the Darwinian thesis can be easily twisted to a mechanical and fatalistic philosophy which will rob man of the freedom which he cherishes most. Nor the notion that there cannot be an evolutionary ethics is acceptable.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Finally, it can be added that it looks as though all attempts to master the environment by means of mere morphological adaptations have failed, ending every time into the blind alleys of evolution leading on to extinction. But real mastery over nature presumably is possible by precisely non-bodily modification in the form of acquirement of reflective knowledge, the proud privilege of Man.

Hence selection is operating and is bound to operate more and more vigorously at this level in the human sphere, and man, the creator of his own destiny, will rise or fall, depending upon the increase of his knowledge of heredity, wherein lies his true freedom.

With the greater knowledge of heredity available, the essential cogency of Darwinism remains undisputed. Darwin's natural selection now operates with facts unknown to Darwin. In spite of all the recent innovations, the core of Darwinian formulation continued to be selective in outlook, which works at the level of genes. Today, Darwinism stands better with its Mendelian appendix.

The stream of consciousness which flows from the immortal fountain head of Darwinism has now reached the ocean of such heterogenneous facts of life that materials will be soon ready for another Darwin to write his magnum opus. But where is that new Darwin being reared?

WILD LIFE IN BIHAR

(Continued from Page 75)

bungalow nestled among the hills within six or seven miles from Ranchi. The interior of Palamau district has got a large number of forest bungalows, all connected by roads which should be a great attraction to the motor tourists. Probably the tourists know only of Netarhat out of them. The forests of Santhal Parganas have a series of well-placed bungalows all connected by roads. One can easily motor to Dumka from Calcutta or Patna and stay at any of these forest bungalows with previous arrangement. One of them, Masanjore, has become very popular because of the famous Canada Dam. Masanjore bungalows of Bihar and of West Bengal Government offer a grand feast for the eyes. Dumka is now well connected by roads with Pakur and Sahebganj, and a trip by these roads through forest will fully repay.

A few lines may be added about the *Adibasis* who are mostly indigenous to the forest zones in Bihar. Tourism could very well be confined to a study of the *Adibasis* who can teach us, non-*Adibasis* a lot. Intensely community-minded, these simple folks laugh and weep together. They have a wonderful sense of humour and standard of honour and tradition. Any one who has heard an *Adibasi* play on his flute in the wilds of Tholcobad in Singhbhum district disturbed by the liquid rich note of the Grachel birds in the months of May and June has enjoyed an experience of aesthetic joy the like of which could hardly find a parallel in the world.

VAISNAVISM IN FOREIGN LANDS

(Continued from Page 64)

tion", the last part of the Bible. The commentators of that part of the Bible state that the said sign has been mentioned in one part of the Old Testament as well which is styled "Ton", being the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet. This letter resembled the upturned shape of the Roman character "u" to see the resemblance of the Phoenician "T" with which the later Christians had ascribed all the greater importance to the Cross. Shri Aiyyar states that the Tilak worn on the forehead by the Vaisnavas is like the English letter "u" in shape, barring this difference only that another line is also made in the middle and this emblem, being indicative of the name of God, is called 'Naman' in Tamil language.

"JESUS WAS A TAMIL"

Shri Aiyyar has further said that John, the writer of the Revelation, is not different from the religious teacher John who participated in the last feast along with Christ and who, according to Policrates had worn "Petalone." This Petalone seems to be a variant of the Tamil "Palalam" which signifies the sign worn on the forehead. The guess may well be held out that the 'name' which has been mentioned in the Revelation as being worn on the forehead by the devotees, is the same as this. Besides, the archaeologists have dug out a portrait which is said to have been made in the second century A.D. which is preserved in the museum of the Popes of Rome. That portrait contains a scene of the last feast in which the religious teacher John is sitting near Christ with the sign "Petalone" on his forehead. This sign does not contain the middle line of the Vaisnava Tilak which is called "Urdhva-Pund." A second portrait like this has also been found and Shri Aiyyar has given an account of the resemblances of the two portraits. He further states that according to a French investigator Didrui the above said sign 'Ton' was used by the Christians over their doors which custom obtains also among the Vaisnava devotees. Shri Aiyyar, therefore, maintains on such grounds that Christian religion itself is a Hindu sect and that the religious teacher John was a Vaisnava, to say nothing of Christianity or Vaisnavism being influenced one by the other. He has also said that Palestine was populated by Indians, that Jesus was a Tamil and that his faith was the faith of the Tamils.

VAISNAVISM AROSE BEFORE CHRIST

This theory of Shri Aiyyar runs counter considerably to the established views upto this time and is doubtless a courageous one. Yet, this tends to support the conjecture that if there is any truth in the theory of Christianity or Vaisnavism being influenced one by the other, it is more reasonable to say that Vaisnavism might have influenced Christianity at first and it might have obtained in the countries of the West as well before such a thing took place. Accordingly the view held by modern western scholars that Vaisnava religion originated on the model of Christian religion is absolutely without foundation. Only this much in their assertions can be admitted that there was a possibility of Vaisnavism being influenced by Christianity in some ways when the latter spread here. The Vaisnava religion had begun spreading in foreign lands prior to birth of Christ and that was chiefly related to the devotion of Krishna. The devotions of Ram or the story of Ram began to spread possibly from the time when the 'Ramawat Sect' of Swami Ramanand was founded here. A good deal of material related to the Ram story is found in the works of the Western travellers and missionaries written in the French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and English language, and much of it is of importance.

KRISHNA CULT IN ARMENIA

Furthermore, we also get ample evidence to show that Indian faiths and philosophies had begun to spread in Asia Minor even before the birth of Christ and according to a Syrian writer Zainab, the devotion of Krishna had been prevalent in Armenia from second and third centuries B.C., at any rate and large images of Krishna were installed in the temple on the banks of the Lake Bonn. These temples were demolished by Christians themselves afterwards. Zainab states that there were nearly five thousand followers of Krishna in the early years of the fourth century A.D. It seems that the Jewish religion had begun to treat Christianity as alien because of its being increasingly influenced by Vaisnavism which also gave rise to plenty of opposition.

AMONG ANCIENT PERUVIANS

Sir William Jones likewise states that the ancient Peruvian inhabitants of South America used to call themselves Surya Vanshis, i.e. descendants of the Sun, and worshipped the sun and celebrated their most important festival known as 'Ram Sittova.' The poetic literature of Peruvia is also stated to have been influenced by the Ramayan and Mahabharat. A certain institution of Brazil has of late, started plans whose obvious aims are to acquire knowledge of the spiritual mysteries of the world and it has begun making research about the Vaisnava religion of India. An inner Council of this organisation is named 'Tattva Chaitanya,' which devotes major attention to the Chaitanya Cult. One of its members happened to be Vesento Avalino, Consul-General of Brazil in 1930. Being an ardent Vaisnavite, he used to say that India was the only country which had understood God, and that it was on that account necessary to know India in order to know God. He was a great admirer of Paramhans Ram Krishna.

VAISNAVISM IN EASTERN ASIA

Ampler evidence is found of the spread of Vaisnavism in Asia and Indonesia than in Europe and America. Indian culture had reached the Indo-Chinese province of Annam known formerly as Champa about the second century A.D. The Sanskrit language and literature had attained popularity there and had considerable influence on administration itself. The Shaiva and Buddhistic religions were specially popular. But some of the rulers there attached so much importance to Vaisnavism that they went so far as to regard themselves as incarnations of Lord Vishnu. It is found from the rock inscriptions of Champa that the Valmiki Ramayan might have attained immense popularity. In a Valmiki temple of the time of King Prakashdharam (653-678 A.D.) a statue of the great poet Valmiki had been found and a rock inscription of the temple reveals that he was worshipped there as an incarnation of Vishnu. A Ramayan had been written in Cambodia in the native language called 'Khmer' whose story resembles that of the Valmiki Ramayan. Another Ramayan known as Ram Kiyen was also composed in Siam. A further Ramayan called 'Ram Jatak' is found written after the model of the Buddhistic Jatakas in the language Lao spoken in the north-eastern provinces of Siam and is considerably popular there. A large number of

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Classical Dance Of ORISSA



By PROJESH BANERJI

THE word "classic" brings all the mischief at the time of judging any art-form, and this word creates all the confusion and misunderstanding among scholars. When there was a pressure by the delegates present at the Dance Seminar, organised by the Sangit Natak Akademi in New Delhi (where the writer had the honour to be invited as a participant) to recognise Orissi dance as a classical dance of India, the chairman reminded us of the meaning of the word "classical". The Orissi Dance had to fight against odds to come under the category of "Classical". According to the experts, any type of dance, if it had to come under the banner of "classical", had to satisfy that it contained certain requirements which were necessary for a classical art. In other words, classical art must contain a few requisites in order to have the stamp of being classical.

About such requirements there had always been a divergence of opinions. They say that the art should be great, first class, of the standard of limitted excellence and of antiquity. It should be simple, harmonious, proportioned and finished. But this is all dictionary meaning. To me it seems that any art which is old and at the same time new is a classical art. Tradition and antiquity do not lose their charm if presented afresh. It is new and every time it will be new, every time it will bring a new message and mission when executed. The main thing is beauty with capital 'B'. Old art when kept before the present world should maintain its original beauty and that beauty will never fade out due to age. Every new presentation should bring newer glamour and excellence. So we can conclude by saying that the main and the only characteristic feature of classical art is its "Eternal Beauty".

This leads us to another ticklish question, and that is about the polish in the art, its scientific side based on man-made cut and dry rules and regulations. The classics must be built on the structure of the science in art, and a slight evasion of the rules will bring the whole edifice down. At the same time we should not ignore that science is an integral part of art or beauty. The scientific side of the art, its rules and regulations, enhance the beautiful aspect of art, and the artistic side of art is enlivened by the scientific side. Both the sides must remain. So when I speak of classical art as that art having "Eternal Beauty" I include the scientific side as well, and the rules and regulations which are instrumental to bring the art to that level of being an embodiment of "Eternal Beauty". Folk-dance or folk-art is also traditional and eternally beautiful, and though it is the origin of classical art, it still remains folk and not classical. Though there are rules and regulations in folk-dances and folk-songs those rules and regulations are not so rigid and varied as those contained in classical dances and music. It is for this reason that a line of demarcation on the basis of scientific side in art has been drawn in between folk-art and classical art.

CLASSICAL ART

Classical art will always remain classical and a thing of beauty. It does not need the help of some persons to blow trumpet on its behalf to declare it

to be classical and beautiful. An art to be universally and eternally beautiful will always elicit admiration even from the most grudging critics and even from the barbarians. Those who proclaim a beautiful thing to be ugly have apparently no eye to see and no heart to feel. No scholar can dissect the rose petals and point out to the spectators that here lies the beauty of or the rhythm in the rose. In the same way no one can show the classicism or the beauty inherent in the Orissi dance, if really it is beautiful and "Eternally Beautiful" it will carry all the requisites of a classical dance and does not need to be advertised. No adverse propaganda will lessen its charm. The exponents of art in their service and devotion to Terpsichore have only one way left, and that is for them a noble duty to perform. The propaganda work is not the work of the students of art. A rose blossoming in an inaccessible forest withers away and dies, the death is not of the rose but of beauty. The beauty of such a rose remains unnoticed, and its fragrance unsmelt. The duty of a worshipper of beauty is to bring the rose from the jungle and present it in the habitation of human beings, so that they can also share God's blessings. Likewise the duty of the dance scholars is to remove the darkness of oblivion and the shackles of the bondage of orthodoxy and unearth the forgotten art of dancing and then present the simple, innocent, unsophisticated dance art of Orissa before the public. The students first of all, far from doing any propaganda work, should show the real, traditional and the eternal beauty in the dance-art of this particular State. And the question of its being recognised and acclaimed as classical does not lie within their ambit. If they are successful to ventilate the lofty and noble artistic mission of the dance form it is bound to be declared as classical, for its quality of cherishing eternal beauty, howsoever great opposition it might face.

One more problem arises, and that is about the nomenclature of the classical dance of Orissa. Why should it be termed as "Odissi" or "Orissi". The name is so given as that particular dance art sprang up and thrived in that particular part of the country bearing the name of Orissa, which is the outcome of Odra or "Ucha." If the classical dance of Manipur can go by the name of the place to which it belongs, and if by "Kathak" or "Natwari" we can commonly mean it to belong to Northern India, or if by Bharat Natyam we can allocate it to South India, then there is no harm if we attribute to the classical dance of Orissa the nomenclature of "Odissi" or "Orissi" dance.

BIRTH OF DANCE IN ORISSA

The date of birth of dance in Orissa can be traced and must be the same as that of the birth of dance in any part of our country, nay throughout the whole world, and can easily be ascribed as far back as the date of birth of man. Dance sprang up with the creation of the Universe. The earliest account of dancing in this State we get from the *Mahabharata*.

That great epic describes that the Pandavas being defeated at the dice play by Duryodhana were put to exile and went to the kingdom of Matsya Desha, where King Virata ruled. There Arjuna in the disguise of a lady named Vrihannala used to teach dancing to Uttara, the princess. Now history speaks of Indian culture, even culture from Gujerat, being spread to the South East islands, and the art a[nd] culture of Northern and Western India had to g[o to] Orissa first in order to be transported to the So[uth] East. So it was possible that the dance [...] propagated at Matsya Desha travelled tow[ards] Orissa.

We have other valuable data in the *Mahabha[rata]* which lead us to the conclusion that dance [was] practised in the State of Orissa since long and [the] dance art went to the South as well as to the So[uth] East islands of Java and Bali from this part of [the] country.

The Aryan civilisation undoubtedly went f[rom] Northern India to the South and history tells us t[hat] Indian civilisation went even up to the South Ea[st] islands of Java, Bali, Sumatra and Borneo. A[ryan] civilisation, according to history, went from Guje[rat,] Magadha and Bengal to Kalinga (Orissa), and f[rom] there to the Far East, because Odra and Kalinga h[ad] innumerable ports, during those days. The mod[ern] artificial harbour like Madras did not come i[nto] operation then. Orissa had ports like Puri, Mani[ka-] pattam, Kanchipuram, Konarak etc. Now the [...] ships cannot sail on the shallow waters of th[e] ports, and the sea does not wash the soil of some [of] them (like Konarak), so they have lost their [...] and importance, and ports like Madras, Bomba[y,] Diamond Harbour have been made to meet t[he] requirements of the modern system of navigati[on.] In olden days the ports of Puri and the aforeme[n-] tioned ones were quite suited for small boats. So[uth] India had no port worth the name to convey art a[nd] culture to the South East, nor it had any culture [of] its own when Orissa was a flourishing country in t[he] field of art. Then again civilisation went to the [...] south much later, and evidently and naturally Ori[ssa] made a great contribution towards South Indian a[rt] as civilisation and culture to an enormous ext[ent] were transported from Orissa to South India. Wh[en] Orissa was busy to transport culture to South In[dia] it was busy to convey it to the South East as we[ll] and Orissan culture then was a fusion of Dravid[ian] and Aryan culture.

ARTISTE PAR EXCELLENCE

Coming back to Arjuna, undoubtedly an artis[te] *par excellence*, we find the testimony of his tale[nt] in his travels and adventures. Once Arjuna went [to] the Heavens, and for his reception there was a gra[nd] musical festival which was arranged by Chitrase[n,] the chief painter of Indra's court. Urvashi's da[nce] performance was too much appreciated by Arju[na] and on seeing this Indra sent Urvashi to Arju[na.] But Arjuna, on the other hand acknowledged her a[s] his Guru (teacher), because to his judgment s[he] knew the art better than himself. When Urvas[hi] came to Arjuna, he addressed her as his mother a[nd] teacher, and did not comply with her immoral wish[es.]

Secondly, we find that Arjuna generally choos[es] his lady mates from artistes. Once during h[is] pilgrimage he reached the Mahendru Hills, a[nd] arrived at the city of Manipur. Manipur or Mani[ka-] pattam of the *Mahabharata* was a seaport at t[he] mouth of lake Chilka, and not Manipur Sta[te] situated at the far east of India. Manipur of t[he] Mahabharata was once the capital of Kalinga. T[he] situation of the capital of Kalinga is described in t[he] *Mahabharata* and *Raghuvamsa* and also the na[me] accords with that of Manikapattam. (Vide *Geog[ra-] phical History of Ancient India and Medieval In[dia]* by Nundo Lal Dev; *Ancient India* by Cunningha[m;]

Adi Parva—Mahabharata and *Vishwakosha* about locality). Chitrabhanu was the king of Manipur, who had a daughter by the name of Chitrangada. Chitrangada was obviously an artiste as her name signifies. With the characters of Hindu mythology we generally find that the names of the individuals signify their qualities which they are endowed with. It is just possible that Arjuna was attracted by Chitrangada's artistic temperament and possibly might have taught the dance art to her, and then Chitrangada spread this art throughout the length and breadth of Orissa.

Another curious feature is that there was matriarchal system of inheritance prevalent in the kingdom of Chitrangada. This is peculiar that even after Arjuna's marriage with Chitrangada, Arjuna did not take his wife along with him to his own place in Northern India but left her at her father's place to inherit his kingdom, and also her son, Vavruvahana, to inherit his grandfather's (mother's father's) property. Most probably Chitrangada was a Devadasi (Mahari) herself or belonged to the same clan, and the same law which existed even now also existed at the time of the *Mahabharata*. The Maharis dance even today at the temple of Jagannath. Chitrangada as a Devadasi knew this art of dancing and probably this has been handed down from generations. Either Chitrangada learnt it before her marriage or learnt after the marriage from Arjuna.

SPREAD OF ORISSAN ART

There is also mention of the spread of Orissan art and culture in the *Ramayana*. Sugriva sent out searching parties in quest of Sita to the four cardinal points which is well known. A batch of persons went to Suvarnadvipa (Sumatra) and Yavadvipa (Java), and they sailed naturally from Orissan ports and carried Indian culture with them to those islands. The Orissan ports played an important role towards sending cultural embassies, and obviously Orissa was a land of art and culture where the artistes, cultured and educated people used to assemble before sailing abroad. Evidently the land got an opportunity to be benefited by not only its own artistic culture but also the culture of the interior of India.

Orissan people had maritime contacts with the inhabitants of Java and Ceylon and they took with them their rich art traditions. We find in the documents of the famous Chinese scholar-tourist Huen T'sang that an Orissan prince named Vijaya Singha went to Ceylon from Orissa. His kingdom spread over the South East islands and Ceylon, and for his dominating sway he was known as Vijaya and Vijaya Singha, because he, according to a legend, was the son of a lion (sinha) who was his father. And from his name Simhala (Ceylon) came to be known as the name of the conquered island later on. This shows that he took Orissan culture to Ceylon as well.

It may be that Simhala is not deduced from Vijaya Singha, but because in those days the land was full of lions, so it was called Simhala or the abode of lions. And secondly, any Kshatriya had the surname of Singh which can be found even in the present days. Thirdly, Ceylon was not visited by Huen T'sang for reasons given by his translator Samuel Beal.

To me it seems that Vijaya Singha went to Malay Peninsula, Java and Sumatra. From his name we have Singhapur or Singapore river, and also Singhapur or Singapore port, and from his name we have the tract of land known as Shrivijaya at Sumatra, where Shailendra dynasty flourished.

His influence was also over the island of Bali known as "Bali Anka", or the lap of strong men (Bali). Evidently Vijaya was the general of a strong army and his strong men settled down at Bali, and from them the name of Bali has originated.

As a result of colonisation of Java by the people of Kalinga, a part of Java came to be known as Kalinga in the seventh century A.D. Instances are galore with regard to Orissan influence of art and culture on Java, Sumatra and Ceylon. The influence of Orissan Tantric elements and Shaiva doctrines and later on Brahmanism and Mahayana Buddhism cannot be ignored.

The Javanese Buddhas and Bodhisattvas of Borobudur, that epic in stone, have striking similarities with the Buddha images of Lalitagiri, Udayagiri and Ratnagiri. It is difficult to discard the assumption that the Javanese Buddhas were shaped by the Buddhist sculptors, who migrated to Java from Orissa after the decadence of Buddhism. There is also close resemblance in the statues of Tara, Manjusri, Avalokiteshwar and other images of the two lands. The names of rivers, towns and kings of Orissa have peculiar resemblance to those of the South Eastern islands and this similarity further confirms the conviction that Orissa spread a dominating influence over those islands in the field of art and culture.

Another curious feature is that Orissa was a part of Magadha kingdom since long and had the influence of Nalanda. The language of the aristocracy and learned people was Sanskrit first and gradually and after many years this language was changed into Oriya, a mixture of Northern India and Bengali script, and this language resembles to a great extent the "Kavi" script, which is the language of old Java.

Further there is close resemblance in the enactments from the *Ramayana* in Orissa, Ramlila and "Wayang" enactments of Ramlila at Java and Bali. About 150 'lakons' are based on the *Mahabharata*. Eight of them describe the ancestors of the Pandavas, one of whom is known as "Bambang Kalinga", i.e., probably Bambang of Kalinga. There is also similarity in the shadow and puppet plays of the two lands and also the masks in Orissan Ramlila and those used in Chow dance resemble the masks of Wayang. The Orissan dance art so much influenced these islands that even the scriptures of those countries speak of it, and instances are numerous.

MATRIMONIAL RELATIONS

Now, coming to the question of Orissa's influence regarding art and culture on South India, history tells us that from time to time there had been matrimonial relations between the royal families of Orissa and South India. Shaivism, Buddhism and other religions and cultural thoughts migrated from the North and from Orissa to South India and took different shapes there. At one time there was a great seat of learning at Pushpagiri University where now Lalitagiri and Udayagiri exist, and from there learning and culture spread to the South.

History also speaks of royal matrimonial relations between Rajaraja, the son of King Vajrahasta of the Ganga dynasty, with Rupasundari, daughter of Rajendra, a most powerful Chola king. Their son was Anantavarman Choda Ganga, probably called so because he was descended from Gangas and Cholas. He built the present great temple of Jagannath. These marriages bear the fact out that Orissan art and culture migrated to South India.

History again tells us that the great emperor Asoka annexed Orissa into his territory, and he fought against the artistes, the peace loving inhabitants of Kalinga, whose nature was to welcome

anybody who wanted to share their peaceful life and a life of contentment. During the fight there was great bloodshed which moved immensely the hard-hearted emperor. Since that battle he changed and became a staunch follower of Buddhism. The people of Orissa in those days were great artistes, they did not take up arms but preached Ahimsa, the only doctrine of art, which was able to bring a mighty emperor like Asoka under control. After Asoka came in contact with the Kalinga people he became a great admirer of the inhabitants of that country for their indomitable courage and for the quality of turning foes into friends through the artistic cult of Ahimsa. Their behaviour changed the character of Asoka, who was once a blood-thirsty emperor. Thereafter Asoka himself became a great patron of art being influenced by the artistes of Orissa. He sent artistes to different places, even outside India, who constructed pillars and artistically inscribed the teachings of the Buddha on them.

Up till now we were dealing with the spread of Orissan art and culture and spread of dancing in ancient times to the South East and to the South and also referred to the dance art of Orissa in Hindu scriptures and mythology. But so far owing to historical mystery there is no clear proof and link between different stages in the development of dance art in that State.

HATIGUMPHA INSCRIPTIONS

Regarding documentary proof Bharat Muni's great encyclopaedia of Indian dance and music, *"Natya Shastra"*, mentions about classical and folk-dance and music in Orissa, which shows that this State did not only not lag behind in dance culture but was one of the pioneer places for art. That means that Orissi dance existed as far back as 100 B.C., or, according to some, second century after Christ. *Sangita Ratnakar* also mentions about Orissan music.

The earliest historical record we get is that from the Hatigumpha inscription in Udayagiri of the great emperor Mahameghabahana Kharabela. (Khar=great and Bala=power). He was a great patron of art. It is mentioned in the fifth line of the inscription that in his third regnal year, the king, who was an expert in Gandharva Vidya (art of music and dancing), arranged a performance of "Darpa Nrutya ("Ugra Tandava" Nrutya), "Boditra" ("Lasya" Nrutya) and music for the enjoyment of his subjects. Rani Nur Gumpha in this connection corroborates by the execution of a figure of a king seated in a dancing hall with a female dancing and others accompanying her on musical instruments.

History has record of a great king named Suvakardeva of Kar or Bhauma dynasty (seventh century), in whose reign the culture and civilisation of Orissa spread far and wide throughout the length and breadth of India and even up to China. From the ninth up to the twelfth century Orissa again enjoyed patronage in art and culture from the Kesri kings. Jajati Kesri, the celebrated king of this dynasty, built the Lingaraj temple at Bhubaneshwar. During his reign Shankaracharya visited the temple at Puri. The temples of Gupteshwar, Brahmeshwar and Parashurameshwar, the oldest of the temples existing at present in Orissa, were built during his reign. The outer walls of these temples at Bhubaneshwar are replete with artistic dancing figures of girls in innumerable and different poses, which are a great storehouse for dance artistes, and which speak of the State's advancement in this particular art. In these temples we find figures in great numbers of Nataraja Shiva in Lalita Tandava style,

and also males and females taking part in danc and musical performances, in solos, duets and gro

A Brahmeshwar temple inscription of Bhu neshwar speaks of employment of Devadasis in service of gods, and Queen Kalavati, mother of Udyata Kesri, built the temple of Lord Shiva in middle of the eighth century and employed Devad for His service.

ORIGIN OF A NEW CULTURE

Twelfth century saw the origin of a new cu pattern around the temple of Jagannath, and L Jagannath was the source of inspiration for flowering of literary and cultural activities. Ma Panji, the chronicle of Lord Jagannath, which be to be written towards the end of the sixtee century A.D. mentions that Devadasis were emplo in the service of Lord Jagannath by King Anan varman Choda-Ganga.

During the tenth or eleventh century, which the date ascribed to *Skanda Purana*, according to dance formed a necessary ritual for the worship Jagannath. During this period Jayadeva wr *Gitagovinda*, and its *Astapadis* became so popu and so much attracted the artistic mind of the pe that the lines used to be sung daily as a regular for the worship of the God. According to an Or legend Jayadeva's wife, Padmavati, before marriage, expressed her desire to dedicate herself a Devadasi to Lord Jagannath. The Devadasis that time were regarded in high esteem in the soc and later went by the names of Surabesyas, Mah and Nachunis.

In front of almost all the temples a "N Mandap," or a big dais, is erected on which Devadasis used to dance. The Sovaneshwara tem at Bhubaneshwar has presented an inscription wh gives an instance of the employment of hands girls as attendants of gods.

Orissa and Konarak are inseparable. The art Orissa is embedded in the temple of Konarak, wh speaks of the highest pitch to which that S reached in this particular field in the thirtee century A.D. during the reign of Narasinghadeva. T temple abounds in lovely figures of Odissi da which correspond to the Karanas and Ang enumerated by Bharata in his *Natya Shastra*. T temple demonstrates not only dance poses bu number of musical instruments also which were use during that period.

After the twelfth century there was a dec of Shaivism in Orissa with the result that Natar figures in temples gave place to Krishna figures Natwar images. With the advent of Vaishnavism the State Devadasis were not only employed Jagannath temple but also in other temples Orissa. Apart from the Devadasis "Gaudisanis", temple maids, were also engaged, whose prim duty was to fan the God by means of Chamara.

DANCER CHANDRAWATI

An inscription from Simachalam temple rev that Narasinghadeva built a dancing hall arranged to give gifts from the State Treasury

the singers and the Devadasis. An inscription from the Ananta Vasudeva temple at Bhubaneshwar narrates that Chandrawati, daughter of Narasinghadeva, was a great exponent of Orissi dance, was an inventor of dance poses and used to give instructions to the sculptors, engaged in decorating the walls of the temples, to execute particular dance poses. Almost all the dancing figures on the walls of the temples of Orissa are, to speak plainly, the photograpic representations of Chandrawati's dance performances. She was an accomplished singer too.

The last inscription of Jagannath temple in the reign of the powerful Suryavansi monarch—Gajapati Gandeshwara Navakoti Karnata Kalavargeshwara Kapilendradeva, divulges that he followed the rituals prescribed by his ancestors for the worship of Jagannath, and a series of dances had to be performed in some specified order at the time of Bhoga (lunch for the deity), and from the time of worship ("Arati") or "Dhupa" (incense burning) up to the Lord's bed time ("Barasinger"). It was also the order of the king that Jayadeva's *Gitagovinda* must be sung by four Vaishnava devotee singers during those hours.

Kapilendradeva is said to be the celebrated author of the play *"Parasuram Vijaya"*, which was staged in front of Lord Jagannath before a distinguished gathering. The middle of the 15th century records another king named Purushottamdeva, a great devotee of Jagannath, whose Queen Padmavati was honoured with the great distinction of "Gopa Sadhi" for her services rendered as a Devadasi. The above mentioned account can be found in the history of Orissa known as "Madal Panji" or "Mangal Panji". By the end of the same century during the reign of Prataprudradeva "Tarau" enumerates the 36 duties, "Chhatrisha Niyog" in temples as well as the duties to be performed in the king's palace (*Deyul Karan* and *Raj Karan*). Among the 36 duties prescribed to be observed in temples there is one duty which is a "Niyog" of the Devadasis.

It should be mentioned here that "Mahari," the name for the Devadasis, came into vogue probably from the beginning of the 16th century. Before this they were commonly known as "Dwarikas" and "Devadasis". It is said that the name of Mahari was introduced by Chaitanya Deva as the name of Devadasi was not much liked by the people in general. Another striking feature is evident in the fact that in South India the Devadasis left the art of dancing and took up prostitution as their livelihood, and in order to stop this corruption in the name of religion and art the Government stopped the Devadasi institution by promulgating a provincial legislation. But Maharis of Orissa did not degenerate themselves to that extent and are even now existing under the patronage of the Maharaja of Puri with their pristine glory and technique.

'SHAKHI BHAVA' CULT

Rai Ramananda, Governor of Rajmahendri Mandal of Prataprudradeva, was a great patron of art and literature. Ramananda, Jagannath Das and Totaram Babaji were the originators of "Shakhi Bhava" cult. They espoused the necessity of wearing female dress to imitate Sakhi Bhava while worshipping God. Ramananda is known as an incarnation of "Bishakha". He is the author of "Jagannath Ballabh", a play in Sanskrit, replete with dances and songs. Devadasis were given instructions to dance for the play, which was staged before king Prataprudradeva. The play was directed by Ramananda himself.

During the reign of Prataprudradeva Orissa was in ascendency in art and literature. Ramananda was a great musician himself and was the Guru of Krishna Das Goswami. Krishna Das was the Guru of the celebrated Hari Das, who, in his turn, was the Guru of Tansen. This fact establishes that Orissi music has contributed to a great extent to the North Indian music. During the reign of Prataprudradeva Lakshminarayana, a scholar-musician of Orissa, was appointed music teacher in the harem of Krishnadeva Rao of Vijayanagar. Akbar sent his Oriya court musician, Bhatta Mahapatra, to the court of Mukundadeva, the last independent king of Orissa, as an envoy of the Moghul Emperor.

From the latter part of the 16th century, with the loss of independence the royal patronage towards art in Orissa gradually diminished. The Muslims and the Marathas began to loot and plunder and naturally the Devadasi institution in the temples lost its foothold. There was a great slack in the observance of the once so rich and artistic prescribed duties for the worship of Lord Jagannath. Gutipuas (Guti=one, Pua=boy) or "Akhadipilas" (boys in girls' dress) were employed for the service of Jagannath. The Moghuls appointed Ramchandradeva, the Raja of Khurda in Puri district, as the superintendent of Jagannath temple and he introduced the Gutipuas for the service of the Lord. They used to get the normal gifts sanctioned by royal patronage and were asked to dance before the deity on certain festivals.

Before Ramchandradeva's time the Devadasis were employed to dance only in the temples before their respective presiding deities. And they were never compelled to dance in the royal courts. But from the time of Ramchandradeva, probably due to Muslim influence, Devadasis were deputed to dance before the kings and nobles to satisfy their lust. There sprang up a class of Devadasis who came to be known as "Khurdanijog" and who were employed to dance in the court of the king of Khurda. From

this time the Devadasis became degenerated and from the high pedestal turned down to become common courtesans.

But side by side with the Gutipuas the Devadasis by the name of Maharis developed, and in spite of being oppressed by the Muslims, Marathas and later on by the British they maintained their art struggling and struggling through odds. They preserved the art within themselves up to this time and even now the institution survives with all its tradition and brilliance to give inspiration to the modern dance-artistes and scholars of art.

"BATU-NRITYA"

Credit should be given to the Gutipuas for preserving the old art. They were patronised by the "Maths", "Akhadaghars" and the zamindars. After the Gutipuas "Batu-Nritya" was introduced, and with the introduction of Batu-Nritya "Shoroshapachar Puja" or 16 varieties of the worship of the God became prevalent. With this also 16 varieties of playing (Vadya) the drum also came into vogue. "Batu-Nritya" was obviously Tandava in character, which has connection with Batuka Bhairava. In the Gutipua and Batu-Nritya dances more of Natwar poses are being found than Nataraj Karanas.

Later on the Gutipuas copied some poses and dance numbers from the courtesans of the Southern Telegu countries in the 18th century and the dance art became known as "Sakhipila". It was a cheap amorous type of dance. Gradually Akhadipila and Sakhipila were mixed up and there was a great hotch potch.

Odissi dance is a great classical art of beauty. Its greatness consists in firstly, that it is the result of the mixture of two cultures, one, the culture of the land itself and the other, the North Indian culture. The fusion of these two cultures has given birth to this ancient culture, an origin which had left its birth marks to the disadvantage of the style. Histrionic art always suffers from one handicap in that its exponents, especially when they are successful, become social lowdowns. It is particularly so in the case of dance, because dancers have to create beauty somatically—a quality that is a limitation in the present state of our mental and moral susceptibilities.

The result is that dance even though it is a divine form of beauty loses its aesthetic appeal on the audience and instead produces something which can be aptly described as libido. And added to this is the comparative low level of culture of endowments of the dancers themselves. Dancers have, therefore, since the time it came to be considered as a profession, perhaps lived as outcasts, often indulging in promiscuous activities themselves, or if the artistes are females—came to be the object of amorous attention of those who could pay the prices. Society has, while regarding dancing as a sacred form of art meant for the propitiation of celestial authority, never given dancers a high place in hierarchy, considered as uncongenial for regula[r] and respectful life.

THE DEGENERATION

Devoid of social encouragement, frowned [by] Hindu nationalism and rivalled by the other scho[ols] Odissi dance could not possibly spread deep roots [in] our socio-cultural life. And then as the glory of Mo-ghul rule declined, giving rise to a new form of na-tional awakening, an awakening caused by an in-trusion of modern industry into our social life, the[re] came that antipathy in the modern Indian min[d] which, out of snobbery so common to any immatu[re] culture reviled at all that is Indian and ancient an[d] in that upsurge, Odissi even slipped into the vap[id] precincts of houses of ill fame and degenerate[d] steadily.

Any form of art, if it is the product of dee[p] social causes, proves indestructible. No matter how sweeping is the apathy, how sanguine is the preju-dice, whatever the influence that may counter it[s] progress, a form of art, once evolved under pressur[e] of social upheaval, never dies. It is this amazin[g] stamina and immortality that a form of art thoug[h] developed centuries ago, and subsequently owing t[o] cataclysmic causes buried in the deeps of antiquity suddenly, may be an epoch or two after its collapse again springs up with no less vitality, with no less vigour, with no less potentialities than what it had even at the very zenith of its popularity. And dur-ing this period of oblivion, forgotten by all, the form remains alive and often rejuvenated under the care of gifted Gurus and Maharis and loyal devo-tees.

Orissa undoubtedly is the land of suprem[e] sculptural art. A state which could give expression to such a sublime art in her sculpture, embedded in Konarak and other innumerable temples scattere[d] all over the province, could not be inert or blunt in other spheres of artistic expressions. All arts supple-ment the needs of one another, and together with her beautiful sculpture, Orissa must have had her music dance and literature raised to a supreme height. We always find that the development of various arts goes together.



My Dream Of CULTURE CENTRE

By UDAY SHANKAR

I ADVOCATE creation of ideal citizens through my method of training. This is my dream cherished for nearly the last thirty years, and I thank the present Government of our country for its endeavour towards this noble cause, as it is conscious to realise the beauty and culture of our country. I am ready and will always be glad to extend my helping hand for the good of the nation and for the national government in this noble move. If the Government requires the help of my troupe or of the Culture Centre I will certainly render it. The Culture Centre is still in existence as there is Trust Fund and the trustees. Its activities had to be stopped on account of the last World War. It can again run.

I regret that I am always taken as a dancer and people think that I have no right to talk or even think of education. As an artiste I am conscious of my responsibility to train up my countrymen to show them the path of real beauty which they can eventually find themselves. And that is real life to them which the artistes see always in a perspective different from the common man.

I am dreaming again my long nourished dream. My dream is to build a centre of universal beauty, an everlasting beauty which will rejuvenate and invigorate not only our countrymen but people all over the world. I can focus the attention of the art lovers of the world on the necessity for providing a permanent centre to which the scattered arts of Indian dancing, music, drama and painting can rally. I feel the necessity of imparting education through the fine arts of India for becoming ideal citizens. Good citizens will make better members of a nation, and a nation, taken as a whole, in an opportune moment, only for its perfect men, will rise to the highest pinnacle among the other nationalities of the world. My heart aches when I realise the wrong notions which our countrymen possess with regard to our culture, inner sublime spirit, a message of devotion, of aesthetics, of the lofty philosophy and religion, of the high thoughts and great master



minds. They fail to understand and to go deep into the roots of the spirit of true India. Whatever they brag about they do superficially and devoid of any tinge of devotion. It is all vague and hazy.

METHOD TO MAKE BETTER CITIZENS

Training in dancing, music, drama or other fine arts will be secondary in my system, but the primary element is a method for promoting how to find the innermost of men and make them conscious of

themselves, as well as everything around them. That will not only be for dancers, but for businessmen, politicians, medical practitioners and people of any age and even without any occupation. I am working on this for the last thirty years and I tried it previously also with satisfactory results for five years at my Almora Culture Centre. This method will be a step in the direction of creating better citizens. This method cannot be expressed theoretically, it can actually be done when it will be applied on people. I do not pretend to be a spiritualist, or a *yogi* or a philosopher. I assure that my method is so simple and so attractive. This method of mine is so universal, it does not belong to any nationality, any class or type, but it depends on those who create a nationality of their own.

If I had to produce dancers only, I would not think of Culture Centre or Fine Arts Academy or anything of that sort. I can make many dancers but that is not my idea. It is really to produce ideal citizens. To produce dancers, it does not take a long time. I can keep a few teachers and they teach the science of dancing. This method of training of mine will help the students to take up any occupation they like.

MAIN MISSION OF ACTIVITY

The main mission of my activity is devotion towards spreading of Indian culture throughout the whole world, which I have tried to do for over thirty-five years, and that will be my ambition everafter, and I will try my best to do it through my Culture Centre.

I like and I always try to revive folk-art of India. My dream is to spread culture in the masses, to the peasants, labourers and workers. They form an integral part, and should be given all facilities and opportunities to be educated in fine arts. This is possible only if Government will help in this matter. The mass should be given training to beautify their lives, and then the whole country will become a beauty.

There is an urgent desire in me to do something more substantial than touring with my troupe and exhibiting dance performances in important cities. I realise that the sporadic efforts of numerous groups in India to undertake professional tours without the necessary background of training and experience often meant starvation for genuine artistes. At the same time unsatisfactory performances are liable to vitiate the public taste. The only solution to this problem, in my opinion, is the establishment of an academy where proper training can be given to gifted students and where the eager soul of the artiste will find inspiration for creative work.

The most essential factor in our education is that we should take the help of western system of education to learn about our artistic land and added to this to learn the ancient through the modern. Our old method of education and also the one, which we generally have, fall short for the lack of the correct approach to a thing, but the simple and interesting western way is the most congenial and happy to the students. I want to learn about ancient treasures through modern perspective. So in my utopian academy of fine arts I want to imbibe the method of the West to learn my tradition.

ACADEMY'S MANIFOLD PURPOSE

The purpose of the academy should be manifold. Its aim should be to train young talented dancers and musicians by a method evolved as a result of my own studies and long experience. It shoul[d be] intended that the traditional and folk form[s of] Indian dancing and music should be studied a[t the] academy in order to establish definite standar[ds of] production. By this means the harmony under[lying] the seemingly confused state of India's danc[e] may be rediscovered or recreated with perfect [disci]pline and organisation. Through a study of [the] technique of dancing, drama and music, designe[d to] reveal the inner significance behind the outer f[orms] of expression, the academy will hope to give a [true] interpretation of these arts. In this connection [the] importance of costume, stage-craft and ma[ke-up] should be given special emphasis.

The academy should aim to develop the [idea] that an artiste should study either form of ar[t in] addition to the one in which he will choose [to] specialise. A dancer will be a better dancer if [his] background includes music, acting, knowledge [of] graphic arts, mythology, history of art and the [rich] heritage of India's spiritual teachings. It is [this] aspect of the academy's teachings which will raise [the] institution from a mere dance, drama and m[usic] school to an academy in the true meaning of [the] term.

NO IMITATORS TO BE PRODUCED

Another purpose of the academy should be [to] inculcate in students the capacity to create suc[cess]fully. The academy does not want to pro[duce] imitators, but rather seeks to develop a spont[ane]ous expression of the student's inner creative [urge]. It would be then planned to spread the messag[e of] the academy in India and abroad and for this o[bject] a band of sincere workers, helpers and art[istes] should be maintained by the Government. At t[he] for the purpose of propagating cultural educatio[n in] the countryside the troupe should go from pla[ce to] place by boats and entertain the villagers who [will] be informed previously, on the river banks. In [this] way the villagers in addition to enjoyment will [get] true education and be aware of their own herit[age].

In order to achieve these aims, teachers, connoisseurs, thinkers on art and a brain trust [of] outstanding ability who have a deep insight, con[cep]tion and a mastery of their respective branches [of] knowledge should be assembled to share their [rich] harvest of personal experience and accomplishm[ent] with the students.

The artistes thus trained will become artiste[s in] the fullest sense, they will become ideal citizens. [It] is intended that when the students will leave [the] academy they will acquire a background of cu[lture] and understanding such as in the past gave rise [to] the wonderful traditions and artistic attainments [for] which India is still known and admired all over [the] world. An ideal academy can only grow up succ[ess]fully when the students will think that it is t[heir] own institution and the work they are doing t[heir] own work.

I am sanguine that the present Governme[nt is] the only body which can make this kind of educa[tion] through the academy successful. I feel somet[imes] that I should get up on the top of a sky-scraper [and] shout from there with my full energy and voic[e] give me only a plateful of rice twice a day to [keep] the flicker of light of life burning within me [and] take away all my worries. Then I can grow [flowers] of peace and beauty on the desert land of hos[tility] and ignorance.

FALL OF A PERSIFLEUR

By ASUDE

I FEEL extremely guilty about this effort of mine. As in the previous years, the News Editor has done me the honour of inviting me to contribute an article to the Annual Puja Number. And I can see that this will be a poor response to that courtesy. It will disappoint him, and perhaps, those who may be lured to read it.

The News Editor made what he would like from me perfectly clear. Whilst not fixing any subject for the article, choice of which was left entirely to me, his suggestion was that "it should be topical and of general interest." Nothing could be easier at the moment,—and yet I am shirking the job. That is what makes me feel guilty.

For the morning is of September 4, and the air is full of "topical interest." The latest official figures of the total casualties which took place during the last three days are 25 killed and about two hundred and fifty wounded. Little wisps of sound are still flitting in from the city.

You can see what priceless pabulum it makes for the festive season. In fact, a true "humorist" could knock quite a few juicy cracks off the casualties alone. To be truthful, I had a stab at the job myself. But I failed. I could get no change out of current topics.

NON-TOPICAL

Out of sheer vexation, I veered round to the other extreme and lighted upon something which could, by no stretch of indulgence, be taken to be "topical" or of "general interest." It is a very exclusive and very intimate story of the "fall" of a friend of mine which happened about thirty years ago. He is still alive if not quite "kicking" and the real name and other details will, therefore, have to be kept back.

Sprinkling your stuff with foreign tags is not a good habit, but I like that word *"persifleur"*. Literally, it means a banterer, a quizmaster. In modern Americanese, one would say, a wisecracker. A man who quips his way through life.

That was exactly what he was. There was nothing on earth which had not something funny about it, something which tickled his peculiar sense of "humour." He could make a joke of almost everything. Some of them *were* risible, amusing. A bit of an actor, he was very much in demand for his mimicries and stories. A born social entertainer.

The point I am trying to make is that one could never associate him with anything so dull and grisly as "religion," or "soul," or "spirituality," anything which smacked of sobriety. He would fling his cap at everything of that nature and laugh and be laughed at for the bizarre creations of his mordant wit.

It has to be admitted that he had a sort of a quizzical interest in the Ramkrishna Mission and would hobnob with the "sadhus" and neophytes of that Order who had a centre in the same town. But that, too, was of a piece with his whimsical attitude toward life. He mixed with them in the same hail-fellow-well-met spirit in which he rubbed shoulders with the raw amateur actors and seasoned barristers in the town.

SADHU'S SPELL

We were very close friends, and so far as I knew, he had nothing secret from me. I cannot, of course, say anything about his thoughts but only what he confided to me. When I chaffed him about his association with "sadhus", he laughed and told me not to be silly fool. He found the "sadhus" interesting, and that was all.

And yet, this *persifleur,* this fritterer, did succumb to a *"Sadhu's"* spell. Even today, I am unable to find an explanation for the phenomenon. For, in his case, it *was* a phenomenon. This is how it came about.

A very senior and highly revered Monk of the Mission made a brief visit to the town, and it drew many people to him for a "darshan." My friend went to see him and I kept him company. I found a simple old man sitting on a hard chair surrounded by disciples, admirers, and fun-hunters. He talked a little, easily and without flourish, and occasionally, he smiled.

On returning to my friend's house, I asked him how the "Sadhu" struck him. "Quite a nice old man", he replied, "I liked his face." That was all. Just to twit him, I asked him if he wouldn't like to be one of his disciples,—be initiated by him. Again, he told me to "shut up and don't be an ass."

In a tone of complete insouciance, he assured me that he had met quite a number of such "sadhus" in his time,—much bigger ones, too, — without feeling the slightest urge for "initiation" or any

mumbo-jumbo of that kind. He was quite alright and didn't see any need for a change.

INITIATION: A SHOCK

Late that afternoon, he told me that the sadhu-in-charge of the local Ashrama had come to him himself and made the same suggestion, not in jest as I did but seriously. A few well-known people were going to be initiated by the Sadhu: would he care to join them? His answer was a definite "NO."

That same evening, a little social entertainment was held in honour of the old Sadhu, and my friend contributed the major share of the fun which prevailed. The Sadhu laughed at my friend's antics and stories,— just like a schoolboy. I was present, watching every movement. Mark this. I did not hear a single reference to such things as "soul" or "spirit" or "God" at any time.

What happened the next day, I learnt later. But on the morning of the third day, I was told that my friend had already been initiated.

Naturally, it came like a shock to me. I hurried to my friend's house and demanded an explanation. He said that he had none to offer. He could not explain himself, how it happened. But the day before, during the quiet noon hours, he had walked to the Sadhu's quarters, all alone.

"But what made you do that?" I asked. Again, he said that he couldn't tell. He just did. "And then?" "And then I went and asked him if he would be so kind as to take me within his fold." "But,— but", I persisted, "Goodness gracious, man, what on earth did you mean by that? What fold? And why?"

LITTLE "SADHU" NOW!

"Fold? I meant his kindness, his unfailing chartiy, his protecting wings, his healing hands, his loving touch, his Love. I am afraid, Asu De, all this sounds like utter tripe to you but there it is. It was just like that. I went, I saw, and I was bowled over". "And what did *he* say?" "Not much. Just three words: 'you'll have it.' Three times he repeated the words. *'You'll have it: you'll have it: You'll have it.'* Just like that. And that was all."

"But what did he mean? What did you understand by it, if anything?" "Oh, I understood him alright but I can't explain to you what I understood." For a moment or two, I could think of nothing to say. And then I ventured: "So, you are now a little sadhu yourself, are you?" At this, he made a gesture of aiming a blow at my nose,—laughing. And he wouldn't say a word more.

I left that town shortly after that and lost touch with him for two years. When I met him, after usual exchange of pleasantries, I asked him how he was feeling about his new life as a "chela". He said that he didn't know about any new life but he could tell me how he felt about his "Guru."

"PICK-ME-UP"

And he took out his wallet from an inside pocket, opened it, fished out a bit of a paper from one of the inner compartments and handed it to me. that. I always carry that in my wallet,—as a of a pick-me-up. I can't go so far as it goes but give you an idea as I would like to have it go. it."

This is what I read:

"Religion is not taught by one intelligenc another but caught through the influence o personality upon another. And how is on describe this process? I don't even begin to un stand it myself.

"I only know that, so far as I am concer the Guru-disciple relationship is at the centre everything that religion means to me. It is the reality of which I am never in doubt, the guarantee that I shall surmount my own weak and win through to knowledge of eternal stren peace, and joy.

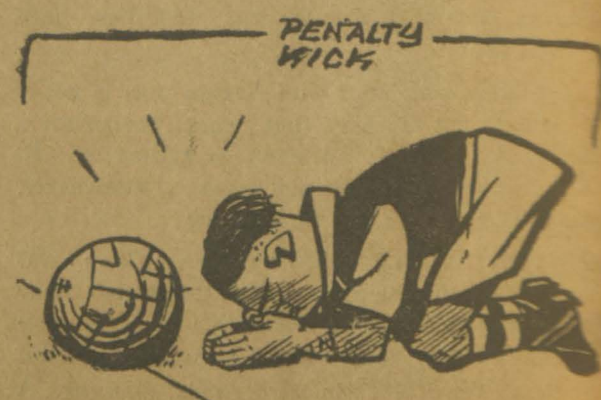
"Without this relationship, my life would b nightmare of fear, boredom, and disgust. having known it, one could in some terrible way deprived of it again, then it would be to experie hell, right here on earth.

"Personally, I do not worry about that beca I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE GURU CAN EV ABANDON HIS DISCIPLES, EITHER VOLUNTARI OR INVOLUNTARILY. I BELIEVE THAT TH RELATIONSHIP SURVIVES DEATH, ACCIDE BETRAYAL, AND EVERY OTHER KIND OF HAZAR

"No one can, of course, prove me wrong,— right. And I must admit that I have an exceedin optimistic nature."

As you can see, it was all rather overwhelmin "Yours?" I asked my friend. He broke into a lau "Oh no, not mine. It happens to come from t pen of one a little bigger than I. Christopher Ishe wood, the British novelist. You must have hea of him?" I had. In a burst of generosity, my frie told me to keep the cutting. "It will be useful you if *you* happen to have a Guru some day." Th was my turn to laugh.

I put one last question to him. "This Isherwoo is that just literary puff or was he initiated, too" "He was", was my friend's reply, "By a Sadhu wh he worships as his God." It was useless pursuing t theme. I could see that the man was quite "gone."



A Hint On The Survey Of A Tribe For Economic And Social Improvement

By DR. MINENDRA NATH BASU

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SURVEY of a tribe for improvement of its economic and social conditions resolves into survey of the economic and the social institutions of the tribe as adjusted to its physical and social environment.

For the study of a big tribe like the Santals (approximately 25 lacs) or the Oraons (approximately 12 lacs) we require to undertake a random sample survey considering the wide distribution of the tribe in Santal Parganas and Chotanagpur. Number of villages to be studied of this sample survey need not be more than 2%. It may be noted here that had the tribe been a small one i.e. only 27 Andamanese in the Andaman islands or 327 Totos in Jalpaiguri, West Bengal, a comprehensive survey would have been required, so also a complete situation study of that dwindling tribe.

Coming over to the details of the survey we may consider it under four major heads:—

I. Physical environment.

II. Ethnic environment.

III. Socio-cultural equipment including social organisation, economic life, material campment and technical skill, customs and beliefs which act between man and his environment.

IV. Inter-relation of the above three to each other and the scope of future development.

Physical environment—

(a) Classification of the territory on the basis of rock and tool characters, altitude, slopes, drainage, water supply, flora and fauna.

(b) General climate and seasonal variations.

Ethnic environment—

(a) Distribution of the different ethnic groups in the neighbourhood.

(b) Relation of the different ethnic groups with the tribe concerned.

Socio-cultural equipment—

(a) Determination of social organisation of the primary and secondary groupings that involve into different social, cultural and economic activities.

(b) Economic life—

(i) Ascertain the productive activities of the tribe and exchange, distribution and consumption of the produced goods.

(ii) Occupation groups and inter-relation between different groups.

(c) Material campment and technical skill—

(i) Important public places, thatch, fuel, timber reserves, huts, markets, pounds, cremation and burial grounds.

(ii) Communications — roads, bridges, culverts, ferries, etc., and transports.

(iii) Water supply—tank, well, springs etc.

(iv) Health services—Hospitals and dispensaries, local medical assistance.

(v) Education—(a) Tribal agencies for education, Neighbouring institutions for modern education.

(b) L.P., M.E., H.E. Schools, Basic schools, schools for adults and technical schools.

(vi) Livestock and fisheries—

(a) Grazing reserve.

(b) Animal dietary deficiency.

(c) Prevalent animal diseases.

(d) Veterinary assistance available in the locality and nearest Veterinary hospital.

(e) Fisheries.

(vii) Agriculture—

(a) Areas subject to flood.

(b) Water-logged areas.

(c) Animal pests.

(d) Insect pests.

(e) Irrigation.

(f) Dietary deficiencies.

(g) Uncultivated and cultivated lands.

(h) High land.

(i) Dry land.

(j) Paddy land.

(k) Low land.

(l) Number of households with population having agricultural land.

(m) Total number of non-economic holdings.

(viii) Cottage Industries—List the cottage industries practised with full description and note information from where raw materials are procured, to what

extent improved implements, tools etc., are used and raw products are marketed.

(ix) Trade and Finance—For each category location type of business commodities brought and sold, volume of business, number of members in co-operation, approximate earnings etc.

(a) Co-operative societies including credit societies.
(b) Banks and money-lenders.
(c) Wholesalers.
(d) Retailers.
(e) Liquor and ganza (canavis sativa) shops.
(f) Others.

(x) Implements used—

(a) Varieties (types).
(b) Method of use.
(c) Relative utility of different types.

(xi) Customs and beliefs—

(a) Life cycle—birth, marriage and death.
(b) Annual cycle—rites and ceremonies associated with different economic activities.

(c) MISCELLANEOUS

Inter-relation of all the above and the scope for further development—Though for convenience different aspects of the tribal life have been differentiated above into different categories it must be remembered that it is through their inter-relation and interdependence that merges out the reality of the tribal life. Hence any programme for improvement of economic and social life of a tribe must take stock of this inter-relation and calculate the capacity of the tribe to incorporate and the new setting that may be brought about by intended progressive measures.

A tentative programme for the study of inter-relations is furnished.

Physical environment and culture—(1) Recognition of land types and significance attached to them by the tribal people. Tribal people have often failed to exploit the advantage of mines and precious rock types in their industry due to lack of knowledge of utility.

(2) Special note of local resources be utilised by the alien cultures i.e. industry.

(3) Relation of land types to distribution of settlement, movements of population and occupation. Role of cultural volumes such as mythological and religious ideas in impending or stimulating migration need be studied herewith.

In Sundergarh district (Orissa) the ways to improve the conditions of the Bhumijas by settling them to agriculture in the plains met with great obstacle due to the attachment of the people to their ancestral homes in the hills and also due to discomfiture of the Bhumijas by dislocation of the traditionally adjusted forest life. But the wild Kharias in Mayurbhanj are now being settled to agricultur[al] lands and huts sponsored by the Tribal Welfare [De]partment of the State. In West Bengal it has be[en] a very difficult task to settle the fishermen com[mu]nity for the dearth of waterways. After the parti[tion] of India one of the Namasudra sections—a p[ure] agricultural group of people settled in a vast mar[shy] land near Chandpara (24-Parganas, West Beng[al]) now known as Thakurnagar. They were origi[nal] settlers of the district of Faridpur now in East Pa[kis]tan, on the bank of the river Madhumati. They [are] now settled in this marshy land, where they h[ave] constructed a number of tanks for irrigation to t[he] new field of agriculture.

(4) Pattern of land utilisation for cultiva[tion] or grazing, hunting, and fishing inclu[ding] seasonal and annual sequences of occu[pa]tion of different tracts within the te[rri]tory. An attempt should be made to e[sti]mate the area exploited in one season [or] year the aggregate areas of produc[tive] land and any reserves of undevelo[ped] territory controlled by or available to [the] community. Often land is impoveris[hed] by overstocking and overgrazing and [by] erosion. The Basutoland pastures of [some] years ago have been turned to rocky sl[opes] without soil; similar depredation of land [by] human and animal agencies occurs in In[dia] and these require to be rightly tackled.

USE OF FAUNA & FLORA

Utilisation of the fauna and the flora for [in]dustrial and commercial purposes and for consum[p]tion should be properly attended to. Any cultu[ral] volume prohibiting such utilisation need be asce[r]tained i.e. the reluctance of tribal people in Cho[ta]nagpur to cut trees for fear of offending tree spir[its] may thus be cited to present utilisation of for[est] product.

Ethnic environment and culture—Two peop[les] of different cultures may occupy the sa[me] geographical area as they are related to differe[nt] elements in the same general environment a[nd] therefore do not compete with each other but m[ay] ever be mutually helpful. The pastoral Todas and t[he] agricultural Badagas exchange each other's prod[ucts] —hence change in one may affect change in t[he] other. A situation of tension may also exist betw[een] the original settlers and the immigrants i.e. the A[n]damanese and the settlers, in recent time the W[est] Bengal people and the refugees of East Bengal, e[tc.] Hence a contact situation requires careful study [in] planning of progress.

Inter-relation between different traits of soc[io]-cultural campment—Family is the smal[lest] social unit that involves in cultural a[nd] economic activities. Hence a careful stu[dy] of the structure, function and integrat[ion] of the family resources should be done. C[ul]tural value often determines the struct[ure] of the family and even the position of w[o]man in the society may lead to widespre[ad] female infanticide and by disproporti[on]ately lowering female sex ratio bring ab[out] the decay of the tribe as a whole. Simi[larly] structural function of clan and other soc[ial] organisations require careful study as of[ten] these organisations derive as the knit [of] social and cultural activities. The Daf[las] (N. E. India) development of trade has bee[n] hampered by constant inter-clan feu[ds]

They have territorial organisation to hold the people in check. A thorough investigation by Haimendorf reveals that the Dafla culture affords some sanctity to inter-clan understandings for specific purposes and he suggests that this element of their culture should be deepened in value and widened on operative so as to form permanent base of territorial law establishing mechanism.

ECONOMIC LIFE & CULTURE

Often well meaning efforts to improve the tribal economic life by introducing innovations have been due to lack of understanding of their culture. Sometimes the society is stratified in regard to the different occupations. Among the Baniankola tribe the upper class people lead a pastoral life. They have led to a situation in which a large number of men and women even over 40 do not get a scope to satisfy the craving to set up a family. This custom may by being hypertrophied sometimes bring in great wastage of human and material resources. A scheme of tribal welfare must be aware of this sort of tragedy and concomitant social disturbances so that proper remedy may be searched out.

Recreational and artistic activities and culture—Last but not least, recreational and artistic activities of a tribe should be properly appreciated. These not only indicate the inner vigour of the tribal culture, but also furnish the humanity with what stimulates a people to great deeds. As such the survey should find out ways and means for encouraging activities in these spheres. Proper vigilance should also be kept as to how much freedom for expression of inconceivable talents and deviations are allowed in the tribal people and how much vitality is exhibited by the tribe concerned to incorporate these deviations in its institutional canvas. It must be remembered in this context that economic and cultural advancement of a people ultimately resolves into its capacity to integrate advanced individuals in its corporate life. In other words, progress of a society means its capacity to accommodate larger range of individual liberty and fruitfulness of human institution lies in its capacity to stimulate individual efforts to unfold mispotentialities. Hence the survey in its ultimate goal goes into disintegration study of a community life along with the scope of individual liberty provided under it.

VAISNAVISM IN FOREIGN LANDS

(Continued from Page 82)

prisoners were brought into Burma from Siam by a Burmese king in 1767 A.D. some of whom played 'Ram dramas.' The Ram story spread so widely in Burma due to them that the most important Burmese poem 'Ram Yagan', came to be written and Ram plays known as 'Yamaplay' attained great vogue. The speciality of these plays consists in the use of valuable masks.

INDONESIA, TIBET & KHOTAN

Vaisnavism obtained no less popularity in Indonesia. The Java island seems to have been specially influenced by it inasmuch as its poetry, drama, music and dance, too, bear a vivid impress of the Indian Ramayan and Mahabharat. The statues there are filled with the diverse symbols of the Garud-borne Lord Vishnu and his incarnations. The famous Ramayan of Indonesia is Ramayan Kakavin. A Shiva temple built in the ninth century A.D. is still standing in a place name 'Param Vanam' of Mid-Java on the high walls of which all the incidents of the Ramayan were engraved in pictures. Likewise the most famous work on Ram story in Malaya is 'Hikayat Seri Ram' which is the idealised form of the Ram Keling, 'Serat Kand' etc. of Java. But an older form of the Ram story than the Indonesian traditions is that found in Tibet and Khotan. The Indian Vaisnava symbol Garud has found a place in the Bonapa religion of Tibet, his images being included in the Bonapa statues and portraits. The Ram story is also found in the work of Chichia-ye which was written in 472 A.D. It seems that the story of Ram spread first of all towards the north of India after which it spread towards the east.

KRISHNA & RAM CULTS

It is possible that like the Ram story, the worship of Ram, too, might have spread from the north to the east just as worship of Krishna had also spread alongside of the Krishna story, earlier to the countries west of India. Consequently, while on the one hand the Christian religion left some impress on the Krishna story and Krishna worship, the Buddhistic religion also could not but produce an effect on the Ram story and Ram worship in the countries of the north and east on the other; and this is attributable to the religions obtaining in those lands. Besides, one remarkable thing in this connexion is that while the Krishna story and Krishna worship found welcome in the countries of the West due to their religious and philosophical specialities, the Ram story and Ram worship were adopted by the people of the north and east largely because of their cultural and artistic elements.


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GESTAS

According to the old Miracle Plays, performed in medieval Europe, "Gestas" was the name given to the thief who was crucified on the right hand of Christ, and who, repenting at the last moment obtained salvation. Christ, in The Play says "Gestas enter into Paradise."

By AUGUSTUS SOMERVILLE

ON the steps leading to the beautiful old chapel of San Giuseppe in Milan sat a young lad. His coat, threadbare and torn, clung to his emaciated frame, while his feet, innocent of all hosiery but caked with filth, stirred the dust beneath them restlessly. A typical street urchin, bred and reared in the festering squalor of his ancient city's slums, the boy's face portrayed all the hallmarks of a youth inured to scenes of violence and crime yet retaining that vivacity and pertness so characteristic of his type.

At his back the chapel door opened slowly and an aged priest emerged. The lad sprang to his feet instantly.

"Good morning, Father."

"Good morning, son," the old priest returned his greeting civilly then, as a thought struck him, he added hastily, "If you have come for alms, Nicolai, I am afraid we cannot help you. You know the poverty of our Order."

"Don't worry, Father. I have come for neither money nor food. It is well known that even the rats die of starvation in your Refectory. What I want is information."

The priest's expression of alarm turned to one of amazement.

"Information? What information could I possibly give you, Nicolai? Unless it is spiritual consolation you want."

The boy spat contemptuously. "That class of

consolation I can buy anywhere, Father," he replied. "What I want to know is why I have been called Gestas. You baptised me and you should be able to explain."

NAME SELECTED BY FATHER

The priest contemplated the boy's angry face silently. "It was the name selected by your father. I protested at the time but he overruled my objections and as your father was a violent man, I had not the courage to refuse."

"Yes, I know. My father was a thief and a bandit and he was hanged for his crimes, but what I cannot understand is why he selected Gestas for one of my names. None of our family bears that name."

"Perhaps you do not remember, Nicolai, that Gestas was the name of the thief who was crucified on the right hand of Christ and who at the last moment repented and obtained forgiveness. He has since become the patron saint of thieves, although the Church has condemned this evil superstition. Your father's words to me were, 'Let a saintly thief look after my son. He will need expert guidance if he is to become as successful a rogue as his father.' "

"So that is why I am named Gestas. The son of a rogue, trained from early youth in the ways of rogues and protected by the intervention of a saintly rogue. Good, Father! I will not disappoint them, but let no one know I am called Gestas. That name had better be forgotten," and with a harsh laugh he turned to go.

At this moment, rushing down the street, their strident cries shattering the silence of the old cathedral town, came a band of ragged urchins. As they spotted Nicolai, at the entrance to the chapel, they stopped.

"Come along, Nicolai," they shouted, "we have a bet on. This is to decide who is the best knife-thrower in our district. Carlos here claims that honour, but I have all my money on you and so have most of the others," and without a moment's hesitation they seized Nicolai by the arms and dragged him off to where at the extreme end of a blind lane was a small enclosure.

The preliminaries were soon completed. One of the boys produced a square wooden board on which was roughly painted a blood-red heart, two inches in length. This he rested against the wall, then paced off a length of twenty paces, a line being drawn to show the place at which each of the contestants must stand. Nicolai and Carlos now took their positions and the same lad who had called Nicolai now explained the rules of the contest. "At the word 'Throw' both contestants will draw their knives, spring the blades and throw; speed of draw as well as accuracy will be taken into account in judging the winner."

Nicolai took his place by the side of Carlos and then turned towards the young Master of Ceremonies.

"And what will be the reward for the winner, Ricco?" he enquired.



At his back the chapel door opened slowly......

"Here, Nicolai," the lad replied, "is the scarf I pinched from a rich American tourist. I have no money but I will wager this in your favour."

Instantly the challenge was taken up and the bids for and against each contestant rapidly piled up. At length the bidding ceased and young Ricco stepped into the ring.

"Winner take the lot?" he enquired.

There was an instant chorus of agreement and the lads then stepped back, forming a parallel line



"Congratulations, Nicholai," Carlos murmured. "Never will I acquire the speed and accuracy of your throw, but mark well the depth and angle of the stroke."

on each side of the throwers. For a while Ricco stood watching the two lads. Then when he had judged that they were ready, he cried, "Throw."

"NICOLAI WINS NICOLAI WINS"

Like a viper springing from its coil, Nicolai's hand sped towards the neck of his shirt. Swiftly he tore the knife hanging from its thin chain, a touch of the spring released the vicious blade and at the same instant the knife had sped from his hand and was quivering in the centre of the red heart. Simultaneously another blade thudded into the wood cutting the line on the edge of the heart.

"Nicolai wins, Nicolai wins," the lads shouted and came surging round, as winner and loser alike stood motionless, thrilled at the speed and accuracy of that throw.

"Congratulations, Nicolai," Carlos murmured. "Never will I acquire the speed and accuracy of your throw, but mark well the depth and angle of the stroke. My blade goes half an inch deeper. If I ever quarrel, Nicolai, never will I face my opponent but wait till he has passed and then will I throw, for a man dies as quickly from a severed spine as from a pierced heart"; then retrieving his blade with a savage jerk from out of the board he hurried off without once looking back.

Nicolai watched him go sadly. "It is ever thus," he pondered. "If you win you make an enemy. If you lose, you lose your friends as well," and shrugging his shoulders philosophically he hurried after his companions as they raced towards the squalid wine shops, as eager as any to drink the cheap, well-watered vintage that sold as wine in those sordid drinking dens.

* * *

As the Queen Mary nervously manoeuvred her majestic length into her berth at Southampton Docks, Nicolai stood indolently at the gangway reserved for first-class passengers. Immaculately dressed, this erstwhile street urchin now stared with a fine assumption of superiority at the hurrying passengers as they crowded round the exit. The journey had been exactly as he had anticipated. The exquisite nights on the promenade deck, the soft music, the mild flirtations and the card parties. As for the returns? These had not quite come up to expectations, hardly compensating him for the amount he had paid for his passage but there was a warm glow of satisfaction as he thought of the expensive jewels and the magnificent diamonds, that at that very moment lay so cleverly concealed in the heel of his shoe. No, the journey had been well worth it.

This pleasing reverie was interrupted by an obsequious steward, "Your luggage is at the Custom's enclosure now, Sir. If there is anything more that I can do?"

"No, Muggins, no! You have been a great help. Here is a small gift," and he slipped four pound notes into the ever ready palm. Then swinging his cane jauntily, he made for the exit and was soon hurrying down the dock towards the Custom's barrier. Here, a jovial blue-eyed Scotsman stopped him. "Anything to declare, Sir?" he enquired as he fumbled with the

straps of the flashy dressing case. "No, Officer. I am just a poor, wee body, come from wicked old New York to see your grand and beautiful city," and his eyes sparkled merrily, but his face went a shade paler as he spotted a blue-coated figure watching him intently from the other side of the barrier.

He had barely cleared the Custom's shed when a familiar form confronted him.

"Hullo, Muggins? Back again?"

"I thought you would need a bit of advice, Sir, seeing as how this is your first trip. I have taken the liberty of engaging a car for you, Sir. It is quicker to London that way and if I may add safer."

"Safer?"

"Well, Sir, you understand. Pick-pockets and the like."

Nicolai laughed gaily. It would be amusing if he, a master pick-pocket, were to have his own pockets picked, but to Muggins he said, "Lead the way, Muggins, I will use this car of yours. I suppose it is some relative."

"Well, yes, Sir. My wife's cousin, Arthur Pearson by name. He is a very careful driver."

At this moment a car drew into the kerb. It was yellow and bedraggled and looked as if it could only by a supreme effort have reached the end of the road, but had anyone been curious enough to peer below the bonnet, he would have been surprised to see the superlative, six cylinder job that purred so noiselessly within. Nicolai regarded the car with open distrust.

"Muggins", he remonstrated, "surely you do not mean to imply that this contraption will ever get to London?"

At this moment the car door opened and the careful Arthur emerged.

"Thank Heaven," thought Nicolai, "he at least looks young and efficient" but before he could remonstrate further, Muggins had picked up his belongings and stored them safely in the boot of the car, while Arthur was ushering Nicolai into the back as if he were a duke.

"WHERE TO IN LONDON, SIR?"

"Where to in London, Sir?"

Nicolai hesitated. His native caution warned him not to be too free with such information. "I will tell you when we get there," he replied.

A moment later they were speeding down the street and Nicolai noted with some surprise and a great deal of satisfaction the superb performance of the car. Arthur he decided was an expert.

In a short while they were free of the town and on the broad and busy highway that connects this Port with the metropolis. Once clear of the traffic, Nicolai leaned forward.

"Arthur," he enquired, "are you familiar with the East End of London?"

"Struth. I know the East End better than the palm of my own hand, Sir."

"Good. Then perhaps you know where Greek Street is?"

"Greek Street? Certainly; I have an old aunt living there who runs a hotel called the Travellers' Rest. I could fix up a room for you there if you are in search of accommodation."

"That would be excellent, Arthur. I should like a room that is select and quiet."

"Consider it done, Sir."

* * *

The 'phone on Detective Inspector Davidson's desk rang urgently.

"Davidson speaking."

"This is Sergeant Muggins, Sir. Suspect X arrived on schedule. His luggage and personal effects were thoroughly searched before he disembarked. Not a thing found. I saw him through the Customs and managed to get him to take Arthur Pearson's car for the journey to London. Pearson will supply further information."

"Thanks, Sergeant, you did excellently. It is now up to us to trace the loot," and Inspector Davidson replaced the receiver. Drawing a folder towards him he made a further entry and then leaned back in his chair.

"Clever", he thought, "but certainly not the controlling brain. To find the jewels in his possession would be eventually possible but what is far more necessary is to trace his next contact and from there the principal receivers...." The 'phone at his elbow again rang. Detective Inspector Davidson removed the receiver quickly.

"Davidson speaking."

"Arthur Pearson reporting, Sir. I delivered Suspect X to Mrs. Thompson's at the Travellers' Rest in Greek Street. He is now in occupation of her de-luxe suite and seems quite satisfied. I have explained the position to Mrs. Thompson and she has agreed to help us. Her 'phone number is P.B.X. 2223."

Inspector Davidson jotted down the 'phone number on the folder before him before replying.

"Do you think he suspects?"

"It would be difficult to say, Sir. He is clever and smooth. Well supplied with cash and liberal with his tips."

"What is he doing now? And where are you 'phoning from?"

"He informed Mrs. Thompson that he would have a hot bath and that he was not to be disturbed. He added that he would be going out late this evening. I am 'phoning from a drug store at the end of the street."

"Good; listen to my instructions carefully. Return to the hotel and take up a position where you can watch the entrance continuously. I am sending down two of my best men to shadow him."

Later, in consultation with his Chief, Inspector Davidson developed his plans.

"Candidly, I do not like the way he is acting, Sir. His actions are so obvious, so honest, that I am beginning to suspect some ulterior motive. However, I have Brown and Chambers watching him now, Sir, and he is not likely to elude them."

His Chief nodded. "Carry on Davidson. Keep him constantly under supervision and sooner or later we will pick up one of his contacts."

* * *

At Mrs. Thompson's comfortable establishment the evening was closing in, grey and prohibiting. A thin drizzle, caught up by the cold penetrating wind, drove the few pedestrians hurrying along the pavements to seek the shelter of their own homes. Within

the cosy warmth of his room, Nicolai paced restlessly up and down, consulting frequently the expensive gold watch on his wrist and wondering who this unknown contact was that he had been directed to meet. At last 7 o' clock came and Nicolai slipping on his heavy raincoat, descended the stairs, whistling merrily. At the entrance he called to Mrs. Thompson, informing her that he was going out and not to expect him till late.

"That's all right, Mr. Guiseppe. When you return just press the bell and I will let you in. Good night."

"Good night," he replied and slipped noiselessly through the door. Once out on the dark, slippery pavement his whole demeanour changed. Glancing swiftly around, he soon discovered that he was alone and hurried down the street, but he had not gone a hundred yards when that sixth sense, that is such a remarkable feature of all criminals, warned him that he was being followed.

Nicolai smiled happily. "This is where we go in for evasive action," he muttered. "I'll show these London Cops a trick or two that will keep them guessing."

Walking nonchalantly down the centre of the pavement Nicolai started to whistle a pleasant little tune, while his eyes watched keenly the numerous entrances to the residential flats he passed on his way. At length he detected a doorway where the fanlight was out and the entrance in deep gloom. Turning his collar up as if to protect himself from the incessant drizzle, Nicolai paused and extracted a cigarette from his case. This he proceeded to light, but as the wind constantly put his lighter out, Nicolai sought the shelter of the darkened doorway. Standing here in full view of his trackers, he flashed his lighter, lit his cigarette and inhaling deeply rested against the door post. Down the street he noticed a car coming cautiously, its headlights blazing. Drawing deeply on his cigarette so that the lighted end glowed ruddily, Nicolai slipped a wad of chewing gum into his mouth chewing on the same rapidly. By this time the oncoming car was opposite him and as it passed, Nicolai, shifting the chewing gum from his mouth, pressed it on to the end of his cigarette and attached the two to the doorpost at the level of his mouth. There he left the glowing cigarette and taking advantage of the heightened gloom caused by the passage of the car, he bent low and hastened across the street into the shadow of a doorway immediately opposite. Here, he forced himself flat against the wall. As he had anticipated, a few minutes later, a figure came hurrying down the street. He paused a moment before the darkened doorway and then, as he realised how he had been tricked, hurried along with a muttered curse. Nicolai watched him go, then as he disappeared into the gloom, he stepped out from his hiding place and hurried off in the opposite direction.

'BLUE MOON'—NIGHT CLUB

On the east side of Soho and in the vicinity of Greek Street is a small but exclusive Night Club. Exclusive, that is, to the Profession. Here, nightly meet all classes of crooks, con-men, card sharpers and gamblers. Nicolai hurried towards the entrance, pausing a moment to satisfy himself as to the correctness of the rendezvous. Overhead a discreet neosign informed the newcomer that this was the Blue Moon, while below, delicately picked out in pale blue letters was the legend: "Once in the Blue Moon always in the Blue Moon."

Nicolai smiled to himself as he read the words, then with a swift look around, he pushed open the glass door and entered. Before him lay a small vestibule, the end of which was screened by heavy purple drapes. Pushing these aside he entered the main hall, in the centre of which was a small dance floor. The bandstand and the bar occupied most of the remaining space, while all round the walls were arranged small marble-topped tables and chairs for the accommodation of dancers and guests. At the moment of his arrival the dance floor was crowded and glancing round Nicolai selected an empty table not far from the entrance and sat down. His arrival had been noted, also the fact that he was a stranger, and after a while a waiter approached his table.

"Get me two large tankards of beer", Nicolai ordered. "I'm expecting a friend."

OLD FRIEND & BOYHOOD RIVAL

When the tankards arrived Nicolai placed one tankard at the edge of the table opposite him and, sipping the other, sat down to wait. Scarcely had the dance finished when Nicolai felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Hullo, Nicolai," a well remembered voice greeted him, and looking up he found himself looking into the familiar face of his old friend Carlos.

Springing from his chair Nicolai embraced his boyhood rival. "It's good to see you again, Carlos, but tell me how did you know I would be here."

Carlos silently indicated the untouched tankard of beer that still stood at the end of the table.

"So you are the friend I was to meet here? I might have guessed as much."

"Why? Is not the arrangement satisfactory?"

"More than satisfactory, Carlos. Sit down and tell me all about yourself."

"No, Nicolai, tell me all about yourself instead. Was the voyage successful?"

"Most successful, Carlos, and also highly entertaining. They did me the honour of placing a detective, masquerading as a steward, on my trail, no sooner had I left New York. My cabin and personal belongings were searched thoroughly and systematically several times during the voyage and finally I was escorted to London in a car kindly provided by the Police. Here, I am lodged in a hotel that is constantly under supervision. This evening I had a tail attached to me, but I gave him the slip, employing the old cigarette-butt ruse. He fell for it and here I am all hale and hearty."

"Good, Nicolai, good. But never underestimate these London Police. They may not be brilliant but they are thorough," cautioned his friend.

Nicolai shrugged the warning off. "This was not the time for pessimism," he thought. "What was of far greater importance was the personal instructions he now felt Carlos had for him."

"Drink up your beer, Carlos," he said, "you probably have some news for me."

Carlos nodded and leaned closer. "These are my instructions, Nicolai," he replied lowering his voice. "Tonight when you leave here you will proceed down the east side of Soho Square. At its northern end

you will perceive narrow street that goes north to Oxford Street. Here, at the junction of this road with Oxford Street you will find one of those posh clubs that cater for the elite of this quarter of the city. It is called the Spotted Dog. As you enter...." But at this moment they were interrupted. A curly headed giant was thumping Nicolai on the back and mauling him in alcoholic glee.

"Hullo, pal, I have not seen you since we left Mars Port. You remember that little red head you were so keen about? What? You have forgotten? That's bad. The Time Warp did not last as long as I had hoped."

Nicolai looked at his companion in bewilderment, but the latter only shook his head, equally mystified; while the cause of all this amazement continued to regard them benevolently.

'LITTLE CAFE ON MARS'

"Now, look, pal, I am not trying to kid you. You and I were both there, on that little Cafe on Mars, only the year was 2057 and not 1957. I see you still don't remember. Let me help you. Early in January this year, I was walking down Madison Avenue on my way to the Music Publishers, who had reported favourably on a song I had recently written. The morning was glorious and I was just sauntering along enjoying the sunshine, when suddenly I heard a tremendous confusion behind me,—women shrieking, the scream of brakes and all that sort of stuff. I turned round and was just in time to see one of those speed fiends mount the pavement and crash into a pedestrian immediately behind me. That pedestrian, friend, was you. I had no time to observe anything more for a second later the off mudguard of the madly swerving car had caught me in the small of the back and the next thing I knew was a nurse bending over me in the local hospital. I was confined to bed for nearly a month but I was curious to know how you had fared and from the nurse I heard that while you were physically fit again, the shock had unhinged your mind so that you could only ramble on about some Cafe on Mars and a red-head you had a date with.

"A week or so later I finally found my way into your room, and here I received my first shock. Your face was so familiar that I recognized you immediately, but where and when I had first met you I could not remember, and then as you described your life on Mars with such a wealth of detail, I came to realize gradually that the scenes you described were familiar to me as well. Then suddenly I knew what had happened. At the moment when that madly careering car had struck us both, we had been hurled temporarily into another Time Continuum. For all that period till we regained consciousness, we had lived in another age and in another world. The next day, when, all aflame with my new discovery I had attempted to see you, it was too late. You had left the hospital, leaving no forwarding address, so that I lost all trace of you till this moment."

No sooner did the stranger pause than Nicolai turned to his friend impatiently. "Let's get out of this, Carlos," he said. "Where he ferreted out the information about my accident and subsequent nervous breakdown, I don't know, but all this talk about Mars and a Time Continuum is all bosh."

"WHAT IS TIME?"

"Bosh did you say? Listen, my friend. I know that what I have been saying must sound a bit far-fetched, but I have studied the subject carefully and if you will give me a few minutes to explain, I am sure I can convince you." Here, he signalled the waiter for two more mugs of beer and another for himself. Realizing that there was no way of getting rid of their unwelcome host without creating a disturbance and so attracting far more unwelcome, and perhaps dangerous, attention, they sat down to wait.

"What is Time?" He continued looking at them over the rim of his mug. "Time is not the arbitrary division of years, months and days or even of hours, minutes and seconds that man has invented to suit his own convenience. Time is static. It is synonymous with Eternity or with whatever word or phrase we have invented to define something that is limitless, endless and indivisible. Try and imagine all our galaxies, suns, stars and planets floating in a Sea of Time. Each independent, yet because of the universal substance in which they float, exerting a powerful influence over one another. And of what is this influence composed? It is the force or vibrations that spring from each individual life, no matter what its form is on this and every other planet in our galaxy.

"Try and picture a million silver threads, each emanating from an individual and each thread intermingling and coalescing with other threads, till they form a massive rope that extends through the universe, a shining, pulsating strand of life that bears in its midst the story of each individual life and its influence on the lives of all other living and sentient beings. Such a strand we call a Time Continuum and there are literally millions of such, emanating from every planet in our galaxy and lying parallel with each other to form, as it were, a complete record of all life in the universe. If you will remember this then you will understand what a great mind intended when he said, 'The first dawn of creation wrote what the last day of reckoning shall read.'"

Intrigued in spite of himself, Nicolai enquired, "Then if I have followed your reasoning correctly, each individual life in the universe today is building the Future".

The young man smiled sadly. "That conception of yours is universal and it is absolutely false. If Time is static there is no yesterday and no tomorrow. Everywhere there is only the present. The future already exists. Saints, prophets and philosophers looking ahead can tell of events to come. How could they if these events did not already exist?" At this juncture Carlos sprang to his feet.

"Come, Nicolai, let's get out of this. If I listen any longer to this rubbish, I will be going as batty as our young friend here. Tell me, young man, if there is any truth in what you say, how did you and Nicolai meet in a Cafe on Mars, when we have not as yet invented space flight?"

"An excellent objection, Sir, but if you will remember what I said about a Time Continuum and that any event of the so called future already exists, then any cataclysm, any catastrophe such as the awful shock we both received at the time of impact with that run-away car, could have jarred our individual lives out of our own time and into contact with another Time Continuum running parallel with ours, then our meeting in a Mars Cafe is quite in order."

There was a long pause. The waiter seeing the mugs empty hovered nearby awaiting a repeat order, but Nicolai, with a start, remembered the actual purpose of his visit to the Blue Moon and rose abruptly, holding out his hand.

"You will excuse us, my friend. We have some



This was too much for the hot blooded Italian and with a curse he thrust the sailor aside, whereupon his persistent host collapsed.

important business to transact. I have enjoyed your definition of a Time Continuum. Perhaps we may meet again at a Mars Cafe to continue our interesting discussion." As the glass doors swung to behind them another figure detached itself from the crowd around the Bar and followed swiftly.

* * *

Outside the rain had ceased but the fog had increased and a keen cutting wind tore down the deserted streets. With overcoats buttoned to the neck and collars turned up, Nicolai and Carlos paused a moment before the entrance to the Blue Moon to consider their next move.

"The night is favourable, Carlos; why not let us hurry on to the Spotted Dog? I am anxious to see my rendezvous for tomorrow".

"Why? Are you getting cold feet or has that rubbish about a Time Continuum being preying on your mind?"

"Candidly, I don't know, Carlos. Perhaps there is more truth in what that young fool told us than he himself realizes. In any case let's go," and stepping out briskly they turned towards Oxford Street.

Events now moved swiftly As the two friends disappeared in the fog, a series of rapid flashes from a Police torch came from a secluded doorway opposite the Blue Moon.

"Sergeant Pearson ?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get your car out and follow us from a safe distance. Sergeant Muggins and I will follow the suspects on foot. The waiter who overheard part of their conversation has tipped us off that they are going to the Spotted Dog in Oxford Street. I am convinced that the jewels are on them and will make an arrest. When I blow my whistle, bring the car up rapidly."

ALCOHOLIC EMBRACE

Sergeant Pearson saluted and hurried away, while Detective Inspector Davidson accompanied by Sergeant Muggins followed in the wake of the suspects.

Nicolai and Carlos still unaware that they were being followed hurried across the square and entered the narrow road leading to Oxford Street. As they approached its upper end there occurred one of those incidents that often decide the course of events. Advancing towards them, his burly form reeling from side to side, came a drunken sailor. As he came abreast of Nicolai, he swayed and would have fallen had he not clutched at the nearest support, which happened to be Nicolai's shoulder. Anxious to avoid trouble at all cost, Nicolai disengaged himself swiftly from this alcoholic embrace and would have hurried on had it not been for the drunken persistence of the sailor. No sooner did our worthy regain his balance than he was profuse in his apologies and insisted on Nicolai returning to the pub for another drink and to ensure his co-operation promptly grappled with him again. This was too much for the hot-blooded Italian and with a curse he thrust the sailor aside, whereupon his persistent host promptly collapsed on the pavement. It was at this moment that Inspector Davidson arrived on the scene. At

a glance he had taken in the situation and decided to profit by it.

"What's going on here?" he demanded in his best official tone "We cannot permit brawling on the streets at this time of the night."

"It's quite all right Officer, Nicolai explained. "Our inebriated friend has suddenly developed a great affection for me and insists that I accompany him to his pub for a drink My attempts to evade him resulted in his losing his balance"

"That's a lie He pushed me," came in bleary tones from the pavement

Inspector Davidson bent over the drunk and hoisted him to his feet "So he pushed you and you fell down? You can tell that to the Magistrate in the morning" Then turning to Nicolai he added, "I must ask you to accompany me to the Police Station. I will only detain you for the few minutes it will take to record your statement"

Nicolai thought fast The Police Station was the last place he wanted to go to but there was no way of refusing without raising suspicion "Certainly, Officer" he replied 'But the whole incident was an accident and I have no desire to lay a charge but if you insist I will come gladly only you must excuse my friend here who has an important engagement at the Spotted Dog"

In a moment Inspector Davidson's suspicions were confirmed and he determined to prevent any such separation

"I am sorry but I cannot permit that. Your friend will be required to confirm your statement as there are no other eye-witnesses' and drawing his whistle he blew a short blast "You see I have a car handy and this will save you a long walk," he added by way of explanation.

PACKET TRANSFERRED

Carlos, who up to that time had been a silent spectator, now joined in Speaking rapidly in the crude, slangy Italian of the slums which he knew would be unintelligible to all except to Nicolai, he said "This is all a put up job I cannot submit to any personal check neither can you When the car arrives, act difficult. Protest vigorously against this interference with your personal liberty I will stand immediately behind you and back you up and under cover of all this confusion pass me the packet. I know this quarter of the city intimately and will make a break for it as soon as the opportunity offers."

As the car approached Inspector Davidson who had listened to this conversation with deep suspicion, now spoke "Will you and your friend get into the car quickly We may have some difficulty in getting this drunk aboard," but Nicolai stepped back colliding against Carlos who stood immediately behind. In an instant the transfer had taken place and Nicolai was protesting violently. "My friend here states that he is not prepared to accompany you His business is far too important to be set aside for accompanying a drunk to the Police Station. As I have stated I do not wish to prefer any charge If you consider it your duty to take this man into custody, please do so, but do not harass us in this manner If you insist I will call at the Police Station tomorrow morning and give you a written statement . " but here the cause of their predicament now became a sudden ally Swearing loudly the sailor made a drunken charge at the Inspector.

SCUFFLE AND AFTER

"Take me to the Police Station will you? Then take that," and he made a sudden lunge at the Inspector that brought them both to the ground in a struggling heap It was the opportunity Carlos wa[s] waiting for and in a moment he had dived behind th[e] car and was racing down the street.

Springing to his feet Inspector Davidson shouted [to] Sergeant Pearson to chase the fugitive and ignorin[g] the drunken sailor who still sprawled on the pavement, he attempted to grapple with Nicolai Fu[lly] aware now of the seriousness of the situation Nico[lai] was determined to resist arrest and as the Inspecto[r] reinforced by Sergeant Muggins made a concerte[d] rush at him his hand flew to his neck where th[e] knife still hung on its slender chain Fortunate inde[ed] for the Inspector that some unforeseen obstacle cau[s]ed him to swerve so that the gleaming blade intended for his heart bit deep into his shoulder Witho[ut] a moment's hesitation Sergeant Muggins sprang [to] the assistance of his superior and as Nicolai turne[d] to fly brought his baton down on his unprotecte[d] head, sending him unconscious to the pavement.

When Nicolai came to his senses he found himse[lf] lying on a bench in the Police Court His head wa[s] bandaged and throbbed painfully but his abiding fea[r] was the uncertainty of what had happened to Carlo[s]. Slowly he lowered his feet to the ground and sat u[p] with a groan The noise attracted the solitary policeman in the room who came across to where he sa[t] and Nicolai recognized in his warder the affable steward Muggins.

"Well Nicolai, you have certainly landed yourse[lf] in a fine mess Why must you, dagos, always use th[e] knife? We had nothing on you and had you com[e] quietly the worst that could have happened was [a] few days' detention and then your release from [la]c[k] of evidence But now you have to face a murder rap."

"My God," Nicolai gasped, "you mean to tell m[e] the Inspector is dead!"

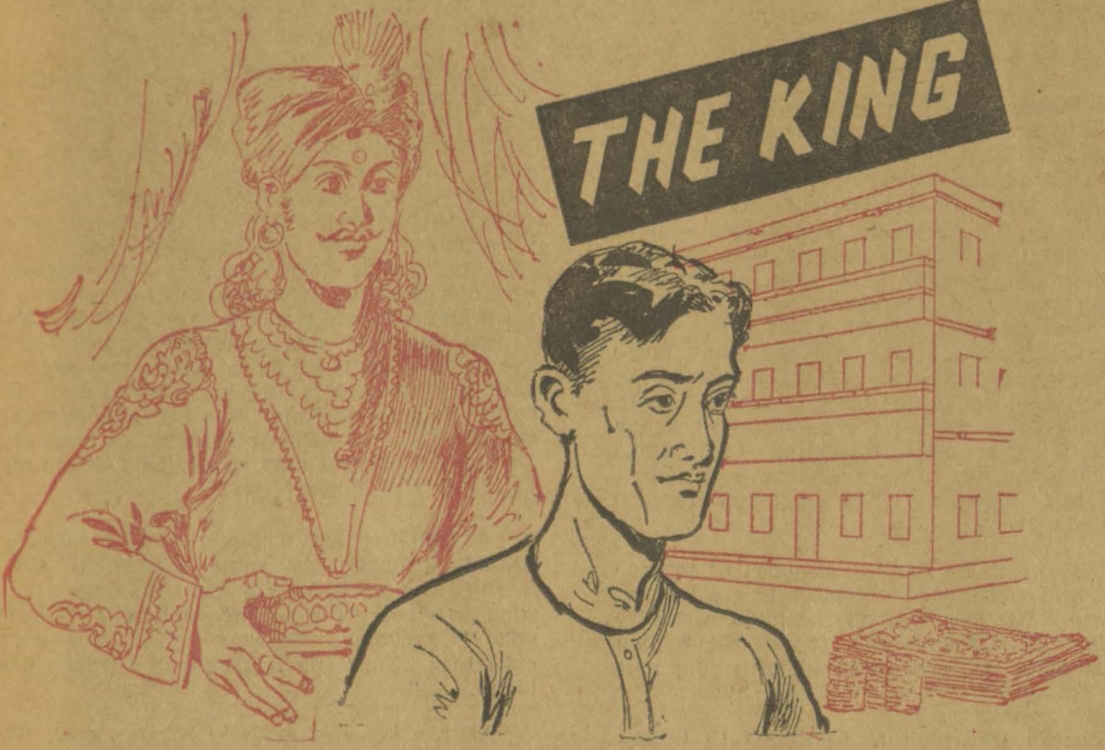
"No. Not the Inspector. For that piece [of] foolishness you will face a charge of attempted murder, but your pal Carlos did even better Sergeant Pearson is lying on a slab in the mortuary with [a] knife wound in his back that severed his spinal cor[d] neatly You will find that in this country, the la[w] holds not only the murderer but also his associate equally guilty If the Jury finds you guilty on bot[h] counts, then Nicolai, old boy, you are in for the hig[h] jump."

Nicolai stared at the Sergeant in mute bewilderment. So Carlos had kept his word and waited t[ill] his pursuer had passed and then thrown. "for a ma[n] dies as quickly from a severed spine as from a pierce[d] heart." Carlos had thrown to kill and Nicolai wa[s] here to face the rap.

TERROR & DISILLUSIONMENT

The days, weeks and months that now sped remorselessly by were fraught with terror and disillusionment. His gangster friends, so staunch and liberal when there was a chance of gain, now deserted hi[m] completely and the small store of money he had wi[th] him rapidly disappeared into the rapacious jaw o[f] lawyers and pleaders so that ultimately he was force[d] to plead "in pauperis" and the Government appointe[d] an inexperienced Barrister to conduct his defence From its very inception the case was lost As evidence piled on evidence, his early boyhood in Milan

(Continued on page 112)



THE KING

By MANOJE BASU

THE news was authentic. It came in a postcard written in Sudhir's own hand. This is what he wrote:

"Dear Father, I have not heard from you for long. This makes me rather anxious. However I shall come home this Saturday by the 12 o'clock train. More when we meet......"

The very next day would be the Saturday. Nibaran immediately gave the news to his people. His son would be coming home after whole two years. Not that he could not take a holiday before; on the contrary all these months were one unbroken holiday for him. Indeed, if one thought of the distance he had trudged during this time hunting for a job, a journey from India to Lapland on foot would not seem very long... However he found a job at last. It was a good job. He would come home now, taking a holiday—his first real holiday in two years.

Turning over the pages of his almanac Nibaran went through the details under the Saturday in question, but there was nothing there which could account for the holiday. Neither a religious festival nor anything like it. The following Wednesday was, however marked out for a holiday on account of the 'Id' ceremony. Would he be coming on Saturday or Wednesday? What did the letter say? Nibaran thought his eyes had deceived him and so to make sure he looked for the letter under his pillow. He did not find it there. Then he turned over his bed, but did not find it there, either. So far as he could recollect he had kept the letter under his pillow. 'Strange thing', thought Nibaran, 'that the letter should be missing from its place!'

Poor Nibaran! How could he have guessed that the letter was to be found then in the northern room of the house—near the window which opened under a hazelnut tree? It had been removed from under his pillow by Kiranmala. The letter ran into a few lines but her baby girl would hardly allow her to read it. At last she sought the help of Patli, her youngest sister-in-law whom she coaxed into taking the baby out for a round in the neighbourhood. Then she looked about cautiously and had just brought the letter out from within the folds of her sari when her mother-in-law appeared from somewhere and stepped into the room. Kiran quickly hid the letter from her.

The simple, old lady, used to the good old ways, had not the eye to notice what had passed under her nose a moment before. She said, "My daughter, let me have the bedsheets and the pillow-cases, please. Be quick my child. I'll boil them with a little soda now and finish the washing before it's morning. Won't that be nice?"

The daughter-in-law said, "Yes, Mother. They have become so dirty!"

"My boy", said the mother-in-law, "is expected here by the 12 o'clock train tomorrow. But I'll finish the washing before he is here. He hates dirt you know. Look here my child you mustn't go about like a crazy girl, shabby and unkempt, as you do now. You must finish washing quite early in the morning tomorrow, and trim yourself up before he

comes. Do as he likes you to do. Mind you, he is used to a life in the city."

Kiranmala felt a strange sensation in her heart. It was one of intense happiness. She felt quite amused, too. To think of Mother calling him 'my boy'! 'A boy indeed!' thought Kiranmala, 'but an old boy that wears a grand moustache.'

MATTER OF A DAY ONLY

Outside Nibaran could be heard talking to somebody in a loud tone, ever growing louder. Five or six years ago, Natabar, the village blacksmith, had made Nibaran a cutting instrument, for which a sum of three annas was still due to him. He had now come to Nibaran for his dues, and pressed him so hard for it that if a stranger were present there he could have easily thought this little money had become a question of life and death for Natabar and his family. But whatever others might think of his importunities, Nibaran for one, did not think much of them. Wasn't he after all a man of experience, and hadn't he seen enough of life? He said, "Come, my man, don't be in haste. It's a matter of a day now. Sudhir is coming home tomorrow. Come along in the morning the day after, and have your dues—yes, to the last copper......Now, try my tobacco ones, won't you?"

With these words he handed his bowl of tobacco to Natabar, and continued: "Sudhir has got a fat job, you know. The salary is one hundred and fifty rupees a month. Haven't you heard this? You haven't. Strange! Do you go about with your ears stopped?"

That Nibaran was used to indulging in hyperboles was but common knowledge in the village. His creditors and relatives had often heard it told that Sudhir had got a job, and was only waiting for his boss to arrive from England and confirm his appointment. Next time they would be told that it was finalized at last, and Sudhir was to join on the first day of the next month. And so it went on, but as a matter of fact, months rolled by and passed into oblivion and yet the boss never arrived. People had, therefore, ceased to believe such talks of a job. But this time it was quite different, for even Natabar, while working at his bellows in his shop, had heard somebody say that Sudhir was damned lucky, and had got a big job. Now even if his pay were twenty-five rupees instead of one hundred and fifty, he stood quite a chance of getting his dues. He delighted in the prospect.

Puffed up with pride for his son, Nibaran said, "Only the other day I met Panchu Ghosh on the way. He had been to Calcutta recently with his wife and aunt paying a visit to the Temple of Kalighat. They chanced to meet my son, Sudhir, there. Sudhir would not let them go, and brought them round to his place after a good deal of persuasion. Now, Panchu says, 'Brother, it all beggars description......Sudhir has rented a three-storied house and has engaged a whole lot of servants and maids. He draws a monthly salary of one hundred and fifty rupees, but has extra earnings. He goes to office in the morning with empty pockets, but when he comes back in the evening they are filled to bursting with coins. He returns home in a carriage. Natural! How can one think of walking home with a heap of money on him?' Well, you may ask Panchu Ghosh all about it, if you should meet him."

As Natabar sat listening to this story, a thrill passed through his veins. Wasn't it the same Sudhir, who would only a short time ago pass by his shop barefoot, carrying fish in hand? "Good! Very good!" exclaimed Natabar. "Sir, this ends your sufferings. Your son has become a prince now,....a king......"

With a show of modesty Nibaran said, "Well, it's certainly good, so long as you all call it good. It's surprising—nearly incredible—what Panchu reports. It simply strikes one dumb to hear it. One should say it's the way of kings and princes......By the way, you must be knowing we're all going to Calcutta. Sudhir is coming home to help us pack up."

Nibaran was not the man to talk in whispers,



particularly when talking about his son. In the room Kiranmala sat listening to all his talk about her husband's getting a job worth a lot of money and his style of living worthy of princes. She had never been to Calcutta and could hardly guess the way of a real king. But thanks to the amateur theatres in the village, she had seen kings on the stage—kings with crowns on their heads, and dressed in gorgeous robes worked with glittering lace. She now tried to imagine with a feeling of amusement how Sudhir should look, topped with a crown.

SCANT REGARD FOR TRUTH

Kiran knew that Nibaran was no *Yudhisthira* and had but scant regard for truth, yet she would fain believe whatever Nibaran had said a moment before. She had built hopes upon her fancy many a time, hopes that proved mere shadows. If this her hope were to prove foolish like the rest, her heart would burst. During the few years of her life she had tasted sorrows, numerous enough to fill volumes of books. When yet a child, she had lost her mother, and saw her father marry again. Her stepmother could hardly tolerate her, and now that she had been married off, the doors of her father's house were shut to her for good.

Darkness was slowly descending, and the moon shone through the branches of the hazelnut tree. Kiran fancied that somewhere in the sky her long-lost mother sat, gazing at her—happy in the thought of her son-in-law who had become a king, and her poor, luckless child, a queen at last.

Kiran took down her mirror and ribbon, and then laid them aside thinking, 'The day is out, and it's too late to do the hair now.' Then she went to the kitchen, started making a fire, but stopped, thinking, 'It's too early to cook now.' She felt like giggling out like a child. Something seemed to have happened to her. She felt as one possessed.

Meanwhile Patli had come back from her round. She dropped the baby on Kiran's lap, and ran out.

"Patli," Kiran called out to her, "where are you going now? Listen, had you been to Sushila's? They say her husband has rented a house in Calcutta, and is here now to take Sushila with him. Is it all true?"

Without so much as looking back at her, Patli wound up the end of her sari round her waist and ran out on the courtyard to play 'crocodile'.

The courtyard was filled with a deafening noise of children at play—one could as well say there was a raid upon the house. Patli played the crocodile, the courtyard served for the river, and the run of verandah on the eastern and northern sides of the house served for land. As soon as somebody stepped down from the 'land' into the 'river', Patli gave the chase.

Baby in arms, Kiran stood in the kitchen, watching the game......The baby had cut four teeth in all. Kiran put a finger playfully into her mouth, and she bit it.

BABBLES TA-TA-TA !

Kiran cried out in pain, "Let go, you little devil! You'll kill me. Let go." She pulled out her finger and said, "You naughty child ! Proud of your teeth —eh ?" The baby laughed. The mother watched the baby for a while and said with a toss of her head, "Ah! my child showers pearls and jewels, as it were, as she laughs....Hold back your treasure, my darling......laugh no more!......How clever the child is ! She seems to know everything. Now she clutches the threshold to rise to her feet, now she starts clapping, babbling Ta! Ta! Ta!......What's it you're watching agape, my child? What's it you're watching with those large unwinking eyes? Watching the game?......Come, you too will play one day. Now, be quiet. Sit down on my lap......there's a good girl. Here goes." Kiran started rocking her child on her lap, singing a lullaby:

Rock-a-doodle-doo ! Rock-a-doodle-doo !
The comb on the little red head,
The bridegroom will come here anon
And in a trice with the bride be gone.
Rock-a-doodle-doo ! Rock-a-doodle-doo !

"How nicely the baby rocks!" muttered Kiran to to herself. She lifted the baby from her lap and felt the soft touch of her cheeks, her breast and her palms, pressing them against her own cheeks. The baby seemed to enjoy it very much. Nodding her head to and fro, she babbled in a long-drawn tone: 'P-a-pa-Pap-a'. The baby had not seen her father, for, two years ago when Sudhir left for Calcutta, her birth was merely a happy prospect. Kiran whispered to her child, "Wait a day, m darling.... you'll meet your papa tomorrow—your boy papa! A full-grown man, and Mother to call him 'my boy'! How funny!" Kiran burst out laughing, and then looked about to make sure she had not been overheard.

"What a child has been born to us !" muttered Kiran. "How lovely ! But he hasn't seen her yet. Nor does he know how lovely she is !" She felt sorry for her husband. The next moment she was angry. After all, had he not been informed of her birth ? Shouldn't he have for once felt like seeing his own child ?

SUDHIR, NOW A KING !

When it was midnight Kiran lay awake in her bed, vainly trying to sleep. Her brain got heated. She got down from her bed several times, and poured out a little water from an earthen pot and sprinkled it on her face. Then she lay back in her bed and shut her eyes, hoping she could sleep now. Through the openings in the fence around the house moonbeams streamed in and lovingly enfolded her. Sudhir had been away these two years....The village as a whole had put him down for a do-nothing sort, blaming Kiranmala for his worthlessness. Kiranmala, they said, was a jealous wife who would never trust her husband away from her. The mother-in-law never uttered her feelings, but it would be better if she did. Finally things came to such a pass that Sudhir's absence from home would give her relief. She could not speak out her feelings, nor could she blame anybody for her lot. There were moments when she felt like crying out her heart. Now it pained her to remember the relief she felt when Sudhir left home two years ago......Yet to think of the man ! He was as if under an unbreakable vow not to come home so long as he was without a job. Would it have been a sacrilege after all, she thought, if he had broken his vow for once? However, her days of sorrow had at last ended. Sudhir was now a king, and she, the queen. The king would come home the next day.

Kiranmala shut her eyes and gave herself up to the sweet anticipations of things that might happen the next day.

On entering her room at night she would perhaps find Sudhir sleeping for sheer fatigue. Looking around for her tumbler she would for a moment raise the lantern to see if Sudhir was really sleeping. From different angles she would focus the light on

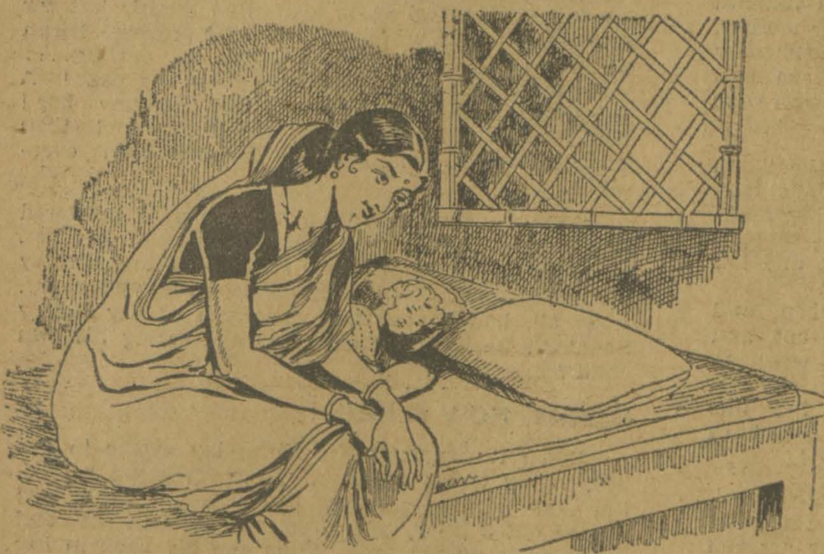
his face, yet Sudhir would not open his eyes. She would then wash her feet and thrust back the pail of water noisily under her bedstead; she would shut the door with a bang—but no, nothing would seem to disturb him. But just when she would start tucking in the curtain-ends after settling the pillow carefully under the baby's head, Sudhir would stealthily stretch out a hand and catch hold of her.

As a matter of fact, Sudhir was not asleep. He was only pretending. Or if he had fallen asleep, he was awake now.

"Isn't it hot within?" Kiran would say. "Let's go out on the verandah for a breath of cool air. Oh! what a clear moonlit night!"

"Indeed! Aren't you afraid of going out now?" Sudhir would ask her smiling. "Look! What a monstrous figure standing over there—one leg resting on the nut-tree, and the other on the palmyra!"

Kiran was very timid of nature. One night soon



Kiranmala would not let him see the baby.

after their marriage she had quarrelled with Sudhir. She now recollected with a feeling of amusement how Sudhir, in order to restore her humour, gave her the creeps, telling her stories of ghosts. How very simple she was then!

"Trying to frighten me? Are you?" Kiran would ask him. "Do you think I'm still a kid?"

"A kid? Good heavens! Aren't you already over twenty? One should say you have nearly spent your life!"

"I'm no longer that old timid girl, you know—no, not I. Well see, I can easily walk down to the river-ghat at this hour of the night, all alone. But what will you give me, if I can?"

Without pausing for a reply, Kiran would say, "Is the house you've taken in Calcutta three-storied one? Can you see the Fort from the top of your house? How far is the Maidan? Do you know where Sushila's husband lives?. . . .Listen, I'll go to Sushila's house with the baby every day when you'll be away in your office . . . ."

Or, things might turn out differently, Kiranmala thought. Perhaps after the day's work, she would enter her room with the baby to find Sudhir lying in bed, reading a novel with the lamp burning near. But his mind would not be in the book for he would put it away to see Kiranmala enter the room. "Why are you late, dear?" he would say, drawing Kiran close to him. "Now tell me how you are.... But let me see the baby first.....please."

THE NECKLACE

Kiranmala would not let him see her. Why should she? Did Sudhir ever care to mention her in the many letters he had written home these months? The child was no fondling after all. Couldn't she feel touchy about it?

But at last she would have to let him see the baby. Sudhir would fumble in his pocket for something and soon bring out a shining, gold necklace.

"Oh, what a large necklace for the little child!" Kiran would exclaim. But it would be a three-d... job for the girl. In just that time she would spoil it, biting it with her four little teeth.

Sudhir would fasten it round his daughter's neck with his own hands. Kiran would look on happily and say: "Well, let her wear it for the night, but, mind you, in the morning you must take it out, wrap it up again in that blue piece of paper and make it over to your mother like a very good son—Well, that's the way, dear. Tell Mother, 'Here's something for your grandchild, Mummy.' She would feel so happy to present it to her grandchild! Won't that be nice, darling?"

The sleeping baby would lie on her father's breast, peacefully, like a very part of his body. Sudhir would look at her and say, "Ah! she resembles her mother so much—the eyes, the complexion, the shape of her feet—well, who could tell her from you?"

"But the nose?" Kiran would say, happily smiling. "That is surely like the father's. Take care you'll have to compensate for that pug at the time of her marriage—a thousand rupees in the least." The old dispute would then start between them, how sharp a nose must be to bring proportions to the face, and so on.

Out in that moonlit night of *Chaitra*, a soft breeze blew through the leaves of the hazelnut tree raising little murmurs beyond the window-sill; within, the little breast of the child rose and fell with a faint quiver from time to time. From within the crevices of the walls of the dilapidated *Chandimandap* at the far end of the premises, the *Takshakas* called 'Katara-ra-ra! Taksha! Taksha!,' breaking the profound stillness of the night at regular intervals. And as that simple-hearted village g...

lay awake in her bed that night, sweet memories of her bridal days came rolling back to her mind, and mixed with her dreams of the future to work a charm on her soul.

GOSSIPS AT RIVERGHAT

Next day before the sun was up, Kiranmala and her sister-in-law went to the riverghat with a bunch of utensils for washing. Washing, however, seemed to be a mere excuse, for the two of them sat there gossiping endlessly, which was but part of their daily routine, for every day they spent a couple of hours there, gossiping. Nearby, was a bridge which one had to cross on one's way home from the station. Kiran sat with the bridge at her back, washing the utensils.

Suddenly Patli cried out, "O dear, so early to come!" Kiranmala swiftly raised one of her hands and dropped her veil.

Patli broke into a giggle. "How now, *Boudi*, what makes you sit veiled like a coy bride? Whom, do you think, I was speaking of? Whom else, but Mungli our cow?"

As a matter of fact, Mungli was coming that way, but the manner in which Patli had uttered those words could hardly have been designed to refer to the cow.....How precocious the cute, little girl had become! Kiran said, "Mungli, indeed! Wait, you naughty girl, I'll teach you to try your tricks upon your elders......" and stopped short, struggling to suppress the wave of a laughter rising in her.

At home, Nibaran was going about busily, now doing this and now doing that. He cut out a few branches of the *chatim* tree against the fence, which had overshadowed the passage leading up to the house. Then he went to Nishi Ganguly, and sought a loan of a rupee, promising to pay it back the next day.

Ganguly handed him a rupee without a thought, and said, "So, your son is coming home today. Isn't he? Are you on your way to market?..... Come, the tobacco is ready. Have a puff before you go......By the way, you won't surely forget my request?"

Ganguly's request to Nibaran was to tell Sudhir to find a job for his son, Hemanta, in his own office or in some other. Nibaran had a few puffs of his tobacco, gave him loud assurances, and made for the market.

There at the fish-corner Nibaran found himself in an odd, little situation. Four lobsters were for sale, and the price of the whole lot could not be a copper more than four annas. Nibaran, who was eager to get the fishes, offered five annas for the lot and sat waiting there over an hour, coaxing the fisherman from time to time. "Let me have them, my boy, please. Sudhir is coming home. He is a top-ranking officer, you know! He isn't used to eating the grub we eat. Come let me have them, please...." But all these coaxing words failed to soften the hard heart of the fisherman. Suddenly Akrur Moral stepped in, paid down an eight-anna bit for the fishes and had them.

Nibaran was in a state of fury. Nor was Akrur in a mood to let anybody else have the fishes. He was in high spirits, having a lot of money on him at the moment. Only the day before he had sold a large quantity of molasses—ten maunds in all,—and got a lot of cash from the deal.

A few villagers reasoned with Nibaran, trying to pacify him, and led him out of the crowd. But Nibaran was not to be comforted. "Fancy a low-bred to have so much impudence in him! Wait a day, man ....Let my son come, and I'll teach you a lesson or two."

It was late in the afternoon when Sudhir arrived. Everybody in the house excepting Kiran had taken meal, thinking it useless waiting for Sudhir any longer. Kiran was sitting in the kitchen, her food ready before her, when she remembered something in the next room, and came out on the courtyard. An umbrella showed from the bridge. Kiranmala stopped to look at it, and when she had a clear view of it and its owner, she ran back into the kitchen.

"MOTHER, I'M HERE"

Sudhir walked into the courtyard, calling out, "Mother, I'm here." He was sweating all over, and had a suitcase in his hand which he had carried all the way home from the station. None of his 'numerous' servants in his Calcutta home had come with him. Mother fetched a fan and began fanning her child. He looked so pale and worn-out—they thought it was all due to the strain of the journey added to the strain of his work. Patli came and stood there with Sudhir's baby in her arms. Sudhir glanced at her for a moment and looked away.

He ate his meal, but could not get a moment's rest, for his numerous well-wishers of the village had already come to meet him. Sridam Mullick was the oldest of them, and when Sudhir bowed down to him he said, "Thank you, my boy. I was so happy to hear all about you from your father. May you live long my boy, may you live to the end of time..... So you're going to take your parents with you. Aren't you? They will now spend the rest of their days, having dips in the Ganga, and singing the praise of Hari, our Lord. Could there be anything better to desire?" He then added with a sigh, "Only we shall have to stay on, rotting in this morass. What bad luck!"

Bhagawati Acharya, an occasional dabbler in palmistry and astrology, came forward and said, "Nibaranda, didn't I tell you your son would become a king? His Jupiter is in the ascendant. His fate-line stands out in his palm. Very prominent! I told you all this. Didn't I?"

Nibaran nodded though he failed to remember any such thing ever said by him.

Nishi Ganguly had come too. He said, "Won't

you come round to my place once in the evening, my boy? Your aunt wishes it."

At once a clamour of protest rose from amongst the boys of the Dramatic Club, "No, no. We cannot spare him in the evening. He'll have to be in our club then, witnessing our rehearsal. We'll make him Secretary of our club this year, and we're going to take this decision in our meeting tomorrow."

NARADA BEARD

Sudhir cut in hastily, "Why me, of all? No, no, leave me out of it. I understand nothing of theatrical art—nothing at all."

"As if that would matter in any way," rejoined one of the boys. "You needn't worry, dear sir, you'll understand it before long, with our help. What we require for the present are these: three scenes—one portraying a garden, another a fort, and another a palace—five pairs of false beard-and-hair, a couple of royal robes, and a harmonium. That's all for now. Buy us these, and you've done your job.....Oh, only if you heard our *Narada* singing. Wonderful, simply wonderful! But what a pity, sir, we have so far failed to stage the play. Could you tell us why? No, you couldn't. It was merely for the lack of a beard that could fit him."

Ganguly said, "Well, yet, you must make it a point to come along once in the evening. If you don't, you'll wound your aunt very much. The whole day today she has spent, making sweets for you. I'll send down my son to bring you to my place."

From all around came appeals and prayers—each of its own kind. Sudhir got up and went to his room for his shirt. In the room there was only Kiran, doing her hair. Her heart began thumping, for wasn't Sudhir rather naughty? But, Sudhir was no longer his old playful self. He quietly took down his shirt from the hook, and did not even talk to her as though they had been living together all along.

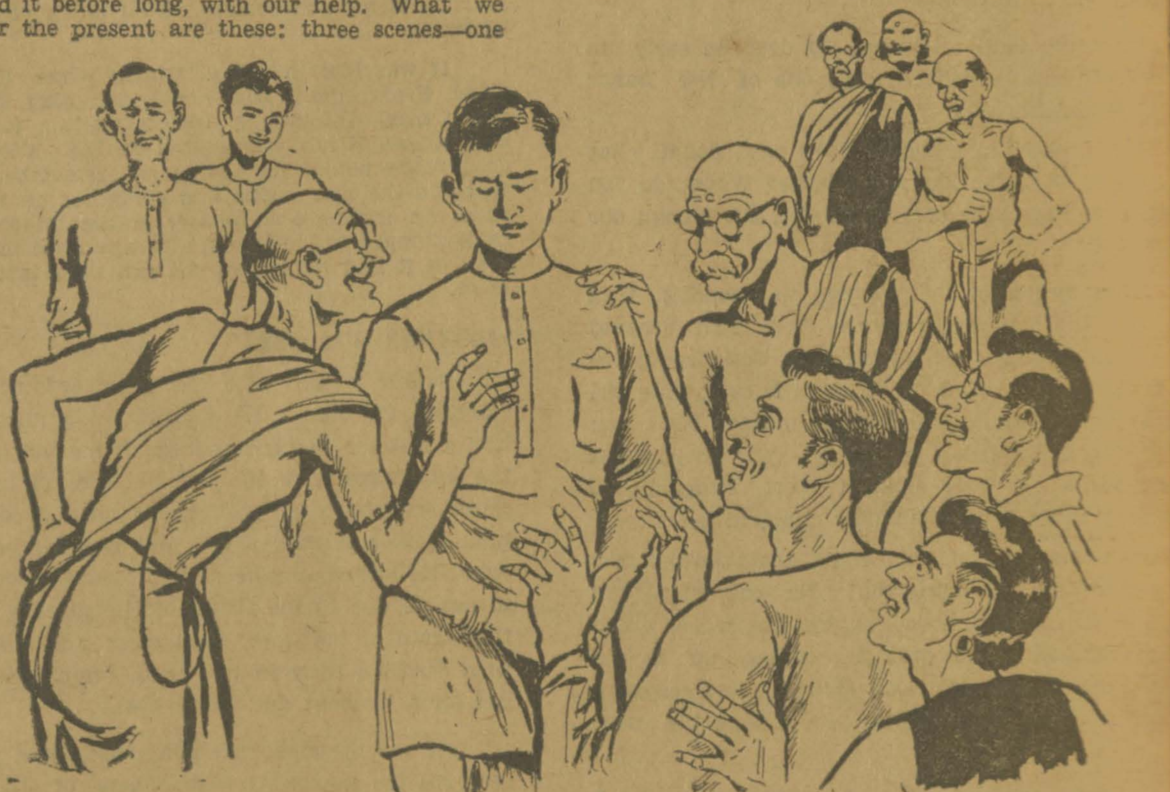
Patil came in with the baby and said, "Brother, take it once in your arms. How wistfully she loo[ks at] you!"

Sudhir waited for a moment, looked at [the] baby, and said with a smile, "No, some other t[ime.] I'm rather busy now. They're all waiting for me [out]side."

Every member of the Dramatic Club did his [best] that night to exhibit his talent before Sudhir, [who] was going to be their Secretary, and who was [after] all from the metropolis. Consequently when the [re]hearsal ended, it was nearly midnight. *Narada* [did] not forget to remind Sudhir of his 'beard' at part[ing.] Two or three of them escorted him home.

MIDNIGHT MEETING

The door was bolted from within, only a w[in]dow was open. Through it Sudhir could see the l[amp]



"No, no, we cannot spare him in the evening."

burning dimly, his food ready and covered in a d[ish] and Kiran, sleeping on the floor beside it. Plainly [she] had waited for him long, and then lay down th[ere] for a nap. Poor girl, Kiran! Sudhir's heart was wr[ung] with pain as she looked at her. "Kiran, O, Kiran," [he] softly called—the same loving call she used to h[ear] two years ago. Could she ever forget it? She woke [up] with a start, got up hastily, and opened the do[or.]

Sudhir said, "Sit down, Kiran. You needn't [be] in a hurry. I don't think I shall require any food [to]night. What a dish Mrs. Ganguly had kept ready [for] me! I think I could do without food these three d[ays] now."

"Are you sure you'll be here these three da[ys?"] asked Kiran with a smile. "I've written to F[ather] asking him to come and meet us. He will be her[e on] Tuesday next. . . . . Promise me you'll be here [till] then."

"Three days? Do you mean to say you w[ant] to bid me good-bye so soon? Getting rather h[ard-]hearted. Aren't you, my dear? Well, you'll see th[ere] will be no talk of my going in three months' tim[e."]

"Yes, we'll see," Kiran said with a smile pla[...]

round her lips. "Now, stop boasting of your love for us. We've had enough of your talks. We may not be your own people, but what about the child, your own flesh and blood? Didn't you for once feel like seeing her all these months?"

"Yes, yes, I knew you'd say that," Sudhir slowly replied. "But God alone knows. Look at me, and you can see I'm but a wreck of my former self." A shadow of gloom passed over his face as he went on reminiscently, "To think of the two years I spent in Calcutta! I wouldn't wish my worst enemy to suffer my fate. There had been days when I slept on the pavements, failing to find a resting place. There had been days when I fed myself on grub worth a pice, and there had been days again when that too was wanting. Thank God one doesn't have to pay for the water at the roadside taps."

Tears came to her eyes, as Kiran sat listening to this. She stopped Sudhir, "Pray, say no more." Then after a brief pause she added with a sigh, "You couldn't after all get away from what was fated for you. But there's no use remembering those sad days now. Is there?"

Both were silent for a while. Then smile returned to Kiran's lips as she looked at the baby sleeping in bed. "Now, dear, you haven't seen your child yet. Who ever thought such a little child could have so much naughtiness in her? She seems to be already full of it."

"Why do you say I haven't seen her? I have. I can see her now."

In the tone of an elderly experienced mother Kiran said, "Dear me! You call that seeing a child! My child was complaining to me piteously, 'Father didn't take me in his arms, didn't fondle me........' Well, these were her very words......But you must get her a thin, gold necklace. Nirmaladidi's child has one, and she looks so pretty with it on, you know."

"Indeed! Has the child learnt to talk?" asked Sudhir amused.

"Learnt to talk, you say? She talks perfectly well. . . . . .but that's another matter. She talks in a language which I alone can understand, nobody else can." Kiran laughed and continued, "The other day she was telling me about a pram. She wants her father to buy her one so that she may go to the Maidan for a ride every day."

Sudhir joined her in her laugh and said, "Really! Has it got that far?"

"What's wrong about that? Do you want your child to sit at home all the time? You think, we are not in the know of things. Do you? Well, you may not have cared to let me know anything, but everybody here knows it now. Father has spread the news far and wide."

"What's it you know?" asked Sudhir.

"ALL THIS IS FALSE"

"You've rented a house in Calcutta. You're here to take us back with you. And what not? That's why I've written to Father asking him to come here before we leave. We may not meet for a long time to come."

Colour was drained off Sudhir's face in a moment. He said hastily, "All this is false, Kiran—absolutely false."

"What's false?"

"All this talk about my renting a house and the rest of it. True, I had a mind to do all this, but now," Sudhir added with a sigh, "now, it's all out of the question."

"Why so? You must get a house there. Do you expect your servants to look after you?.....Your health is in a shattered state. I can't hold back my tears, when I look at you. No, no. I can't leave you alone there."

"But where to find the money?"

"I see," Kiran said curtly, her face suddenly wearing a grave look.

"Why are you silent, Kiran?" asked Sudhir.

Kiran replied. "Yes, I am no doubt too much of an expensive proposition. I'm. But what about your mother? You should take her with you. I, for one, will never go to your house—Oh, never." Kiran turned her face away and sat looking out through the open window.

"Are you cross, my dear?" asked Sudhir. "Oh, after what a long time we have met today! But how you wound me!"

"Yes, it's always I who wound you, and never you who wound me. Let it be that way then." Turning her gaze away she continued. "How many letters, do you think you wrote me these two years? Ten or eleven at the most. I've preserved them all in my box, tied up in a bundle. You've come here in the afternoon, but, be sure, I've been watching you since then. . . . . I know what it all means. . I know." Kiran wiped off her tears.

Sudhir said, "If you refuse to believe me, Kiran, you make me feel quite—well, helpless!"

"Helpless, indeed! When it's a question of renting a three-storied house, you can find the money, when you're paying your servants you can find the money too. Only......" Kiran stopped abruptly and became silent.

"A t-h-r-e-e-s-t-o-r-i-e-d house? Rented by me?" asked Sudhir.

"Yes," rejoined Kiran, "Also you're drawing a salary of one hundred and fifty rupees a month—but, why, why are you hiding these facts from me?"

"No, I won't hide them any longer. Now tell me what else you've heard about me."

"Besides your salary you have extra earnings. You come back from office with pockets filled with money. You won't surely tell me this is all false?"

"No, nothing is false."

"Then what made you keep the facts from me?"

Sudhir said with a pale smile on his face, "I was testing you, Kiran, only testing. I just wanted to be sure how you all feel for knowing I'm in want. . . . . Yes, I've rented a house in Calcutta, and I'm here to take you all there."

Kiran shook her head violently and said, "No, never. I shall never go to your house. Well, didn't I tell you now I won't. You haven't cared to caress the baby. I haven't seen you laugh even for once since you came. May I know, dear sir, what worries you? You have money now—well, keep your money to yourself. Do you think I and my child have ever cared for your money?"

With the smile still lingering on his face, Sudhir said, "Look, Kiran, I'm laughing, heartily laughing. But how quarrelsome you're my dear! No, you haven't changed for the better. Not a whit."

"But haven't you changed for the better? It's all right so long as you have."

Sudhir clapsed the hand of his wife and drawing her close to him said, "For Heaven's sake, Kiran, let's stop quarrelling now. It has been a trying day for me—the whole day today."

"Yet you haven't cared to seek a moment's rest until this late hour in the night."

"I was helpless, Kiran. Mr. Ganguly wouldn't let me come. I shall have to find a job for his son. That's what he wants. I had to get my release at last, telling him I would take his son with me to Calcutta. Then those fellows—Keshab Ghosh, Ram Mitter, Tarak Chakrabarty and the whole lot of them. Rent has been due to them these last four years. The accounts were looked into, and a bill made

(Continued on page 138)

GESTAS

(Continued from page 104)

his association with thieves and swindlers, his vaunted prowess in throwing the knife all were revealed, but most damning of all was his friendship with Carlos. This last was the final straw. The prosecution could show from unimpeachable evidence that Carlos was not only a thief but also a murderer wanted in several cities. In vain Nicolai's lawyer pleaded that his client had never contemplated murder. That the wounding of Inspector Davidson was only with a view to incapacitate him and so prevent his arrest. But the prosecution swept the defence aside; in fact, they now concentrated on the far more dangerous aspect of his association with Carlos. With consummate skill they proved that he was a member of a gang of international crooks, banded together for the purpose of committing theft, with violence, if necessary, and that they were prepared to commit murder to avoid arrest as had occurred in the case of Sergeant Pearson, and Nicolai remembered to his horror that a murderer and his associates were equally guilty in the eyes of the law.



"Nicolai Guiseppe, you have been found guilty of the h einous offence of murder..."

At last the fatal day arrived. The prosecution had summed up with masterly effect Nicolai's long association with Carlos his attempt to murder Inspector Davidson that had only miscarried by accident and finally gained the sympathies of the Jury by touching references to the youth and bravery of Sergeant Pearson, who had sacrificed his life in the execution of his duty. The feeble defence and pleas for mercy put forward by his Advocate did nothing to lessen this sympathy and after an absence of only twenty minutes the Jury returned with a unanimous verdict of "Guilty."

Nicolai stood to attention in the Dock facing the Judge, his heart was pounding and the blood raced in his ears. As the small square of black cloth was placed on the Judge's head he all but collapsed but with a supreme effort forced himself to listen calmly to the sentence "Nicolai Guiseppe you have been found guilty of the heinous offence of murder by a Jury comprising a majority of your countrymen. I would be failing in my duty were I not to pass the full sentence of the Law on you. The sentence of this Court is that you be taken whence you came and thence to the place of execution where you will be hanged by the neck till you are dead. May the Lord have mercy on your soul." As the sonorous tones died away Nicolai looked wildly round the hushed Co[urt] and then as the dreadful finality of the sente[nce] struck him he slumped to the floor in a dead faint.

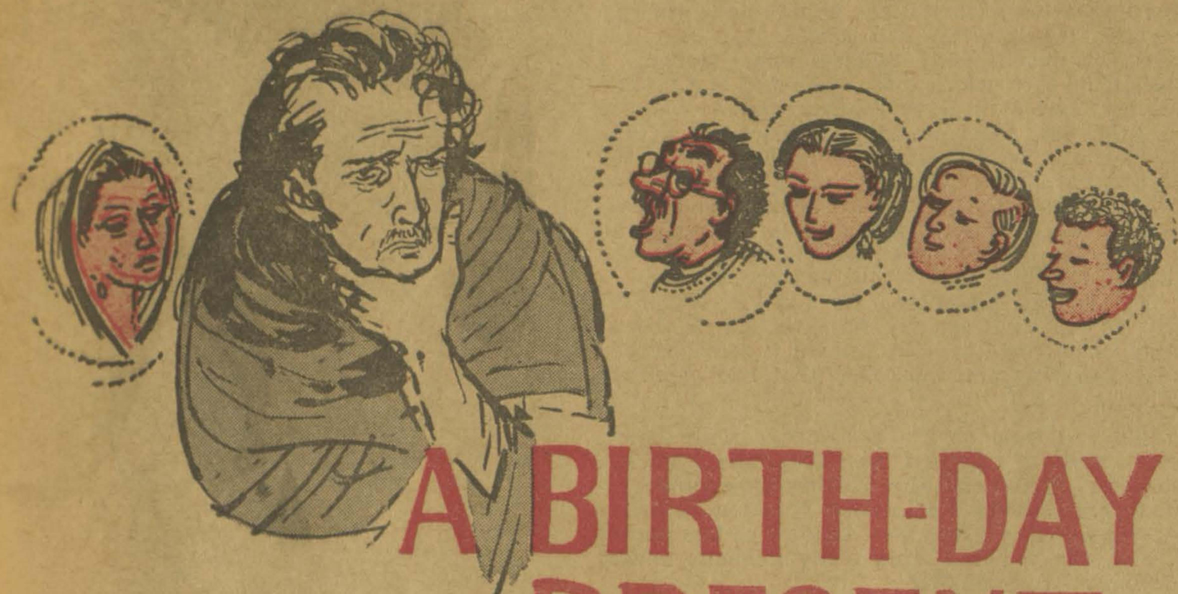
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The morning broke clear and cold. Outside t[he] friendly traffic rushed and hooted and rumbled, [but] within the prison walls all was quiet. Every inm[ate] sitting tense in his cell felt the awful presence [of] Death and watched in horrified imagination as o[ne] of their members walked down the lonely corri[dor] that led to the gallows.

Nicolai, sitting on the edge of his pallet, waited; a numb paralysis took hold of his whole frame. H[e] heard dimly the rattle of the keys as the ward[ers] threw open the doors of the condemned cell. Ent[er]ing, they spoke to him but Nicolai could underst[and] nothing of what they said. Grasping him by t[he] arms they raised him to his feet then securing [his] hands firmly behind his back they stood on each s[ide] of him leading him firmly towards the door. As [he] emerged from his cell the Prison Chaplain took t[he] lead and intoning the Prayers for the Dead he [led] the solemn procession along the gloomy corridor.

Nicolai heard nothing of the prayers. His e[yes] were fixed on the open door and the short fligh[t of] steps that led to the execution platform. In the fa[int] light he could see the cross-beam and the no[ose] hanging directly over the trap-door. In spite of t[he] cold a clammy sweat dewed his brow and the s[our] taste of fear was in his mouth. Nearer they came a[nd] nearer to that awful door. Nicolai's heart was pou[nd]ing and the blood rushed with a roar through his ea[rs]

(Continued on page 1



A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT

By SUDHANSU MOHAN BANERJEE, M.A., LL.B., I.A.A.S. (Retd.)

IT was just evening. A faint glow of the setting sun was still silhouetted in the sky. There was, however, no freshness in the air. Atindra was sitting by the riverside. Yonder was the burning ghat where dying embers of a fresh funeral pyre were yet emitting smoke. Perhaps a man's hopes and fears, his convictions and confusions, his faults of omission and commission had finally ceased there.

Atindra remembered with a shock that to-day was his birthday. The calendar spoke of it, many a memory quivered with it, many a passion, pride and prejudice. Yet nobody reminded him of this, not even his family, no ceremonies were held in his honour, no flowers, no garlands, no good wishes, no special dishes, no felicitations were offered for many many returns of the same. He looked back on his life and drew blank. He looked before and after and pined for a little solace. What had life offered to him ?—kicks or kisses, brickbats or bouquets. It was not only a life of toil and tears, sweat and soil but of frustration and tragedy as well. His heart cried out with a sense of 'nay,' 'nay.' Nothing has been gained, nothing has been achieved, nothing has been fulfilled. He has failed and failed miserably in every front of life's battles. He has failed as a worker, he has failed as a family man, he has failed as an idealist. He is poor, he is sick, he is slovenly. He is unknown, unhonoured and unsung. Yet when he was a student who was more brilliant than him? When he joined the movement of the thirties who was more witty and idealistic? When he was a teacher, who was more faithful in his work and in devotion to his duties? His leaders referred to him as the perfect model of a worker, his compatriots loved him with a warmth that was genuine. Newspapers hailed him as a rising patriot, the public welcomed him with alacrity. He was a scholar, he was a poet, he was a literary man.

AN OBJECT OF CONTEMPT

Thirty years ago, he was all these but to-day nobody remembered him, nobody cared for him, no one enquired of him. Even his family ignored him. His wife looked at him with disdain. His brother was aloof. The children knew that their father was a worthless chap which his own mother would repeat in season and out of season. Only when one was dying or somebody had to be taken to the hospital or had to be nursed in a small pox or cholera case, people would suddenly remember this fool of a village teacher.

He was recalling the incident of to-day. Bhola Bagdi's son was ill with high fever and in the morning he had to go there. Atindra had a fad and that was to dabble in homeopathic remedies. People often came to him. As luck would have it, he had to stay in the patient's house for some considerable time. He could not return till he saw him a little better, with the result that he had to hurry to the school from there and could come home for lunch only during the midday recess. The first welcome he received was a birthday present of harsh and cruel words from his elder brother's wife—Lo, here the conquering hero comes, a veritable Dhanawantari. The wife goes to bed pretending sickness, the husband goes on a humanitarian errand—have we nothing else to do but to wait on their pleasure?

His old mother joined in the chorus—shame, shame, physician heal thyself. You are an educated man, a First Class M.A. and you rot here in the village home and sponge on your brother, not only

alone but with your wife and children. Where would you be if Panu were not there?

Panu, the elder brother had begun his life as a village shopkeeper. He could not pass the examinations as readily as his more fortunate brother did of whom he was very jealous, but he was lucky that he could get himself established sooner. He had just finished his lunch—Don't talk of him, mother, I wonder if he ever passed those B.A.s and M.A.s. You remember that Manish who could never compete with Atin, now rides, would you believe, in a Studebaker and he is one of the shining high ups in the local bar, earns thousands, has three houses in the town, and lots of property. He helped me in that contract because of Atin. And here is this fool who has been seven times in jail but he could not cash on them. He should be ashamed of himself.

Yes, he had felt choked. He had just begun his lunch. He could not eat any more, though he was as hungry as he could be. He finished it somehow and retreated to his room wondering what had happened to Minati.

She was lying on the bed down with fever. Worries, want of nutrition, lack of proper medicine, uncongenial and unhealthy surroundings and repeated child bearing had ruined her iron constitution. She was now a wreck—a shadow of her former self. She was suffering from many ailments almost bordering on consumption.

WIFE'S HARSH GREETINGS

She opened her eyes but her greetings were harsher. From her sickbed she almost screeched



Go, drown yourself in the river, die, die, die and let me die too!

hysterically—You, shameless fool, why don't you come home in time and have your meals? Go, drown



Let our motto be—we hesitate not, we dedicate ourselves.

yourself in the river, die die, die and let die too. Let there be an end of it.

Atin stood thunderstruck at the shower of abuses. He understood her angu He took her hands and almost whispered Don't get excited, Minati, calm yourself.

The memory of the day when he married her in strange circumstances broke his vow of celibacy, came to him flash.

He went back to school—the institu which he had reared with his blood thought. There too he was unwelcome. was a little late. The Headmaster was criti about it. In fact, he was jealous of scholarly man who was the beloved of students but everybody had one word for —unpractical. Nobody,—not even his stude took him seriously.

To-day was his birthday. He had pas many many years in this dark dismal wo Three persons had crossed his life more th anyone else.

Shivasankar Babu's was the first he remembered. Atin was his great favou He was the leader of a group of young passionate and sincere. He had the power radiate enthusiasm. Behind a rough exter worked an alert mind with a persuas personality. He could talk nicely and swe and with conviction. He had a revolution background from the Swadeshi days. Then crossed into the Gandhi era. From the li of oblivion, Atin could still recall his sten rian voice—Do not wait for results. Mo reveals herself in a land of darkness, dise and death. Let us light at least one there. Let something be attempted and so thing done. Let our motto be—we hesi not, we dedicate ourselves. He would quote Gandhiji—When men are dying for want food, my duty is to feed the hungry. I have no oth

duty. The human bird under the Indian sky gets up weaker than when he pretended to retire. For millions it is an eternal vigil or an eternal trance.

MAN OF CONTEMPLATIVE MOOD

Atindra was of a little literary and contemplative mood and he distinctly recalled that when one day he quoted Rabindranath as saying, "India's destiny is bound up in Narayana and not in Narayani Sena. . . . . Our battle is a spiritual battle, a fight for humanity. We must emancipate man from the meshes he has woven around him, from the organisations of national selfishness. We must persuade the butterfly that the freedom of the sky is better than the shelter of the cocoon." Shivasankar Babu was up in arms and thundered—I love the poet no less than you, but he lives for the morrow. When the house is on fire our duty is to soak it with water. You cannot soothe suffering patients with a song from Kabir.

Atindra was then about nineteen and he used to listen to such harangue as if it was a gospel loaded to the brim with passion. It used to have the same effect as an electric shock. And to-day Shivasankar has gone up the ladder in every way. He is not only busy in councils, conferences and committees, he is not only a banker, a newspaper proprietor, chairman of many a development concern and actively associated with half a dozen companies with financial interest in a dozen others, he is engaged in drawing up big plans for country's progress. People know him as the great planner. He is often abroad in missions and delegations. Big limousines wait for him, cavalcades of car follow him. He holds meetings in air conditioned rooms. Dictaphones take his dictates, linguaphones repeat them in different languages. Atin met him once or twice and when at the urgent remonstrance of his wife or brother had given a hint of his desire to serve the country under him, the reply was—"Atin, don't forget, we have to fight the battle in many facets. You are doing solid work on one front. I would be wrong to withdraw you from there. They also serve who wait and pray. Your place is in the village. You are suited there. You will not fit in here. Well, when I have settled these big things, I will also come and join you. Don't worry. Carry on. . . . . If you want a grant for your school, I can arrange. . . ." And he would be busy talking to others.

Another was Anita, the sister of his classmate Sribilash. They first met at a party meeting. She was a girl volunteer. He was a post-graduate student. Schooled as he was, Atin had peculiar ideas about women co-workers. The girls had to be avoided to the extent possible and their services accepted to the extent necessary.

Anita sensed the puritan in him and one day plainly asked him—Do you think that we are mere hindrances? Can't we be helpers and associates? Is the world full of males only—or do we only drag you to hell and dissipation?

No, no, why do you say so?

Then why are you afraid of us—We are not tigresses or sorceresses. We don't drink blood in the night, nor lure you in the day.

DREAMER OF CELIBATE LIFE

Atindra could not answer. He was silent. Both the brother and the sister were great admirers of him, the sister particularly, who was then in the Loreto, studying for her graduation. But Atindra lived in his own ivory castle of prudery and used to dream of a complete celibate life in the service of the mo-



Can't we be helpers and associates? Is the world full of males only?

therland, untramelled and untouched by a woman. Yet Anita waited and waited and only the other day she married. Anita to-day was a big barrister's cultured wife and was a great social success. She was a society girl without whom no party or picnic, no dinner or dance, no charity or variety show would succeed.

Only the other day, Atin was in Calcutta on some business and he accidentally met Sribilash, who was hurrying to the Stock Exchange for a deal. Atin had purposely avoided them since he left Calcutta. Anita had tried to keep up contact by correspondence. The replies she received were laconic. Some of her letters were left unanswered. Gradually they ceased. With years came a veil of silence. Sribilash was enthusiastic to see him and said, Hallo—Atin, what brings you here? Has the prodigal returned or is it the triumphal entry of the Sage, the Saint and the Wise, not the weak, the lowly and the lost like us?—Well, my dear, faint heart, what's all the news? How is everybody?

Atin replied—What's there to say? We do not create news—we are hewers of wood and drawers of water as ever.

I see you are still the old village pedagogue. Now that the battle is over, what makes you stick to your village? Anita was saying also—What was she saying?

She is as hearty as before, as live-wire as one could be. You know my boy. You missed the bus. She waited and waited—if I may say so confidentially now—for you and she married Ajit only the other day, only when she learnt finally that you are

out of bounds. Well, you will be glad to know that she has a chubby boy—and she has named him Atin—

What !

Yes—in your honour perhaps.

Atin stood stupified.

Well, Atin—I am in a hurry. Why not drop in, this afternoon ? I will ring up Anita too. To see you after fourteen years will be a treat.

No, I am leaving by 3 o'clock train.

Bye, bye, then, better luck next time.

MEMORY OF COLLEGE DAYS

His memory went back to his college days. Anita's father had an eye on this brilliant boy, more so because he sensed his daughter's inclinations towards him. He was prepared to help him to go to England, either to Oxford or Cambridge or be called to the bar. He was himself a member of the Gray's Inn, and a successful lawyer. Much as he had sympathies with the national movement, he would not think of picking up a son-in-law from its ranks but with a little overseas purification he might be initiated into the mystic fold of the modern society. Any other young man would have jumped at it. Not Atindra, the adamant, the unpractical and the fool. When he first went to jail on account of picketing, Anita was also one of those arrested but she was discharged with a warning. It was Anita again who went to welcome him at the jail gate with a big garland on the day of his release. Not that Atin, did not feel attracted towards her but he was so full of his own ideas of serving the country, that he thought marriage in a country whose liberation was yet to come, as out of question. And when there was no such possibility, it was not only not proper but positively immoral to encourage even the smallest romantic yearning in a woman.

Yet, he married and married in circumstances beyond his control. It was almost a conspiracy of the stars. He had been to a village to attend a rural conference. There an incident happened. A marriage was to be celebrated in the village. The bride was very much aged according to village tradition, twenty-three to be correct, and it was only her luck that somebody had agreed to marry her. What did it matter if he was sixty-seven and that was his fifth matrimonial performance? Instead of being grateful that a groom of such experience, fidelity and honour was being arranged by her maternal uncle, the girl, a fool as she was, locked herself in, and took some poison. There was an uproar. The marriage party broke and confusion reigned. The police came. At about 3 o'clock in the night when she was a little better, it dawned suddenly on people that here was a great social offence if she could not be married before the daybreak. The whole family would be ostracised. It was a tragic scene, the uncle wild and exhausted beating his breast, mother weeping and crying, the daughter staring aimlessly with tears in her eyes and the relatives running helter skelter. Somehow people came to know that Atin was unmarried and he was of the same caste and creed. The mother dragged her daughter and put her at his feet—Save us, do not refuse. Have pity. Do not live with her if you do not want to. But let her have the status of a married woman.

MARRIAGE IN HASTE

The circumstances, the atmosphere, the weeping girl, the crying mother, the very absurdity of the situation all conspired to drag him to the nuptial seat and before he could mentally realise the pros and cons he had been forced to acquiesce in a proceeding which seemed to him to be nothing but a tragic farce. By the time he recovered his composure, it was a fait accompli. It was a marriage in haste and repentance at leisure. Not that Minati by herself was an undesirable girl. She was the usual village type, not an educated or cultured one. But she was healthy, hardworking and alert. Naturally Atin's thoughts went hovering round Anita, who was still then unmarried, though past thirty. He felt a vacuum which could not be filled, yet he tried to drown it by a vanity that he had saved a poor girl from being the victim of a social injustice.

Another shadow also flickered before his mind's eyes. That was Satish, the indefatigable One could not expect to get a more devoted companion. He was not only a friend but a philosopher and guide. In flood, famine, in committees, conferences and campaigns, in jails, picketing and lectures, wherever Atin was, he used to be there also, helping him, nursing him, taking charge of him. For years he was his ideal and idol and served him like a slave looking after him with a warmth which was really touching. Yet he also one day told him—Atinda, Don't be a fool Nothing succeeds like success. For success you must have money Without it nothing flourishes. Organisation, unity, party, discipline, even integrity, depend on money, that sweet honey. You can serve your cause much better. Atin looked at him stupefied—what was Satish saying, Satish of all people.

Atinda, it is very good to be an idealist but the world is crude and exacting. A raw world wants a raw deal. It is red with its teeth and claws. A machine requires oil and not water. Life is real, life is earnest and mere frustration is not its goal. Be practical, join us. With money we can do many things.

He remembered he had told Satish—let one or two at least remain in the old fold. Let a tiny lamp burn than a million volt power light. I wish you all the good luck.

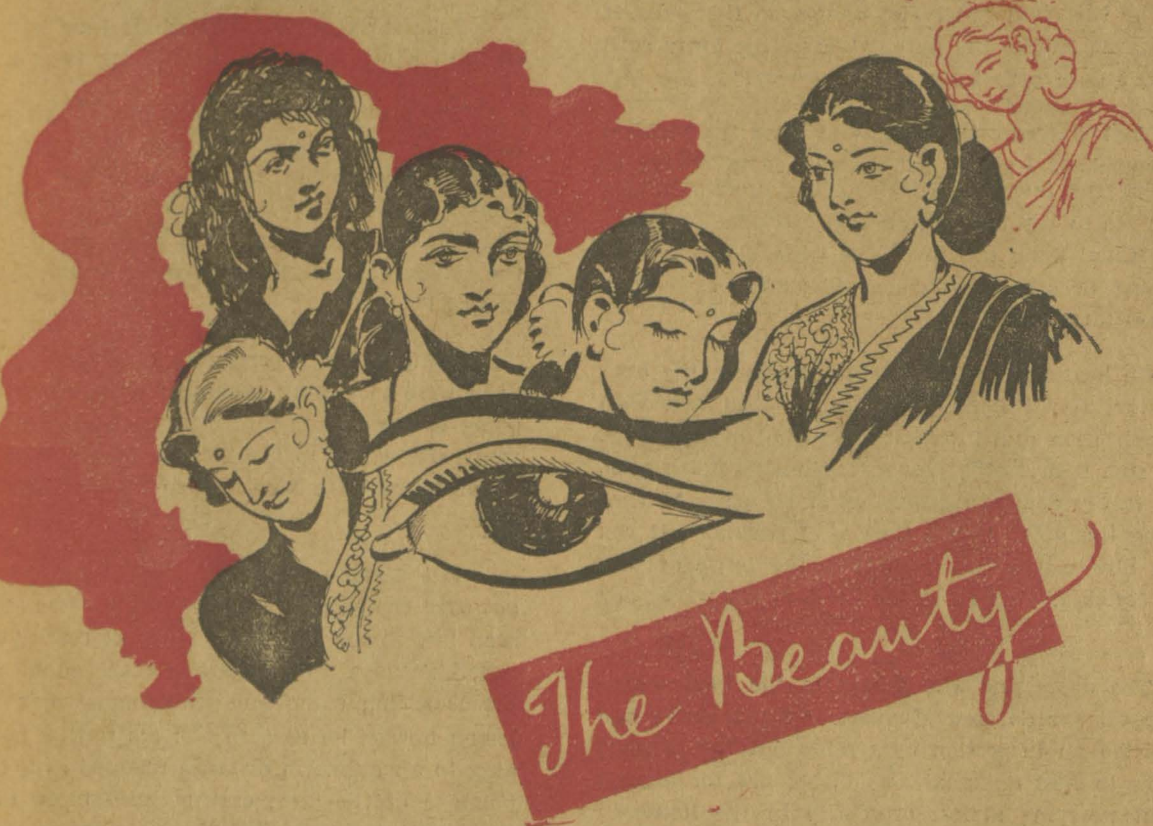
Now Satish is a big gun. He is an influential businessman of many millions. Call him a racketeer, profiteer or interested in market, black and white. Many charities depend on him. Many trusts are run by him, schools, colleges, dispensaries. He has power, position and prestige. He makes and unmakes people He is a patron of art and literature. Men follow him, women encircle him. His speeches are quoted in extenso. His pictures have place of pride in every paper.

TREATED AS A CHARLATAN

And he, Atindra Nath, who mastered everything from the Vedas and the Upanishad to Marx, who understood theories of nuclear bombardment and atomic annihilation and talks of the concept of a brave new world, who had gone to jail as many times as his idealism could give vent to, whose knowledge was encyclopaedic, whose heart was one of gold, whose sense of decency and decorum was beyond reproach, who had dreamt dreams of an unborn man and its lost heritage and who was trying to give effect to his ideas in his own way, was treated as no better than a fool or a half mad or a charlatan or at least, a dreamer or an idealist. He was still a village teacher on rupees fifty-five. He taught gerundial infinitive to his students and stories of Clive and Umichand.

Yes, he had failed and failed miserably. There was no doubt about it. He could not become a leader, though he had the making of it. He could not become a lover, though he was loved intensely. He could not become a rich financier though he had opportunities of it He could not become an ordinary householder even. His mother frowned, his brother shouted, his wife railed at him. Children looked

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The Beauty

By SUBODH GHOSH

ALL this fash was about Sukumar's marriage, not about any problem really justifying the attendant tension.

The whole shebang would perhaps have boiled down to the mere choosing of a likeable bride and solemnising the wedding at the auspicious moment through the matrimonial rites prescribed by the Shastras: a process, perhaps nothing more or nothing less, of conferment of social dignity on a purely biological instinct.

But bottle-necks were there in the process—one such was the *Brahmacharya* of Sukumar. From the age of 12 up he had been in the habit of ritually decorating his body with religious motifs and following a strict vegetarian regimen. Up till now he had successfully repulsed all importunities for his taking lentil, believed as a non-vegetarian food. Novels and dramas he didn't touch with a barge pole. All he read beyond his syllabi was a few primers on Yoga to the successful but limited practice of which in the lonely silence on the banks of the pond by the orchard did he ascribe his ecstatic experience, a *je ne sais quoi*, of many a shiver down his spinal cord.

The moment Sukumar used to close his eyes he could see seated in the inmost recesses of his soul a man—the triumph of renunciation. In his ecstasy he used to hear the call of some one within: 'Lead me unto Light! Lead me unto Light!!' And in the interruptions of his meditation he could get glimpses of an anchorite melting into thin air.

Sukumar had repeatedly declared his intention to his friends, "Only waiting for the exam; the call from the Himalayas I already hear within me, no more of it."

But the father of Sukumar, Dr. Kailash used to attribute such reactions to a deficiency of protein. "You see, let him take in nutritious things and put on flesh; you won't find these symptoms troubling him anymore; these old bones of mine, let me tell you, had seen through and through such shamming."

But his mother, his aunt, his sister and even the maid—none could persuade herself to rest in peace. So they made an alliance and decided jointly

to bring pressure upon the doctor to select a bride as soon as possible. Delay was dangerous.

An uneasy tempo was being sustained round the clock by the maid, "Fie! Fie! Shame on this exile of a son even amidst the parents! Even the lowly born wouldn't dare perpetrate such butchery!"

That was why the scheme to solve the problem was launched: Kailash Babu would be in charge of selecting the bride, Kanai Babu, the brother-in-law, would see to the inclinations and attitudes of Sukumar; Kanai Babu was given the carte blanche to do anything needful to influence Sukumar favourably towards marriage.

On hearing the news of his success in the examination, Kanai Babu simply approached him with an application and forced him to sign on the dots. "You sign it first—the post of a Munsiff—not a joke, mind it. My dearie, a family won't be a bar to your turning the house into a theatre of penance; if you really like to, you can do that in the style of the King Janak, like an eel in the slush, as the people say it."

The depressing atmosphere in the house gradually afterwards grew stimulated: Kailashbabu had completed an inspection of a bride but the problem of how to send Sukumar also to see her for himself caught worrying almost everybody in the house.

Just at that very gloomy hour Kanaibabu made the announcement in exaggerated confidence in Hindi to assure all concerned, "Stop worrying! Shawb Ho Jayega!"

Though Sukumar didn't recover from his utter detachment from all domesticities, the faint suggestion of a hopeful restlessness of a sublunary sort found in the blood and passions of man became pronounced in him.

But belying this hope one day the agony of a sharp exchange between Kanaibabu and Sukumar pervaded the whole house; everybody's heart in the house started clocking away in a deep anxiety. . . . . But what might be the rub?

"KANAIBABU, MIND IT"

Sukumar was trepanned into studying novels for the first time in his life by Kanaibabu. The most important point was the elaborate defensive precaution under which that study was conducted getting the strategic novel laid over with the unguent of sandal-wood and atmosphere of the room sanctified by ceremonially burning the incense. All this was unavoidable because the whole gamut of his senses was so high-strung that none could ever know what would happen next.

But was that rag a novel or a hell? Or a manual to play on passions? Throughout the night Sukumar could not compose himself to sleep suffered so to say from nausea.

Sukumar remarked, "This time I am letting you off with a mere warning, Kanaibabu, mind it."

The pachyderm of Kanaibabu met this warning with a counter request, "Already fixed up the programme, my darling, taking you to the flicks this evening; that picture about the tale of devotion of Dhruba, the young sage, is a 'must' for you; really the stuff to elevate any soul. Swear, you are coming!"

Perhaps the experiments conducted by Kanaibabu were successful: Sukumar was eventually seen going to the picture that evening and repeating his visits afterwards to the picture-palaces. A letter of appointment as a Munsiff also reached him at that time.

But Sukumar even then could not completely get over the pull of renunciation. He was still to be seen lost in the occasional spells of ecstasy over the super-sensuous. In his garden blanched with moonbeams sitting alone and inhaling the sweets of lemon flowers he used to feel his restless mind winging to an unknown distance released as if from the bondage of the grey, earthy world below to cruise in boundless freedom on the aquamarine sea of the firmament. . . . . A sort of melancholy seemed permeating his whole being—a delicious pain for something vague—knowing not what he sorely desired. Sukumar blushed in stifling his sigh.

While returning home from the show late in the evening Kanaibabu enquired, "How did you like that leg-shaking?"

Sukumar didn't answer him instantly. Taking his time he opened his lips.

"Kanaibabu!"

"Yes, Your honour!"

"Live I must among the humanities. . . " Sukumar in his reply echoed this oft-quoted fragment of the lyrical assertion by Tagore.

BONOLATA OF BARASAT

"Certainly! Most certainly! Just one such speck of humanity is there in the village of Barasat—the daughter of Yadu Bose—Miss Bonolata. Your father has already seen her and your elder sister is insisting on your inspection. You do it now."

Yadu Bose was a mere copyist attached to the office of a pleader; his pedigree was all right and daughter good to look at. He was on the hunt for an

honest and kind-hearted *patra* for his daughter on a small dot.

Leading by the hand the slip of a girl of fifteen to his presence his elder sister remarked condescendingly, "My Suku, now scrutinise for yourself."

The girl was as closely bedizened in the style of an opera-princess as one usually met on the provincial stage. With an over-size flashy Benarasi Sari and a jacket of coarse satin on she stood herself as a gaudy bolt of fabrics with her body over-adorned with bangles, trinkets and sundry other gimcracks brought on loan from other girls of the village for the occasion. The streams of perspiration swamped the ornamental decorations on her forehead, washed down to her throat in different currents the coat of coarse chalk which powdered her face by proxy. The girl with vacant stare and breath caught up moved in front and stood herself like a sacrificial beast.

Undoing expertly in half a jiff the neatly done chignon of Bonolata his elder sister began, "Verify it, Suku, see this nape, though of a village girl, but not the sort I found of many of your college girls—grimy, oily, sticky. . . . Lord save me!"

His sister seemed to be teaching a lesson on physiology. She took hold of the chin of Bonolata, turned it once to the left and then to the right to allow a thorough scrutiny, ordered to open her eyes perhaps to detect the cast or sightlessness of her eyes if any. She later on put her through her paces so as to verify the latter was not a lame duck.

"Satisfied! Anything discouraging?"

SHOW BUSINESS OVER

The show business at last came to an end. Returning home Kanaibabu addressed Sukumar, "Hullo, Saint-General! Do you approve of this girl?"

Sukumar kept silent. His mien didn't brighten up, whereupon Kanaibabu concluded such silence spoke of anything but consent.

"My darling," suppressing an impatient ridicule within himself Kanaibabu thought, "why would these girls look beautiful to the eyes trained on the pulchritude of a Banani Devi of cinema fame!"

His aunt remarked with an approving vehemence, "Served right! Why would our Suku bring the daughter of a proletarian breed? Better not to have any truck with any copyist or the like."



Leading by the hand the slip of a girl of fifteen to his presence his elder sister remarked condescendingly, "My Suku, now scrutinise for yourself.

The demand was only for a beautiful girl but this element of beauty subsequently assumed the Olympian status of an obstacle.

Dr. Kailash went on inspecting bride after bride; but the embarrassing point was that none appeared otherwise than beautiful in his eyes; and that was why Dr. Kailash's certificate of beauty was taken at a very high discount by all.

Sukumar, the first born, who was to live in a life-long partnership, fairness dictated should be consulted first and others afterwards.

Kailashbabu was himself ugly to look at. Those who delighted in slander dubbed him as "Mr. Black Tongue." It was maliciously believed even the tongue

of the gentleman was black. In his youth such remarks used to cut him very deep but at this fag end of his time left his withers unwrung.

Sitting on the *causeuse* on the verandah of his bungalow Dr. Kailash was deeply ruminating over just this topic. Aesthetics had always remained beyond his comprehension. How ridiculously exposed was the trope of a 'golden figure' to Dr Kailash—a crack surgeon with 25 years experience in professional ripping of the human figures in the post-mortem house!! Who else but Dr. Kailash could claim a more intimate knowledge of the organic beauty? He had been so long discovering beauty as if by ripping open its very form! In his eyes, of course, was caught up a beauty belonging to a different world, but to his regret, there was not the second soul to appreciate!

"YADU, WHO ARE THEY?"

Suddenly the whole house shook under the hideous barks and mad rushes of the hound in chain at the crashing entrance through the gate of a few caricatures of human forms. Yadu, the doctor's assistant in the post-mortem house and Nitai, his syce, came running armed with lathis.

But ignoring the joint man-handling by Yadu and Nitai securely squatted itself on the portal a family of beggars — the microcosm of a nasty world with bundles of dirty burlap, tattered mats, pieces of corrugated iron, beds, boxes, stoves, pots, ants and flies. Everyone of the house got attracted to the din.

Kailashbabu thundered out, "Yadu! Who are they? What do they want?"

"That bugger is Habu, taken to begging since he got the leprosy."

Raising the bandaged leprous hand Habu appealed, "Have mercy, my father!"

"Who is that old woman?"

"That bloody slut is Hamida—an Arabian Bedouin, driven out of the herd after she lost her eyes in pox—currently the wife of Habu."

Lifting aloft with both of her hands a baby, the Devil knew of how many days old, wrapped up in a tatter, Hamida sobbed out in synthetic anguish, "Just for this soul, Huzoor! Only a cup of milk, Huzoor! Just a morsel, Huzoor!"

"And who is that strapping girl?"—threw in his aunt.

"Her name is Tulasi—the daughter by Habu and Hamida."

"Their own daughter?" —

"Yes!" came the reply from Yadu in a tone of embarrassing confirmation.

Tulasi with an enamelled can in her hand sat speechless, a short piece of dirty curtain hung downwards as her wear from the knots on her bosom; and among the ornaments, she affected a shell amulet.

Fortune it was to come across the beauty of this Tulasi! Barely aged 14 yet an unprecedented accent of a rugged growth pushed into attention all her limbs. Her dark figure looked like that of a demon in terra cotta—with a bottle nose, cranium awkwardly misshapened. A line of dental ferocity seemed to spread from one end of the jaw to the other and all the muscles lay on the face scattered as if in a rebellious disharmony. Even the legendary benevolence of Karna would perhaps have petered out at the shock of a look at her repulsive sight. But Yadu added, "For their keep they are to depend mainly upon her beggings."

Habu didn't actually come to beg. The Municipal authority ordered the demolition of their bustee to establish in its place a new grog shop. That part the urban area was declared out of bounds for the Habu began pathetically, "You are our father Huzoor Be kind, Huzoor, allow us to live by the carcass-dum —I won't come near the human habitation; I swe on my Lord, Huzoor. Tulasi would do the beggin her body is free from any disease, Huzoor."

His aunt cut him short, "Tell them to leave the place at once; their very look is turning up m stomach. Dear Ranu! Throw something at the and be finished with it quickly."

Ranu replied, "Of my woollen blouses giving th one with tears, auntie! That would protect the bab from the cold."

"Give that and a sari as well if torn, to cov up the shame. . . . . "

"I WILL SPEAK FOR YOU"

"So you go now"—assured Dr. Kailash. "I wi speak for you, but mind. You are not coming nea the human society!"

After the withdrawal of Habu with his repu sive world amidst his splutter of blessings for th doctor, another bout of discussion about Tula began to exercise the minds of all. Kailashbabu re marked with a chuckle, "Did you mark the specime of beauty in Tulasi? Take it from me, she also woul be married away!"

The maid retorted, "No doubt about that bu the so-called marriage may be everything other tha a real marriage."

Kailashbabu completed the visit of inspectio of yet another bride—Debapriya, the sister of Nand Dutta. That girl was not bad yet Sukumar's person interview was advised desirable.

So Debapriya was produced for the purpose. He age seemed submerged in her obesity, forehead wa spacious, chin shapely tapered down and eyes roun dish; complexion was slaty but smooth, strains of Mongolian breed were perhaps vaguely disguised i the specious Tibetan shades of her pair of eyebrows Her lips were always atremble in a smile all th while perhaps because Debapriya might be aware o her ludicrous corpulence. She had a sweet voice wit an admirable skill for music.

Sukumar was non-committal. It was not i Sukumar's grain to commit this way or that. The conclusion became obvious the girl was not up to hi choice.

Dr. Kailash felt gradually heading to a sort of how-d'ye-do. The problem was growing to be a much involved one. One after another various snags and catches of peculiar nature began to present themselves. The mere beauty irrespective of pedigree, culture and financial status was not regarded as sufficient to tip the scale.

FAMILY PRIEST IN SCENE

In the meanwhile Mr. Bhattacharya, the family priest, butted into this affair and contributed in his way his quota towards the further complication of the issue. All the members of the house were suitably harangued by this Bhattacharya to make them honestly believe the business of matrimony to be a metaphysical affair wherein the selection of a bride should be conducted with careful references to the virtues and characteristics of all the women connected with the family of the bride either as a friend or a poppet. Bride, being the co-partner in the practice of life, the selection of her was not to

be taken lightly—not certainly in the manner of commandeering a woman with a notice or no notice at all. Such non-Aryan malpractices won't be encouraged by any means.

But beautiful she must necessarily be as beauty was regarded as the virtue of gods and goddesses only.

This once Dr. Kailash conducted with an utter care and fastidiousness he was capable of, the inspection of another bride, the daughter of Anadi Sarkar, Miss Anupama, well educated and beautiful. Anupama looked a bit over-aged for Sukumar. She could have been described as very slim or a near spindle-shanks. The existence or otherwise of her facial charm was a moot point, but doubtless there was an accent of aristocracy in her deportment. The deficiency in her beauty was amply compensated for by her education.

This time Ranu came forward and put in a caveat, "No! How could she hope to be a match with her beauty of a skivvy?"

Sukumar was like a baby-saint—a model of innocent immâturity—guiltless of the diplomatic yes and no of this world. Was it that he was shy to a fault? Perhaps it was. And from his reactions it became evident he was not agreeable to that proposal of marriage.

His aunt once again concluded with an aggressive air of justification, "That's better, the verdant of that Anadi—a notorious skin-flint—trying to manage the whole business without parting with a penny! Is he imagining a glut of bridegrooms in the market!?"

THE SHE-DIVINER

In the meanwhile a she-diviner made her appearance to warn her aunt against any concession in respect of the virtues and the pedigree of the bride. Examining the horoscope of Sukumar, the she-diviner broke into an astrological abracadabra which she herself concurrently annotated to mean Sukumar was sure to get within a year a very charming wife, a Government service, ample money, much happiness so on and so forth.

"Hai chokree ! What are you doing there?" challenged Dr. Kailash. Tulasi with an enamelled plate on her hand was sitting by the side of the jardiniere on the verandah in front of the study of Sukumar.

From nowhere darted Yadu into the scene and joined himself in the challenge, "Get up, bloody rogue—marking time to lift and run away with something!!"

Dr. Kailash softened, "Don't abuse, tell her only to sit outside the gate."

Getting Kanaibabu in front of him Dr. Kailash addressed, "Hullo Kanai! Would you people be now merciful to grant this wretched soul a reprieve from this embarrassing toil? Have you by now come across the beautiful bride of your expectation?"

"Sorry Sir, we haven't so far; but not sparing our pains for that."

"No amount of your 'painful unsparing' would do the trick, I may tell you. Could you please help me in locating the head and tail of your sense of the beautiful?"

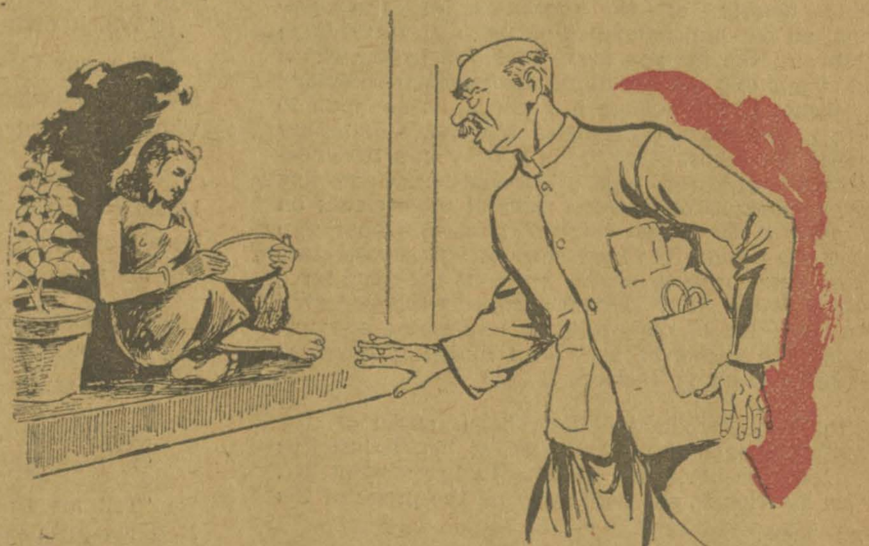
"How now?"

"It's very plain. Can't you call beautiful the hair and ugly the skin if they are dark? Isn't it funny? Has your immutable double-standard been laid down in ether in an everlasting ink?"

Taking in his breath Dr. Kailash recited, "Twin eyes like lotus leaf touching the tympanums!! What a conceit! I take off my hat to your aesthete!! But Kanai—have you really ever visualised how would look your species behind the aesthetic exaggeration about anyone with eyes as large as covering the whole territory between the ridge of the nose and the ears?"

Kanaibabu voiced his agreement, "Just said it. You would never exactly know in how many ways people are caught up in the toils of nameless prejudices! But in respect of beauty man has devised a working standard. Take for example that of the anthropologists. . . . "

"Damn your anthropologists, a push of so many hide-merchants," snapped out Dr. Kailash. "Let them accompany me into the post-mortem house; I will skin off two corpses and place before their genealogical experts the challenge to classify and distinguish before me a Negrito from a Mediterranean or a



"Hai Chookru ! What are you doing there?" challenged Dr. Kailash. Tulshi with an enamelled plate on her hand was sitting by the side of the jardiniere on the veranda...

Proto-Australioid. . . . . I know very well the measure of their feet—don't babble much to me about these anthropological magpies!"

Kanaibabu sought the earliest opportunity to beat retreat from his presence.

But buttonholing Kanaibabu, Dr. Kailash began, "Dear Kanai, I know I am dubbed by people as 'Mr. Black Tongue' behind my back; can you imagine any misbehaviour more barbarous? This race of vaunted homo-sapiens, a brood of so many morons, unable to slough off a mere taboo is pluming itself on its culture!! This bally pack of jackanapes!"

As the wrath began to cool off a bit Dr. Kailash lighted a cheroot.

"KEEP AN EYE ON HER"

Dr. Kailash was returning home that day with a light heart after completing the inspection of another

beautiful bride in the house of Satya Das. Scarcely had he stepped across the gate when he marked Yadu and Nitai before the study of Sukumar engaged in hilarious exchanges with Tulasi.

"You bloody rascals! What the hell are you doing there?"

Tulasi taking the plate in her hand legged it out of the compound. Yadu and Nitai fumbling futilely for something of an excuse dropped into an abrupt silence. Kailashbabu then turned towards Sukumar and addressed in a shout, "Why do you keep your doors open? That bit of fluff I find pottering round and round your study for some days past. Be on your guard, keep an eye on her—none would ever know when she would make off with something or other. Do you follow?"

After that addressing Sukumar's mother Kailashbabu went on, "Just returning after seeing Momota —the daughter of Satya Das. As for me I have almost given my final approval. It now remains for you and Sukumar to go and see her. Please do it soon and be done with this business. Have mercy on me this way."

The due visit was paid by them for the inspection of Momota. Doubtless there was an uncommon beauty about her! Her complexion had impenetrable quality of the darkness of the new moon, all her limbs stamped out with an unfeminine harshness; the massive array of bones in her wrists and elbows and the masculine shagginess were among her points strong enough to cause a virile man to blush to the roots of his hair. Her image of beauty recalled the robust structure of a Dravidian heroine—with a mat of fibrous hair, coarse and frizzy, adorning her ample skull like a shiny mass of sable clouds on the peak of the Mount Nilgiri. It was Sukumar who felt crushed under the hard stare of Momota—a stare not of a specimen of weaker sex gone abegging for a husband but a stare wherein sparkled unclipped even by a single bat of the eye-lid an unblushing scrutiny, guiding the choice of one's own husband; Sukumar was being taped by Momota.

In his introduction Satyababu spoke of the accomplishments of his daughter, of her industrious nature due to her sound health. In her student life, it was mentioned, she bore away all the prizes of the sport-meets.

Returning from his visit of inspection Sukumar dropped in sulks after reciting the details of the physiognomy of the girl for the benefits of other members of the family.

His aunt grew a bit worried and began to turn in her head a dilemma, "That's the regret; the dowry is substantial here, gifts and donations will also be heavy, but to what use of all this against the ogrish structure of her!"

In spite of that Dr. Kailash didn't change his mind. He decided this time to take a firm stand on the matter, he would not surrender himself to the opinions of others and make again a thorough fool of himself.

"I WILL GO TO WAR"

But, as always, the most unexpected had happened: Sukumar had bidden defiance. This time he opened his lips and intimidated Ranu, "Finding father rubbing nowadays too much of his shoulder with Satya Das! If he settles my marriage there—tell him betimes—I will go to war."

On hearing the horror implicit in his warlike decision his aunt got the gooseflesh, his mother left the kitchen and got herself engaged in the initial bout of quarrel with Dr. Kailash in his drawing room. But that incident was not adequate to alter anything. Dr. Kailash this once was as firm as anything. He was absolutely decided not to budge an inch.

Sukumar's mother exploded into a cry, "Thinking of marrying away your son with that model of ugliness! Do you think your son would ever tread her shadow? Better send your son into exile from your house with a pair of tongs than arrange such a marriage!"

But no dent was visible in the determination of Kailashbabu. Nothing except the date he left to be fixed up.

Sukumar ordered Ranu aggressively, "Listen, you are to inform me as soon your she-diviner presents herself in this house in future."

"Which diviner you mean?"

"I mean the one who said soothingly about my getting a charming wife, money and all that......I want now simply to uproot her tongue."

Dr. Kailash overheard this brutal dialogue and boiled over with rage. Calling in Sukumar's mother he placed before her the angry question, "Could you tell me what are you all up to?"

With much trepidation and looking Dr. Kailash in the face Sukumar's mother replied, "What is the matter, dear?"

"Wish your son to be married?"

"Is there any doubt we won't?"

"Tell me frankly do you want an honest bride or a beautiful bride?"

Sukumar's mother paused for some time and replied with diffidence, "A beautiful bride."

"That's settled. So you give me now in writing whom to be taken as beautiful—the one with wasp-like waist and mature, opulent breast and so on so forth........you must now write them down........ I will conduct my future inspections of brides with reference to the characteristics listed by you."

At such an outrageous proposal it became difficult for Sukumar's mother to keep her temper in check. Collecting herself she remarked, "Better you stop doing your inspections; leave it to us."

"Many thanks. So may I deem myself relieved of the burden?"

"You may."

After that Dr. Kailash returned quickly to his



A sort of commotion one day in the direction of the garden attracted the attention of the doctor.

former peaceful routine—attending to hospitals and devoting himself entirely to the examinations of corpses in the post-mortem house.

COMMOTION IN GARDEN

A sort of commotion one day in the direction of the garden attracted the attention of the doctor—Yadu and Nitai were seen in the throes of an action, dragging Tulasi by her scruff out of the garden.

"What is the matter, Nitai?"

"This chip of the girl is a perfect rascal—Huzoor, throwing stones at the master's study because she was not paid by our master. See! how deep she put her teeth into my hand!"

Dr. Kailash burst out, "Simply intolerable! This get of a beggar taking the proverbial advantage of an inch! Hand her to the Police if she treads my compound again."

Even after being conducted outside the gate she struggled to throw like a mad woman a few more stones whereupon Dr. Kailash advised caution, "Always keep the gate under lock and key."

The time was the afternoon of that very day; Dr. Kailash was about to enter into the compound of his house very late at night after attending his patients when Tulasi on her tip-toe was sneaking out of the gate like a thief. On seeing Kailashbabu she broke into a run. On raising the alarm Yadu and Nitai presented themselves then and there armed with lathis.

In an extreme disgust Dr. Kailash remarked, "What are all these? The gate is flung open, lights are still burning on the verandah and also in Sukumar's study, my drawing room is open and you people are all awake, yet that shrimp of a girl managed to get away with the booty so successfully! How strange !!"

Dr. Kailash immediately afterwards began to rummage the whole house, "Made hay of my room! Who has done it? Where is the phial of belladonna kept on the table! Who has removed it? Who has done all these?"

HAPPIEST NEWS OF THE DAY

That day was not at all good—the sky was overcast and threatening since the gloomy morning. On that day Dr. Kailash was duly informed by Kanaibabu of the discovery of a beautiful bride—the daughter of Jagat Ghoshal. Sukumar and many others had approved of this girl—a flawless one in respect of pedigree, education, culture etc.

Dr. Kailash congratulated, "Thank God! You people have at last discovered something I will call the Alladin's Lamp; doubtless it's the happiest news of the day!"

"To-night you will have to perform the advance ceremony of blessing your daughter-in-law."

"I will."

Just at that moment was brought by Yadu the news of the arrival of three corpses.

Dr. Kailash whereupon told Yadu, "Get moving now and be finished with their dissections or else in the evening I shall be busy in the blessing ceremony of my daughter-in-law to-be."

Entering the postmortem house Dr. Kailash addressed his assistants, "Seems unusually cloudy, Yadu! Can't see anything clearly, put on those two big gas lights."

Placing the instruments into a gumlah and rolling up his sleeves Dr. Kailash spoke to Yadu, "Shall we be benighted to-day?"

"Certainly not, Huzoor!" assured Yadu.

"Two simple cases of burns—those are known

cases, I will dissect them for you; only one would remain................"

"Now place on the table the one you like. Hurry up."

The doctor started as the cover was removed from the corpse on the table.

"Ah! Who is it Yadu?"

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

In the meantime Yadu stealthily managed to slip out of the room. On hearing the query of the doctor he came inside to reply, "You are right, Huzoor, it is that Tulasi, the beggar's daughter."

Dr. Kailash stood for a few minutes looking densely at Yadu who in this space of a few minutes took the dirty sari and the blouse with innumerable rents off the body of Tulasi and threw them down on the floor.

At his second attempt to slip out of the room Dr. Kailash roared out; "Where the hell are you going?" Treat the corpse well with spirit, pass on the bottle of eucalyptus oil, burn some camphor and another gas light."

"One more unfortunate!" A tinge of sadness characterised his exclamation. Dr. Kailash laid his hands on Tulasi.

The skull was sawed into two. The knife in Dr. Kailash's hand went upon the corpse dancing, cutting and breathing stertorously The throat was ripped open longitudinally, trunk separated by a few vigorous blows of his knife; and the ribs were broken in professional skill with a pair of pincers by Dr. Kailash.

The eye-lids of Tulasi seemed to be laden with sleep; slitting them apart with his pincers Dr. Kailash saw the pair of restful eye-balls bedimmed as if in the gloom of a shock of injured affection: the dehydrated whites of eyes were thoroughly crumpled up; lachrymal ducts looked morose through over-shedding.

"Ah! Perhaps weeped piteously before her death!" remarked Dr. Kailash.

"Surely Huzoor!" went on Yadu. "Cried she must have, Huzoor! It's a case of suicide which people attempt in a pet and then cry for life to death."

"Might it be a case of strangulation?" — suspected Dr. Kailash and brought more suspicion into his examination. But where was the mark of assault? The mass of vocal chords was as unwrung as the windpipe was intact. The robust tongue lay soaked in excessive saliva!

"So much saliva! Perhaps had her last fill before dying!"

"Yes, Huzoor, these beggars usually die of over-eating."

A veteran anatomist was this Dr. Kailash but he even was struck dumb by this ugly Tulasi. How different corpses—from the chaste one of woman to those of the courtesans living on their beautiful bodies—had passed through his hands! The veteran doctor Kailash though couldn't keep count of them had seen much of their insides, their inner beauty dull, flat and colourless. But Tulasi had whipped creation!

BELLADONNA! — MURDER!

Dr. Kailash brought near the gas light and fixed his gaze on the covetous figure, the ungarbed reality of a human form, a garden in broad bloom of coral flowers: the white matter of the brain looked like a largish pat of butter and the buoyant auricles and ventricles lay like a pair of lotuses; myriads of glossy membranes drooped like silken hangings; the network of fine capillaries seemed merged in every mysterious corner of the heart

Dr. Kailash was completely engrossed; he gazed on at the muscular fibres—red and arranged layer upon layer with a faint sprinkle here and there of white fat appearing like ice-dust—at those arteries carrying the life down the spine

Dr. Kailash drew the light closer to himself and pored on: a colonnade of glands—large and small—coruscating like so many broken pieces of crystals; the aorta reposing in perfect restfulness! Profuse bubbles of lymphs stood at the connections of arteries. The mass of fibres and the set of young bones bathed in glandular secretions, glittered in the light of day like so many precious stones of the casket with its lid taken off.

Dr. Kailash became thoroughly possessed and lost himself in a reverie, "Was there anyone to bother about the beauty of Tulasi! A day might come when the blight of this dark attitude of man towards woman would clear away: a lover might be born in future to glorify this beauty; perhaps a new Taj-mahal would go up to enshrine her memory........ Let me cut it out..........."

Dr. Kailash brought his mind out of his reverie to his dissection table Yadu advised, "Huzoor! You won't find the mark of any assault in this part of the body; open the belly."

With a single blow of his knife Dr. Kailash ripped open her stomach and found himself on the spot where the fangs of death had cut the thread of life: a ball, stewed in pancreatic juice, of undigested pieces of bread, sandesh and.....and belladonna! !.....

"Murder ! !"

The knife dropped from his hand on the floor with a metallic resonance which seemed to frighten Dr. Kailash.

The carotids of Dr. Kailash swelled in excitement; beads of perspiration looking like so many crystals of brilliant dripped from his forehead on the floor.

GREETING HIS GRANDSON

Again in a fit of acute restlessness Dr. Kailash drew near the table. Taking up the knife in a swoop Dr. Kailash cut two ties in the abdomen of Tulasi. Holding in the nickel grip of the forceps he lifted up as if with an immeasurable affection an over-soft, shapely foetal sac—the membraneous world fertilised in the maternal fluid—for holding the human race. In the serpentine embrace of arteries seemed to lie crushed and crumpled up a baby Asia turned blue as though with the bite of poison.

Dr. Kailash's lips were quivering in an unbearable agony; just at that moment came in Yadu and called out, "Huzoor ! Huzoor !" On getting no response Yadu slipped out of the room and seated himself by the side of Nitai.

Nitai enquired, "Yadu ! Why so much delay? What is he doing ?"

"Perhaps the bloody old crook might be greeting his grandson."

Rendered into English by Rabindra Nath Deb-Barma



The Author

By SANTOSH KUMAR DE

THE news spread like wild fire throughout the office, that Phani Sen, the despatch clerk was an author. His first novel, or rather novellette, was just out, and the library of the office recreation club had received a complimentary copy from the shy author himself. Phani Sen had handed over the copy to the honorary librarian as shamefacedly as if he had committed a crime, or at least a nuisance, by having fathered a novel. And the librarian, a fellow clerk, had looked at Phani's blushing face with admiring eyes.

"So you have written a novel?" The librarian had asked. A question quite superfluous. And Phani had answered something like "I am afraid, I have."

Phani had seemed to be very particular that the librarian should keep the matter secret. But the treacherous librarian betrayed him by circulating the fact till even the bearers learnt that the innocent-looking Phani Sen was not so innocent after all, that he was clever enough to have produced a work of fiction.

It was a love story, a very simple boy-meets-girl or girl-meets-boy affair. Of course there were several hurdles the lovers had to cross before the matrimonial music was sounded, for readers (including readeresses) feel cheated if lovers win each other too easily. Besides, it is the obstacles that fill most space so as to make up the proper length for a novel; a *Vini, Vidi, Vici* or *I came, I saw, I conquered* affair might at best make up a short story.

Phani Sen went on despatching letters as usual, but he could not help feeling *a difference*. However much he tried, he could not get rid of the blushing consciousness that he was the first novelist in the history of Bengali (or perhaps any) literature who was at the same time a despatch clerk too. As he looked at the faces of the other clerks in the office he noticed, or imagined that he noticed, admiration in some and hidden envy in others. He secretly pitied the obvious enviers and felt like telling them that everyone cannot write a novel;—genius is genius, a gift from God Himself.

THE TERRIBLE SUMMONS

A few days later, Phani was summoned to the chamber of Mr. Bose, the Boss No. 2. The Managing Director was, theoretically, the Boss No. 1, but as he meddled very little in the day-to-day affairs of the office, Mr. Bose was practically *the* Boss. He had a very high foreign degree, had been in Europe for several years, and on his way back home had brought with him an English wife. His personal steno was a lively and lovely lady who knew no language but English. And nobody in the office had ever heard Mr. Bose utter a word outside English. Even the bearers knew spoken English, because they *had* to *know*. It seemed to be a whimsical fancy of Mr. Bose—this insistence on English. Some in the office called him mad; of course behind his back. Phani Sen's heart started trembling at the terrible summons. Why did Mr. Bose want him in his chamber? But Mr. Bose's summons was Mr. Bose's summons, and go he must without delay. So he went.

Phani entered, bowed, and stood at attention.



You can't stop them rushing into your head even during the office hours, can you?

Mr. Bose, smoking his eternal pipe, was dictating a letter to his steno-secretary. He beckoned Phani to sit down on a chair. Phani hesitated.

"Sit down, please," said Mr. Bose. A command in the garb of a polite request. Phani obeyed instinctively.

Mr. Bose finished his dictation in a few moments and then turned to Phani Sen.."I am glad to learn that you are an author," he said. The smile on his face convinced Phani that the Boss was really glad. At the same time Phani felt superior. Was he not an author? A man with the divine gift of creation? And what was this Mr. Bose after all? With all his *foreign qualifications*, as they say in common parlance, and his fat salary and foreign wife, his luxurious bungalow and all that, what was Mr. Bose but a dignified clerk? Any stupid son of a wealthy father could go abroad, come back with a foreign degree and a foreign wife, and then fill a high salaried chair. But an author? Well, there is no such royal road to authorship; it needs real genius. So Phani Sen, who had previously felt so small, now felt big, much bigger than the fat-salaried dignified clerk before him with a costly smoking pipe between his teeth.

INTERVIEW WITH THE BOSS

"Let me see now," said Mr. Bose. "You have been working in this office for something like four years. Am I right?"

"Nearly, sir," said Phani.

"Despatching?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you start writing? Only recently?"

"No sir. Even before I became the despatch clerk here I used to write short stories for some journals."

"I see," said Mr. Bose. "I am afraid you must be haunted by story-plots off and on? You can't stop them rushing into your head even during t office hours. Can you?"

The talk was taking a dangerous course, seemed to Phani. Was Mr. Bose hinting that he w neglecting his office duties by racking his brain f story-plots?

"I do not allow outside thoughts to intrude up my duty hours, sir," he said. The tremor in h voice betrayed his nervousness, and brought a smi in Mr. Bose's lips and eyes.

"I was not hinting *that*, my friend." Mr. Bo said. "You have been doing your routine job ve efficiently, without a single slip so far. I neve thought you had it in you to write a novel. I a glad, very glad, that such routine work has not bee able to crush your creative faculty. You are n even a matriculate. Are you?"

"I am not, sir," said Phani, feeling a litt humiliated.

"Good," said Mr. Bose. "All the more remark-able. Of course, I have not yet gone through you book. I have asked my servant to buy me a cop today. Our Head Clerk told me it isn't a bad nove And I hope I can believe him. But, you see, always prefer to know things at first hand rathe than blindly accept somebody's opinion."

Phani felt humiliated to learn that Mr. Bose ha asked his *servant* to buy a copy of his book. B after all a Boss was a Boss, and he swallowed th humiliation. Only he said, "But, sir, will you be ab to follow a novel written entirely in Bengali?"

Mr. Bose burst into a good natured laughte. "Why not?" he said. "Isn't Bengali my mothe tongue? Why, didn't you know that?"

"And do you know," he added, "Mrs. Bose i also learning my mother tongue. I shall ask he also to read your novel and tell me how she likes i Let's hope she will like it."

Some days passed after this interview whic

seemed to Phani half encouraging, half humiliating. No further summons from Mr. Bose. Phani wondered whether his *servant* had bought him a copy of the novel yet.

COMMAND—AN HONOUR TOO

One day he was surprised to receive an invitation to attend a private literary meeting in the house of a well-known citizen of the well-known city. In one corner of the letter of invitation was written one word COME, under which there was the unmistakable signature of Mr. Bose. To Phani this meant a command; an honour too.

Phani went to the meeting. Mr. Bose was there. He received Phani with a smile and introduced him to the host and some of the guests as an *author,* and seemed rather proud that this *author* was a member on the s... of his own office.



I — I couldn't even dream that you are Jadukar .....

"I call him rather remarkable," Mr. Bose said to those to whom he introduced Phani. "Drudgery of his routine work has, instead of damping, rather warmed up his creative faculty, and his very first novel is quite promising."

The meeting was meant for a reception to be given to a German poet on visit to India. The German gave his speech in broken English. Then the host rose and said:

"Gentlemen! Allow me now to disclose a secret to you. All of you have read and re-read the wonderful writings of 'JADUKAR,' the modern wizard of Bengali *belles lettres*, and admired them. You do not yet know who the *author* of those writings really is. Who is the man hiding behind the pen-name 'JADUKAR'? He has been very persistent in keeping himself concealed behind the pen-name; I don't know why. Taking courage in both hands, and risking his keenest displeasure, I have decided to take him by surprise today and betray him to you. Here is the mysterious 'JADUKAR.'"

He walked over to Mr. Bose and embraced him. Mr. Bose was very evidently not prepared for this. The shock of sudden surprise was writ large on his face. It was no pose; even a child could feel that.

Everybody was spell-bound. The name 'JADUKAR' was really a name to conjure with. The secret had so long been very zealously guarded, and there were hundreds of guesses, all wide off the mark. It was farthest from everybody's wildest surmise that the *anglicised* Mr. Bose, husband of an English wife, the de facto dictator of a big commercial firm, was the most distinguished living writer in the world of Bengali literature.

WE ARE BOTH AUTHORS

The shock of surprise was most violent on Phani Sen. He sat glued to his seat, stupefied, silent, statue-like.

At the special request of the host, backed by all the guests present, Mr. Bose, *i.e.*, the one and only 'JADUKAR', gave a very lucid Bengali version of the German poet's just delivered speech, for the benefit of those who had not quite been able to follow the German poet's much-broken English. He also recited some of his own Bengali verse translations from the German poet's finest poems. Mr. Bose recited wonderfully, and his translations were as beautiful as original Bengali poems of the highest order, none of them smacking of translation. The whole audience was spell-bound.

There was tea and light refreshment after the meeting. Mr. Bose had Phani seated by him with great affection, and took him in his car after the eating-and-drinking (tea of course) affair was over.

"I beg to be forgiven, sir," said Phani Sen with tears in his eyes.

"Foolish young man. Why weep?" said Mr. Bose, patting lovingly on Phani's back.

"I—I couldn't even dream that you are 'JADUKAR," Phani said. "I took you to be a perfect snob, an anglicised highbrow with supreme contempt for your mother tongue. I, as an author, felt myself superior to you, sir, if you allow me to make a clean breast of it all. Now I learn, to my infinite shame, that I do not even deserve to touch a particle of dust of your shoes. Can you ever forgive me, sir?"

"Forgive?" said Mr. Bose, smiling with mock anger. "I shall never forgive you if you mention superiority or inferiority. You are an author. And, now that my friend has so treacherously given my long-cherished secret away, I am an author too. We are both authors. That is all."

(Adapted into English by Ajit Krishna Basu)

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

(Continued from page 116)

askance, fellow workers dubbed him as a puritan and idealist. Others said that he was unpractical. He felt choked. Tears came into his eyes. He had erred. He had been worsted in life's struggles. What had he gained by these tall talks of idealism? Life's broad aim was to be happy. That was the only measure of its success. Renunciation was merely a negative phase. One must enjoy. One must fulfil. One must fructify. Mere negation, mere denial would not do. In what way was he a better man than his cousin Girin? He was not even a matriculate. Yet he had a good job in a mercantile company. His superiors liked him. He ate, drank and was merry. He had secured jobs for many. Even his mother had one day interceded for Atin—Why not get him a job in Calcutta? What, a 1st Class M.A. like Atin da in our office? Are you mad?

Well, there was Bikash. He was happy too with his Guru and his Ashrama. He would say—Atin, see, this is the world. Without divine help nothing can be done. Everything is illusion. Take refuge in Him. Even that perhaps would have been of some avail.

Atin was completely absorbed in his thoughts whence he was suddenly aroused by some body calling him gently and reverentially — Mastermahasaya — sir —

Atin looked up and found a young man in short and shirt, standing before him. He could not immediately spot him and simply asked — Sorry, I cannot............

I am Sushil...........

Atin added wearily — Sushil, which Sushil?

Sir, I have been out of this place for the last ten years. I was in Burma. You remember the Samantas of Jagadishpur and my uncle Raghu Mondal.

Oh! Yes.

You will recall that twelve years ago when my uncle said he would no longer be able to help me in the prosecution of my studies, my widowed mother tried her level best to get a free studentship for me in the local school but the Headmaster was not only adamant but turned my mother out, because I was not too bright a boy academically. You were there and you told my weeping mother that she need not bother about her son's school fees but asked her to send the boy to school as usual.

Yes, Atin remembered. Quite a sizable portion of his meagre rupees fifty-five had been wasted like this.

Atin said—Well, well, I am so glad........my blessings to you, my boy. What brings you here?

He said a little hesitantly—Sir, I have a duty to perform. He took the dust of Atin's feet and kept there a bundle of notes.

What is this? Atin asked a little irritated.

PUPIL'S HOMAGE

Sir—he replied—It is the clearance of my debt. You paid my school fees. I am now by God's grace earning handsomely. Why should I not pay back what you gave me? My mother always used to speak of you and her last words to me were—Sushil, my dear, do not forget your Mastermahasaya's debt. That debt of course cannot be repaid. It is not the amount sir. It is my homage to you. Please, please, sir, do not refuse.

Atin felt elated. He was transported to high heavens. Here was a mother and a son who had not



'Sir, I have a duty to perform.' He took the dust of Atin's feet and kept there a bundle of notes.

forgotten him. All his sense of frustration and weakening of fibre vanished as if by magic.

No, no, I never gave it to you as loan—Please do not ask me to take it back.

The boy was insistent too—No, my mother's soul would not rest satisfied if I do not do this. I gave her a promise at her deathbed.

Atin thought for a while and then said—Well, you hand over this money to the Headmaster and tell him to utilize it for a poor student. There should be only one condition that the boy should be told that when he begins to earn, he should, if possible, support another deserving poor student in his turn and that boy in his turn should do so.

Atin was now his old self. His birthday had fulfilled itself. Nothing was lost. He remembered the poet—Life's last dope of love was man's final blessing. Nothing ends, all but begins.

(Translated by the author from his original Bengali)

Folk Dances of INDIA



ORISSA

ASSAM





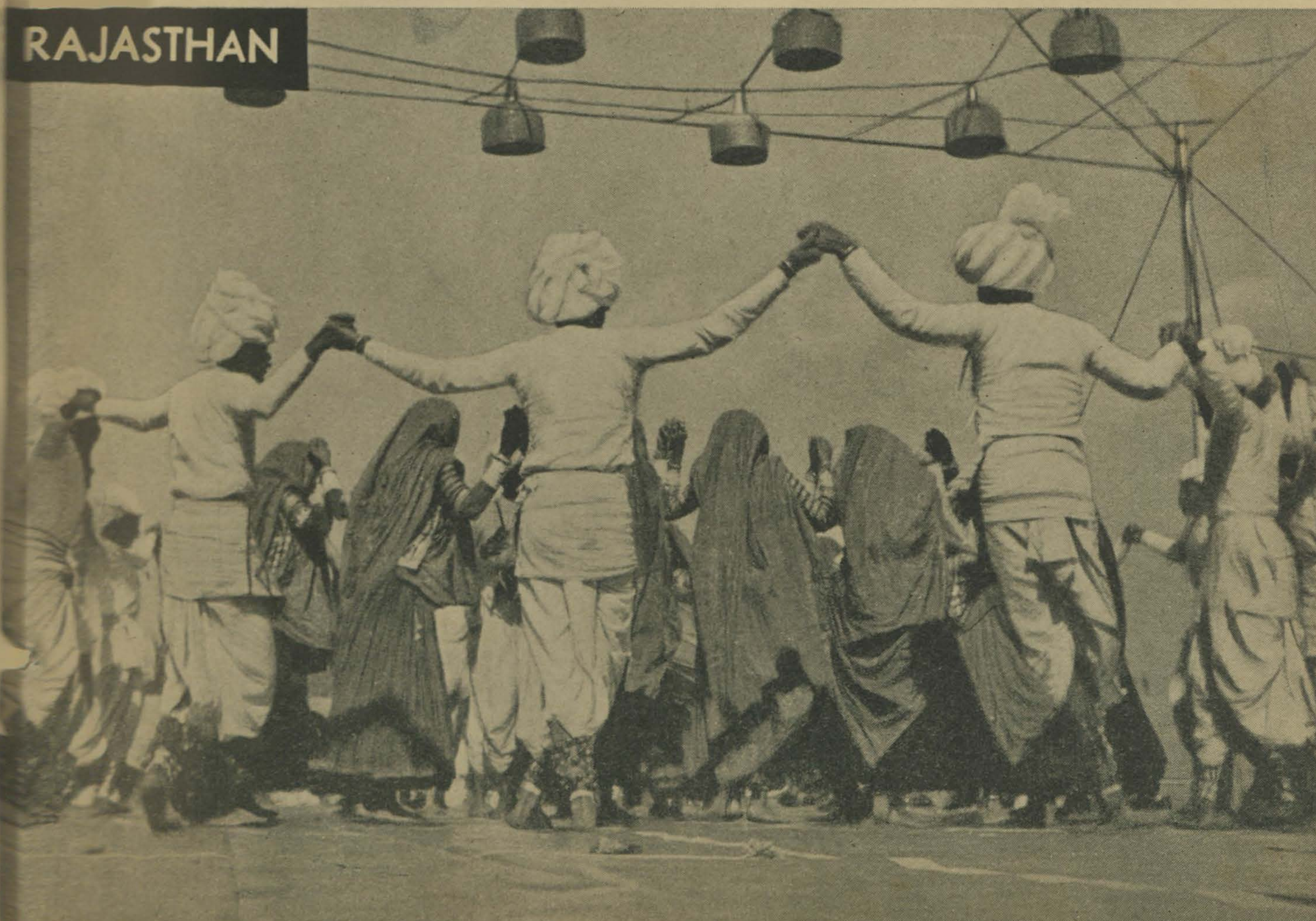
BIHAR

BOMBAY




UTTAR PRADESH

RAJASTHAN




PUNJAB


JAMMU & KASHMIR



KERALA

MADRAS




WEST BENGAL


MADHYA PRADESH


NAGA HILLS

NEFA


TEA



THE popularity of tea as a hot drink is due mainly to its Caffeine content. Recently, the vitamin contents in a cup of brewed tea (excluding sugar and milk) has been chemically analysed and it is considered that if a person takes five cups of tea a day, his requirement of certain types of vitamins may be satisfied to the extent of about 8% of his needs. But surely, it is not for the food value that a cup of tea is so welcome in many parts of the world, but it is for the vigour and stamina that it gives. Tea enlivens and activises the muscles in a living body. Further, its aroma and taste create the immediate crave for it. After all, "tea is still the cheapest of exotic beverages". And what one cannot discuss over a cup of tea!

By P. C. DATTA

INDIA'S COMPETITORS

India is the country of tea. She is the greatest producer with highest acreage and consequently the biggest exporter of tea. And also she is the second biggest consuming country. Except for the machinery for manufacture of tea, India does not import anything for this industry and is, therefore, self-sufficient both in raw material and labour. No place in the world is more well-suited for tea cultivation than Assam where the bulk of the tea which India produces is grown. No wonder, therefore, that a fourth of India's foreign exports is in tea. But still, today India is facing competition from other tea producing countries not only in the main international market for tea—London—but also in the other consuming countries. And it is not only Ceylonese tea that is commanding a better market in the West but there are potential competitors from the East African countries and other countries like Georgia who are coming forward in the field of tea production. Indian tea is becoming comparatively dear in the world markets and it is felt that the essential need for maintaining a steady and growing foreign export in tea is possible only by vigorous quality control conducted by independent bodies.

PRODUCTION: INDIA AT TOP

The total quantity of world production of tea is on the increase. The total amount of tea available for consumption other than those in the producing countries like China and Japan in 1958, was 1490 million lbs, of which over 715 million lbs. were produced in India. The comparative position of production and export of tea from the six main tea

producing countries (excluding China and Japan) are shown below :

	In million lbs. Production	Export	In thousand acres Area
India	715	505	803
Ceylon	413	410	576
Indonesia	101	83	185
East Africa	62	51	82
Pakistan	56	10	76

So far as the volume of export is concerned, Ceylon is very near to India. Tea from Ceylon sells more easily in the world's market for its quality which is less divergent than Indian teas. This is due mainly to the general altitude advantage of the plantations in Ceylon. Also, Ceylon has experimented in the processes of manufacture, and cheaper varieties using latest non-traditional methods of production have been placed in the world's market which competes more favourably with other teas of the world.

Next to Ceylon comes Indonesia which suffered a setback during the World War II. The tea industry in both these two countries solely depends on the international market as internal consumption is not high. With the cessation of Amsterdam as an international tea mart, Djakarta has taken its place. Though third in importance, Indonesia is far behind both India and Ceylon and as at present it may not by itself be a great rival to the two main producing countries.

AFRICAN & PAKISTAN TEA

The East African countries like Kenya and Nyasaland have, however, made great headway since 1949 when their production was only 6 million and 12 million lbs. respectively. Also the other two countries, Uganda and Tanganyika are gradually coming up in the world's tea markets. The position of Pakistan in the international tea market has not been steady and with 27 million lbs. of export in 1949 it shows only over 10 million lbs. in 1958.

Leaving China and Japan who consume most of their production and send a part to Russia, it seems that Ceylon with its increasing production and other advantages and Indonesia, Nyasaland, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika are finding easy way in the world's markets.

India will, therefore, have to maintain a steady supply of improved quality of tea and take steps to expand her markets and increase production if she has to put a stop to the deteriorating trends in her foreign trade.

An examination of the position of tea consumption in different countries of the world is thus important for taking a complete view of the situation. The following figures will show the nature of consumption of tea in the different countries of world :

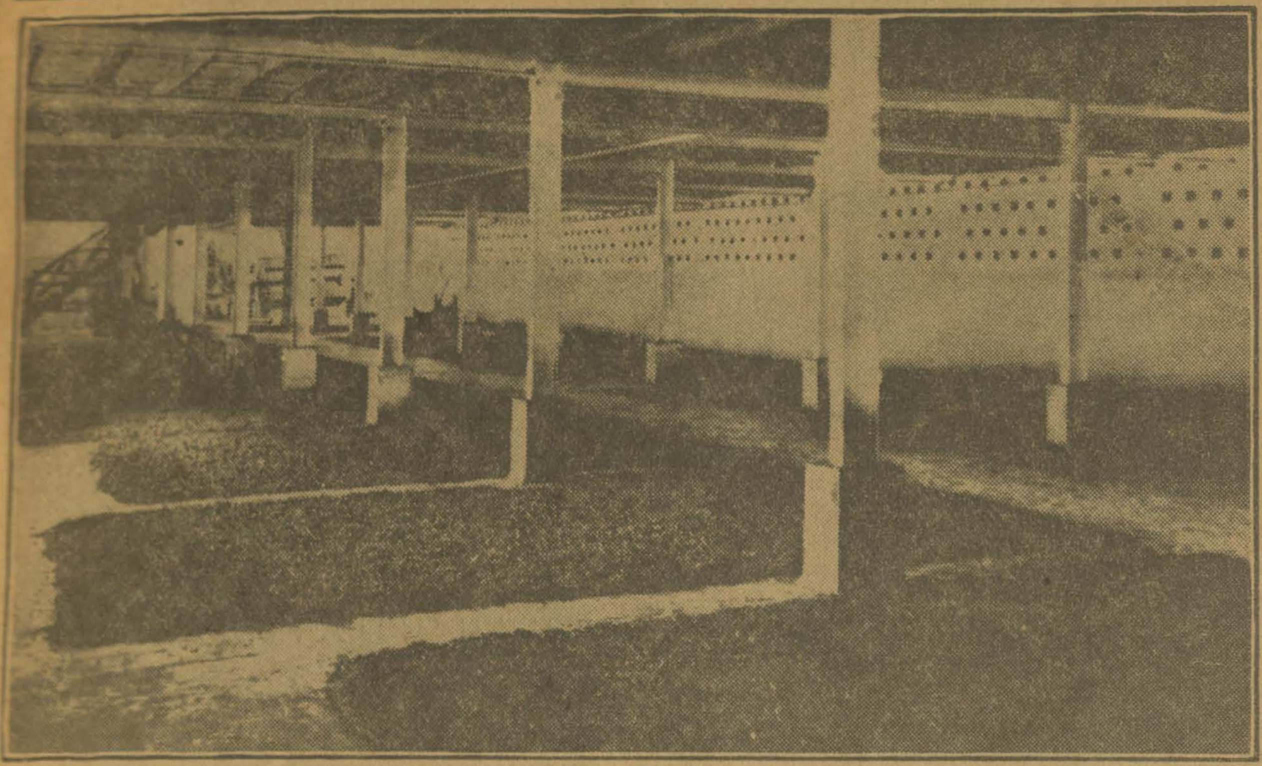
	Tea imports in 1958	Tea exports from India	Pakistan	Ceylon	Indonesia	Af
U.K.	555 m.lbs.	325	10	161	15	
U.S.A.	102 ,, ,,	25	—	37	7	
Australia	60 ,, ,,	7	—	41	8	
Egypt	50 ,, ,,	25	—	5	—	
Canada	43 ,, ,,	19	—	17	—	
Iran	25 ,, ,,	12				
South Africa	25					
Iraq	25					
U.S.S.R.	—	25				
Netherlands	19	2				
Ireland	18	15				
Arabia & Bahrein	16					
New Zealand	16	1				
West Germany	13	4				

INDIA'S MARKET: EXPANSION SCOPE

The main feature of world's tea consumption is thus obvious. Except India, and China and Japan where most of the produced tea is consumed internally, in other tea producing countries, the internal consumption of tea is insignificant. Though India consumes over two million pounds of tea annually her per capita consumption is low to the extent of 0.4 lb. There is enough scope, therefore, to extend the internal market for tea in India which, however, is not the subject of our present discussion. Among the importing countries, United Kingdom imports over one-third of world's total production and per capita consumption in that country is as high as 10 lbs. U.S.A. which, on an average, imports one hundred million pounds of tea annually and is thus second in position in tea imports, has however a low per capita consumption of 0.7 lb. The other importing countries where per capita consumption is high are Eire, Australia, New Zealand, and Iraq. In total imports Australia, Egypt and Canada are the important countries next to U.K. In the two latter countries there is per capita consumption of 2 and 3 lbs. respectively. So, among the important importing countries there is little scope for increasing consumption in U.K., Eire, Australia and New Zealand. Among the less important importing countries Iraq has a high per capita consumption and therefore the scope for expansion of consumption of tea in that country is also limited. All efforts to increase consumption of tea and extension of tea market for India should, therefore, be mainly concentrated in U.S.A., Canada, Egypt, South Africa, Middle Eastern countries, Netherlands, West Germany and if possible, in some of the other European countries not so far invaded by this beverage.

PRODUCE MORE & EXPORT MORE

Expansion of tea market for India has to be viewed in its double aspects. In the Second Five-Year Plan a production target of 700 million pounds of tea had been laid down. It is gratifying to note that this target has already been reached as the 1958 production would show. However, it is not in the production target of this 'magic leaf' in the Plans which is significant. It is rather in its extraordinary position as the exchange earner for financing the Plans that its position should be studied. In a



Fermentation is an important process in the manufacture of black tea. After rolling, the leaves are put in a cool humid place to absorb oxygen, as seen in the picture.

borrowing economy and economy of deficit financing, there can be no better policy than to go all out to expand the export trade, particularly in the countries where the sources of borrowing are located. Our gap between the value of imports and exports shows a hollow of Rs. 300 crores at present. In a total of exports worth Rs. 570.5 crores of goods, tea claimed Rs. 136.5 crores during the year 1958. Though it cannot be thought of that any increase in the production and export of tea would by itself eliminate such a huge gap in our foreign trade, tea can, along with other items like textiles and jute products, help to a great extent to minimise India's future burdens. It is very important, therefore, to examine fully how best it is possible to increase production of tea and also simultaneously expand its market outside so that our future Plans may be less burdensome for the posterity.

MORE LAND FOR TEA

However, tea has another aspect of importance in the economy of this country. In an agricultural country with a growing population, an industry which is essentially dependent on land not required for production of staple foodgrains and for which manual labour is required in the very nature of its production, has an important place in the overall national economy. It is, therefore, in the employment of semi-skilled labour and reclamation of forest lands otherwise not useful that tea production is considered particularly valuable in India. In countries where manual labour is costly in spite of other advantages, tea industry cannot so easily develop. Experiments are being made to replace manual labour in plucking, and such other processes in tea plantations in Georgia in the U.S.S.R. The success obtained, however, is only partial. But this is not likely to affect India where unemployment of unskilled labour is chronic. So in the success of the Five Year Plans both in the field of exchange earning to make up for the deficit caused by import of capital goods and basic materials as well as for creating employment avenues, tea industry has a great place.

In the world's export market for tea, India's position is perhaps unassailable. She is producing nearly half the total requirement and commands more than one-third of the world's export trade. Also tea is now on the top of the exported commodities from India. Still, due to various reasons India's present position in the world market is not totally unchallenged. Ceylon, which is closely following India in the export of tea, is already gaining ground in the U.K., the main market for tea. Ceylon's position is much better than that of India's in the U.S.A. and Australia and in Canada she has as much market as that of India's. In Iraq, Ceylon was almost the only importing country till recently but by a bilateral agreement India is sending a substantial quantity of tea to that country. In some of the smaller consuming countries also Ceylon has a fairly good market. However, U.K. is still importing double the quantity she imports from Ceylon, from India; and East Africa and Indonesia do not seem to be in a very strong position in that country. A thorough survey into the market conditions as well as reasons for the growing popularity of Ceylon tea in the five main consuming countries should be undertaken immediately so that the real cause for which India has not yet found it possible to make further headway is known.

MORE CAPITAL INVESTMENT

Regarding the production efforts in the industry, our main drawback seems to be the absence of increasing capital investment for replacing unecono-

(Continued on Page 136)

PAHARPUR

OUSHADHALAYA

In the Service of the Nation



Paharpur Started its career with the blessings of God in so far as it was established in 1927 at the propitious direction received from most powerful God Rameswar of Paharpur (Dinajpur District—East Pakistan). An indigenous herb was discovered by the Command of His Holiness Lord Rameswar and the news spread far and wide. Thus inspired Paharpur Oushadhalaya announced in 1929 heavy Cash rewards for original Formulas of ancient Ayurveda Shastras for specific remedies for various diseases. Consequently numerous applications from eminent Ayurvedic Physicians from all over India containing tried formulas of effective Ayurvedic medicines of various incurable diseases reached the hand of Paharpur Oushadhalaya. Repeated analysis and experiments during the years of 1931 and 1933 brought those medicines to perfection. And thus Paharpur Oushadhalaya began functioning as a full-fledged Ayurvedic Institution with the devout object of serving the suffering Humanity. Dr. Meghnad Saha (no longer amidst us), the world renowned Scientist, visited the factory of Paharpur in 1946 and highly praised its aims and objects and also the medicines manufactured by it.

The Board of Directors and Physicians of Paharpur Oushadhalaya consists of :-

1. Sri Amiya Bala Devi, Ayurvedasastri - distinguished Physician in female diseases.
2. Sri Dharanidhar Goswami, Baidyasastri, formerly attached to the Baidyasastrapith Hospital.
3. Sri Kaliprasanna Sankhyatirtha, Saradarsanasastri, formerly Professor, Astanga Ayurved College.
4. Sri Anil Bandhu Das, B.Sc. Chief Chemist and Technologist.
5. Dr. Arun Kumar Ghosh, M.B., D.T.M. (Pathologist).
6. Dr. S. L. Chanda, B.Sc., M.B.B.S., (Now in England).

In the year 1957 only, the audited figures show that Paharpur had to attend one lakh and sixtyfive thousand sick and distressed patients. They have been suffering from various acute and intricate diseases like Rheumatism, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Piles, Asthma, Insomnia, Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, diseases of the eye and ear, liver and other diseases of the stomach, Dispepsia, Acidity, Indigestion, Diabetes, heart diseases, all sorts of female diseases, Leprosy, Leucoderma Eczema, impurities of blood etc. Female patients alone numbered to nearly a lakh.

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THINGS I SAW TO ADMIRE IN TODAY'S GERMANY

By SOOKAMAL KANTI GHOSE

WHEN the Executive Board of the International Press Institute at their meeting in Washington decided to hold the next annual assembly in Berlin, hardly did they realise that the date for holding the conference would synchronise with the ultimatum issued by Mr. Khrushchev on the Allied troops stationed at West Berlin. All of us know that Mr. Khrushchev gave a six months' ultimatum and wanted that by May 27, 1959 the entire Allied troops should withdraw from West Berlin. The conference dates decided on early by the Executive Board were 26th, 27th & 28th May, 1959—venue West Berlin.

It was perhaps natural for the Press of the world to seize the opportunity and attend the assembly at Berlin if not for anything else but to have a thrill of a life-time to be at Berlin on the historic day of May 27. All previous records for attendance were easily broken, over 200 editors, one in five of the total membership of the I.P.I., being registered. They all came to Berlin from 29 countries. The discussion on defence of the Press took a lively turn. The worried participants felt not only relieved but happy when the day passed off peacefully.

TRIBUTE TO ASIAN EDITORS

The redeeming feature of this particular Assembly, to quote Mr. Donald Tyerman of the famous "The Economist" of London and one of the Chairmen of the panel discussion, was "the extraordinary welcome and fruitful place which our Asian members have come to occupy in the proceedings of the I.P.I." Mr. Tyerman further said, "The I.P.I. is in fact becoming genuinely international. It has passed, I think, through three phases. It was born in America and there were people who quite wrongly thought, when it started, that it was some American invention. This was quickly disproved in the second stage, when it struck such deep fruitful roots in Europe—a great period of consolidation in Europe, which made it sure that I.P.I. would go on. And now the centre of gravity has shifted, without the basis in Europe being altered. Now Asia is part of it. Our Asian colleagues do not come here just as esoteric visitors from outside who depart into a world we don't know. They are of us and part of us, and we are very glad and I think I can find no better way of ending the formal proceedings than just by saying that." This time, in fact, representatives from every country in Asia where the I.P.I. had members joined the Assembly.

WELCOME SPEECH

The Assembly took place at the Kongress-halle —an ultra-modern building donated by the Americans situated within firing range of the East Berlin border. It was opened with a political speech by the Governor-Mayor of Berlin, Herr Willy Brandt. Many of us heard Herr Brandt at Calcutta the other day. The sprightly hero of Berlin, who left his country during Hitler days and even changed his nationality, is a tower of strength for the Berliners. A man of conviction and zeal he is. His electrifying speeches are listened to by every German with rapt attention. He is a Social Democrat and as such, he is not in too friendly a term with Chancellor Adenauer who is a Christian Democrat.

These two political parties, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats, mainly differ in their policy towards private capital and as such, we have an opportunity to notice a tussle between socialism in the strictest sense of the term and mixed economy which the present-day West Germany has more or less adopted.

Herr Brandt welcomed us, the representatives of the Free Press and congratulated us on our decision to be in Berlin on the fateful day.

After the opening speech, when he withdrew, we sat to hold our deliberations.

PROPOSED CENTRE IN ASIA

The Institute primarily stands for the Freedom of Press and has always fought whenever that freedom was assailed in any part of the world. Besides that, the Institute thrives on the unremitting help it renders to the Press of the world for its further development. We are happy that at the present moment the Institute is examining the possibility of organising an Asian Centre for our benefit. The Assembly discussed the proposal at great length and happily did we hear the voice of an Indian representative who, while congratulating the Institute on this laudable move, remarked that Asia was composed of many different countries, each of which had its own special kind of problems. He suggested that if it were not possible to deal with the Asian Continent in its entirety, the problems there could be tackled country by country so that a good job could be made of it. He further said that the Press in India needed

not only journalistic improvement, but also managerial upgrading and advice on how to get more advertisement, how to build up a better circulation, how to maintain the progress already achieved and consolidate the Freedom of the Press. It was heartening to hear Mr. E. J. B. Rose, the Director of the I.P.I. agreeing to this view. At the same time, he emphasised the value of one centre in Asia where it would be possible to bring together leading journalists from across the frontiers. Finally, he observed there was no reason why both types of seminar should not be organised.

One who has studied the progress of the Press in the advanced democratic countries of the world would know how strong it is today and what enormous help it is capable of rendering to the Press of underdeveloped countries.

PRESS IN INDIA

So far as the Indian Press is concerned, we all know we have the strongest base of a Free Press in India, a country wedded to the highest traditions of democracy. But, at the same time, perhaps nobody knows more than we what a great leeway we have still to make up to preserve our traditions and serve the quickly growing readers of our country. We all realise that with the improvement of the living standard and literacy of our people, our Press has to expand greatly to fulfil their increasing obligations. We must get ourselves ready for the bigger tasks ahead and perhaps the best way to achieve that is to study what the Press in the advanced countries of Europe and America and Japan has achieved. The proposal made by the Indian representative to organise seminars in different parts of India under the auspices of the I.P.I. is the answer. One could say rather confidently that these seminars would get services of the successful journalists from the more advanced countries. I am almost sure the plan is workable and we might get help of a panel of journalists from overseas who would be only too happy to come over here and help us in our deliberations. Perhaps none will differ if it is said that the only guarantee for the preservation of democracy is a free and powerful Press. It is realised that it would cost us a lot in implementing the proposal. But do we not know that there are funds and foundations which would be ready to promote a scheme like this? And, to my mind, it is now upto the Indian Press and the I.P.I. to draw up a sensible plan and work towards its fulfilment.

OTHER PERSONAGES

The Assembly also had the benefit of being addressed by Herr Ernst Lemmer, the Federal German Minister of All-German Affairs, who spoke at a dinner at the Berlin Hilton Hotel and also had the opportunity to listen to the guest speaker at a luncheon in the Kongress-halle and there was one from the dark Africa—His Excellency Edward Okyere Asafu-Adkaye, the High Commissioner for Ghana in the U.K. Berlin Senate also gave a reception at the historic palace Charlottenburg. Destroyed during the war this historic palace has been restored to its pristine glory. The huge big bronze statue of the Grand Elector—a very fine specimen of Baroque, at the entrance, was, we were told, removed and kept under water to save it from bombing during the war.

DIVIDED BERLIN

Here at Berlin, we were offered a trip to East Berlin, and the opportunity was welcomed with acclamation by all of us. Berlin was originally a huge big city and that in way it could stand the dissection. It is beyond me to describe how it was done, but on the surface, you cannot cross the border very easily although there is no wall of demarcation. Funnily enough, there is a number of roads whose two footpaths fall on two different sectors. The most prominent landmark dividing the city is a gate over a four-lined road called Brandenburger Tor. The only transport which comes through West to East Berlin without any check is the tube railway. There is always a warning to the passengers, when the train would cross the boundary station. This is the only life-line between the two sectors and we are told that thousands of East Berlin refugees come through this route. It is their only escape route.

DESOLATE EAST BERLIN

On crossing the famous gate we arrived at East Berlin. Our visit to East Berlin was not only short but restricted in the sense that we were led by the West German people and as such, I believe, we perhaps did not see the whole picture of East Berlin as it stands today. But be it said that what we saw in East Berlin is nothing but depressing. Excepting restoration of a few very famous buildings and thorough reconstruction of the houses which stand on either side of Stalin Allee, we found the whole place almost desolate and deserted. We found the bombed-out buildings have not yet been pulled down and these gave a look of awe and ghastliness. We saw people, living in certain unaffected rooms of a huge big block of building, badly shelled and to tell frankly, we found the scheme of rebuilding the devastated city still in a preliminary stage. Even streets are lighted with gases. One should not really compare between East and West Berlin after just having a peep-through but even so, one could hazard the opinion that comparison between East and West Berlin was simply out of the question. There was a big query mark as to how the Russians could keep the same stock of Germans in such a deplorable condition vis-a-vis their counterparts in the West who had shown such remarkable capacity for reorganising and rehabilitating themselves in a manner which might be the envy of the world. One is just tempted to conclude that the Russians are either too strong or too foolish to keep the East Berliners in that pitiful condition. Or, it may be that they believe that some day or other, East Berlin had to be surrendered to the West. One could see on the face of the people the stamp of desolation there. Hardly any of them could be made to talk to us. The whole area seemed haunted and one could perhaps rightly think—why?

PROSPEROUS WEST BERLIN

On the question of building activity one should go to Hansa Quarter in West Berlin. What is said to be Hansa Quarter is a collection of new buildings built by the famous architects of the world when West Germany organised the International Buildings Exhibition. That the buildings could match in their colour-scheme with multi-hued flowers could only be seen to be believed when one gazed on the multi-coloured buildings of the Hansa Quarters.

West Berlin is today an island city. One cannot enter Berlin by surface route if East Berlin refuses permit. The only available link is the air. Still, Berlin is reckoned today as the most progressive West German city. It has modern and huge big industries and every other amenities like beautiful gardens, zoo, national parks, modern university, theatre and many other kinds of attractions. Although the West Berliners are expected to live on their nerves perhaps

they are now immunised, and so did we hardly notice any sign of jitters on their faces or movement. Although by a treaty Berlin is not a part of West Germany it is the dream of every West Berliner to get back Berlin, East and West, once more as their Capital. It can be truly said that after very successfully solving their economic problems they are suffering from the pangs of separation and none of them would feel happy till they got back their Berlin and united the separated country into one homogeneous whole. But, how and when—that is the question!

PRESSMEN'S TOUR

The National Committee of the I.P.I. in West Germany arranged for us a post-Assembly tour round their country. The members and their families comprising more than 250 people took advantage of the offer. It was a colossal job to make us move from place to place, accommodate us in different hotels and the rest of it; it needed a great organisational ability which German efficiency and genius could only do.

On the first lap of our journey we were airlifted by a series of chartered planes from Berlin Tempelhof airport to Hannover. Normally an Indian does not need a visa to enter West Germany but when you come out of Berlin which, as I said, does not enjoy all the privileges of West Germany, we were asked to show our passport. Many of us thought it safe to keep the passport and other documents in our suitcases. So when the departure time came many of us became upset. But the authorities, sympathetic as they were, allowed us to pass without presenting our passports. I remember to have said to the Officer-in-Charge, "Pardon me, I am a big fool, I do not have my passport with me, it is in the suitcase". He smartly replied, "Sir, you are not the only fool in the group."

CITY OF NOBILITY

Hannover is a city of great tradition and famous for its nobility. But today, it has acquired prominence because of the Wolfsburg, a small place where the biggest automobile factory of Volkswagen is situated. One has to go to Wolfsburg through Hannover. Here in the evening we were accorded a reception by the Land Governor of Lower Saxony in a restaurant called Maschsee. This restaurant stands on a great lake and looked almost dreamy. To our surprise we were told that the lake was a man-made one. On enquiry we came to learn that in order to relieve the distress of the unemployed the local Government thought of digging this huge big lake in some bygone days. That only reminded us of our landlords who did almost the same thing in our villages and still today we come across a few of those huge big lakes. In the same restaurant the authorities of Volkswagen Works gave us a ceremonial dinner.

"PEOPLE'S CAR" PLANT

The next morning after a long automobile ride we arrived at Wolfsburg to have a look at the very famous "People's Car" plant. We were received by Prof. Nordhoff who told us about the romantic history of the plant. Originally this factory was owned by the Nazis and bombed to smithereens during the war. But after the war, when the German people could reorganise the production line they brought in Prof. Nordhoff, a wizard, who is recognised as a man of uncanny calibre—the proud recipient of all the decorations by the present Government. Presently, the factory is running like any private industry and its balance-sheet is drawn and the dividend declared, but the unique feature of this company is that there is no stockholder nor is it owned by the Government. So the dividend, thus declared, is kept in a separate fund and it is getting accumulated year after year. It is said that the Government would finally offer the stocks of this company for sale to the ordinary investors in a manner that nobody would own any substantial stock. Here is a case of German ingenuity.

HAMBURG — A FREE CITY

After lunch in the Works we had a four-hour motor drive on to the city of Hamburg.

Here in the evening we were accorded a reception by the Senate of the Free Hanseatic city of Hamburg in the very famous City Hall. To talk in layman's language Hamburg is a Free City and also a State. This City Hall is also the seat of the local Government and the building, which has been restored after war, is an example of the gaudgy city halls, one would find around Europe. In the party when we gently refused the usual alcoholic drink, an attendant came with a few glasses of fruit juice and said to me "Sir, this drink your great Prime Minister Nehru accepted." He then described the occasion feelingly when Pandit Nehru attended a huge big dinner in the same hall during his official visit to West Germany. Besides being one of the biggest industrial cities, Hamburg is a supplier of our ships. Our good friends, Sir B. P. Singh Roy and Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliar are their cherished guests, as the India Steamship Co. buys many of their fleet of ships from ship-yards of Hamburg.

HAMBURG'S BIGGEST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Later on, at the invitation of the Department of Economics and Transport, we had a tour round the famous harbour of Hamburg which was till the other day the busiest port in that part of the world, but of late the Port of Rotterdam is competing with Hamburg fiercely. Here I was surprised to learn that the cost of surface transportation in Germany had gone up to such an extent that it suits the Hamburg industrialists to import coal from America at a cheaper price than to get coal from their own Ruhr Valley.

Hamburg has one of the biggest publishing houses in West Germany. The firm called "Axel-Springer" owns today one of the largest printing plants in West Germany and produces the maximum number of newspapers and periodicals. We were invited by the House of Axel-Springer to have a look at their plant as also for luncheon. It was said that hardly could a visitor pass through Hamburg without being invited by Axel-Springer. Dr. Hans Funk, Director of Axel-Springer proudly showed us a model of a modern and magnificent 32-storey building which they are going to construct at Berlin. That alone is the proof of West Germany's great faith in the island city of West Berlin.

ESSEN: HEART OF RUHR VALLEY

In the same evening we entrained a special train to arrive at Essen, our next halt. Essen is the heart of Ruhr Valley, the coal and steel centre of Germany.

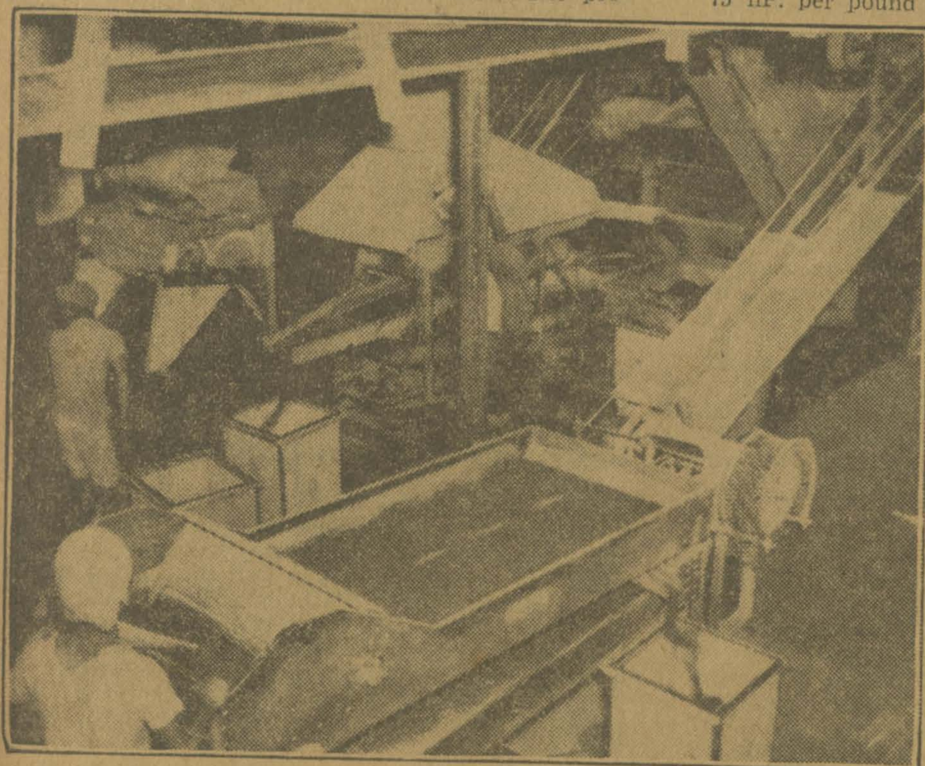
In the morning we went to the Chamber of Industry and Commerce of Essen on being invited by the management where we met a cross-section of ex-

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TEA

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mic plantations by economic ones. Replantation and remodelling are the essential needs in many of the old estates. This will improve the product both in quantity and quality. The Plantation Inquiry Commission, 1956, has laid great stress on the need for production of "good quality tea at reasonable costs in order to face successfully the growing competition in international markets and to develop as quickly as possible our own internal market for tea." It has been observed that there is no substantial decrease in the cost of production in the tea estates with the increase in the size of these estates and their production because the main operational processes for tea are related to cultivation and gathering of crops which are done by manual labour. The processes which are undergone through machinery are rather not elaborate and therefore do not greatly affect the cost structure on the basis of quantity produced after a certain stage. The cost, however, varies from region to region in India because of this. It has been found that in the 'non-Indian' estates and 'sterling estates' the costs are slightly higher than fully Indian estates though in the final analysis this high cost is not disadvantageous to the former. The main items of increase in costs in recent years have been due to increase in selling expenses, increased costs in crop gathering and manufacturing charges and gradual rise in the wages and other amenities for factory labour.



Tea is sorted according to size and quality before being packed into paper-lined chests.

COST OF PRODUCTION

It has been found that in the estates under foreign agency system the cost of production of tea has been high due to the higher rate of payment to the management in terms of salaries and commissions. It is felt that there is sufficient scope for economy in this sphere. The industry pays various taxes levied by Central and State Governments and to local bodies. The main amongst them are income-tax, excise duties, export duty, cess and licence fees, agricultural income-tax, sales tax, entry tax, road and inland waterways tax, land tax, and sixteen other types of fees and taxes varying from one State to another. Recently, steps have been taken for withdrawing the road and inland waterways tax and entry tax and the whole tax structure on tea is under examination.

There are about a dozen of Managing Agencies controlling the Calcutta and the U.K. auctions. The sterling companies under foreign Managing Agencies were found to claim higher prices to the extent of 75 nP. per pound which is not solely due to better type of tea presented to the market by them, but because they could sell the tea to U. K. trade channels more easily. The Reserve Bank of India surveys indicated higher profit distribution in case of these sterling companies. So on the whole the high cost goes with higher profit structure and with greater distribution of profits. And so, these high costs have to be maintained by a reasonably high price. This is the result of the concentration among a few of these Managing Agencies of the control of a major part of the foreign export trade of tea. In 1953 the average price obtained by the sterling companies was Rs. 2.3 per pound as against Rs. 1.6 per pound by the public companies. These Managing Agency houses had from time to time imposed voluntary internal restrictions on production and exports followed by a combination among them. Such a cartel attitude is against expansion of the market as this has in view a higher level of price in the foreign markets which they controlled. It was not, therefore, possible to have automatic development of the internal resources as well as assets so that the industry could be developed and expanded to achieve greater control over the international market on competitive basis. This attitude of slackening in the growth of assets has unfortunately shown itself both in the sterling companies as well as the public limited companies and also in purely Indian companies in almost equal measure. The extent to which payment of dividend had gone in some of these interlocked companies will be visualised if it is stated that a particular sterling company dealing with tea paid as much as 161-2/3% dividend in 1952 and the reason stated for such high dividend is that this was necessitated by "the financial needs of holding the company in London".

OTHER CONTROL CENTRES

Before partition, Calcutta was the only place for tea auction in India while certain quantity of South Indian tea used to be auctioned at Colombo. Now,

in addition to Calcutta there are tea auctions also at Cochin. Chittagong is now Pakistan's tea auction centre. In Calcutta the auctions are controlled by four foreign broker firms who handle on an average 95% deals and get a fabulous profit rate of 130% or more on their paid up capital. Also a joint steamer company controls the movement of teas and 95% of packed teas and over 50% of loose tea for distribution are controlled by two firms who also have producing interests.

The London auctions and the wholesale market there are of prime importance to tea trade in view of the bulk consumption in that country and re-export through London. The wholesale market there is controlled by the London firms who have Managing Agencies of tea estates in India. This may not always be helpful for expanding trade in that commodity as there is possibility of deliberate attempt for creating short and also at time inflated supply. Such expansion and contraction in this sphere of auction both at home and abroad may not serve the best interest of this industry. This matter, therefore, needs to be examined and the question of quota allotment for direct export to London auctions or to distributing firms in London and in other countries may be reviewed and a policy laid down so that healthy expansion in trade keeping in view the internal needs is not hampered by any other interest.

As has already been observed an expansion of trade must be simultaneous with increased production. A very helpful suggestion made by the Inquiry Commission is to set up a Replantation Fund and this should ensure speedy reclamation and replantation.

TEA BOARD & PROMOTION PLAN

With the cessation of the agreement between the producing countries in respect of control of export quota among the countries concerned and also contribution regarding tea promotion, at present India is patronising the Tea Council in the different countries which are undertaking some sort of promotion work on tea, mainly through the services of some of the advertising consultants in those countries. The Tea Board has also a scheme to undertake promotion work abroad. It is felt that in the countries where tea has already been introduced and where there are possibilities for further expansion, e.g., U.S.A., Canada, Egypt, South Africa and some of the European countries, a vigorous promotion drive should be undertaken both for the acceptance of tea as a beverage in general and also for Indian tea in particular. In the countries like U.K., Eire, Australia, New Zealand, and Iraq, our effort should be to create and maintain the goodwill for Indian tea. In some of the Middle East countries such as Iraq the already existing private trade channels from other countries particularly Ceylon have played such an important part and it would not have been easy except for the bilateral trade agreement finalised this year, to



Shipment from godown at Calcutta Port.

send a good consignment of Indian tea to that country. The bilateral trade agreement may be helpful, but for establishing permanent market relations it is necessary to survey the tastes and habits of the people in these countries where tea has established itself and make extensive contacts with trade channels at different stages directly, furthering the contacts where it is already in existence by telling people how to make good tea out of Indian tea which is good. Without a full knowledge of the needs of the consumers it is not possible to expand the market in a country where tea is already an accepted beverage. Further, both in the countries with already existing markets for tea as well as in the countries where tea is only being gradually accepted there is enough scope for market promotion activities and for establishing contact with the different channels from the consumer to the importer at different stages so that through tea we can make up a substantial part of the existing uncomfortable position in the unfavourable balance in our trade. Also a rigorous quality control for tea before auctions and export should be immediately enforced to maintain and establish the good name of Indian tea.

PRICE FACTOR IN WORLD MARKET

But above all, the price factor is of prime importance. This calls for gradual Indianisation of the industry and fixation of a ceiling of the rate of dividend and Managing Agency charges. It is believed at certain quarters that because of tea auctions in London and the direct relation between the auctioneers and the importers there and the producers in India, Indian tea is able to maintain its position. But the question of increase in the price of Indian tea in the world's market as a result of this, needs serious examination at this stage.

THE KING

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out, correct to the copper. They will come tomorrow morning for the rent. Sridam Mullick gave me a warm welcome and took down my address with the promise that he and his wife would be my guests at Calcutta during the coming ceremony of 'Dip-in-the-Ganga'. Then those boys of the Dramatic Club? They would hold a meeting tomorrow to draw up an estimate for the purchase of scenes, robes and like things they require. A rich man is an important man, you know. Each one has his claim upon a rich man, and won't let him alone."

Kiran was in no mood to listen to this useless talk. "All right, let's say you've done big things. You've". With these words she lifted the sleeping baby from the bed and urged her husband in a compelling tone, "Now, take the baby. Look at it. Doesn't take after you in any way. Does it? Here, take it, will you?"

Sudhir failed to respond to the enthusiasm of his wife. He simply said, "She'll wake up Kiran, and start screaming. Can't we wait till tomorrow for all this? I'm so tired and sleepy. Let me go to bed."

Just a couple of hours after this, Sudhir got down from his bed. The lamp was burning dimly in the room. He set it into a brighter flame to find Kiran lying beside the baby, both heavily asleep. Sudhir took his pen and wrote out a letter to Kiran. This is what he wrote.

"Dearest Kiran, there was an element of untruth in all that you heard about me. True, I had got a job, but the pay was forty rupees and not one hundred and fifty, as you heard. I had taken a house in Calcutta. It was a tinshed with walls of bamboo strips and a cemented floor, and not a three-storied building, as you heard. But thanks to the slump in the market, I lost my job a week ago. I had rented the house in Calcutta, hoping I would bring you all to live with me, and had paid half a month's rent. That's all that has come of my hope—the loss of half a month's rent. God alone knows the sufferings I underwent during the last two years. Being tired of a beggarly existence in the city I came here for a little rest. But you, my people at home, and others out there in the village, seemed to have conspired together to drive me out of the place. The whole day today I have vainly tried to speak out my feelings to someone, but no, nobody would allow me to. So I write here what I failed to speak.

"Out of this month's salary, I had a sum of eleven rupees and twelve annas left on me, after deducting the hotel charges, the house rent, the passage money from Calcutta, and clearing a small loan I had taken of a peon of our office. Herewith I enclose a ten-rupee note for you all. This may be money enough for the following: a gold necklace for the baby, rental due to Keshab and his group, scenes and robes for the Dramatic Club, and fare for Ganguly's son from here to Calcutta. If anything is left over, it may go to fulfil any other desire which my father may be cherishing in his heart, or you in yours.....Me? You needn't worry for me, for here I go back to Calcutta again with seven four-anna bits on me."

Next day Nibaran was seen going about telling people in the village, "That's the chief trouble about an office-job. A wire came in at midnight yesterday from his office. Early this morning I saw him off at the station. His boss would not depend on anyone but him.....He is after all the Head Assistant in his office, you know. . . . ."

(TRANSLATED BY Sailesh Sen Gupta)

GESTAS

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then suddenly everything grew blank. Nicolai felt himself falling and instinctively reaching out to save himself felt his fingers come in contact with the rough earth. The roaring in his ears still persisted and as Nicolai raised himself to his feet cautiously, he found himself on a rough road, that led up and up to the crest of a hill. All around him was a vast multitude and the roaring he heard was the clamour of their voices as they shouted at him. "Seize him," they cried, "he is another of these thieves that has evaded justice too long," and there was a concerted rush towards him.

Fear lent wings to his feet. Springing up Nicolai rushed madly up the hill and as he neared the crest he looked up and all but fell prostrate again, for there clearly defined against the darkening sky were three crosses. Nicolai would have turned back for he realized that this hill was the place of execution on which malcontents were crucified; but the crowd gave him no respite, for seeing him hesitate they came surging after him, so that he rushed straight towards the crosses. And now Nicolai remembered. This was the day on which three wellknown criminals had been executed. Dimly he recalled something about the central figure. Surely this was the false prophet who claimed to work miracles and of whom some men said he could raise the dead. In his present predicament Nicolai had little choice. Behind him came the angry crowd eager for his life, while before him stood the three crosses and the Roman Guard, resting on their spears and watching him curiously. With a final burst of speed, Nicolai left his pursuers far behind and dashing through the guard of soldiers, flung himself on his knees at the foot of the cross on which hung the false prophet. Clasping the rough wood in his arms, he gasped, "Master, save me, save me."

For a moment the eyes of the dying man opened and as he bowed his thorn-encircled head, a great drop of blood fell on Nicolai's heaving breast and a gentle voice murmured, "Gestas."

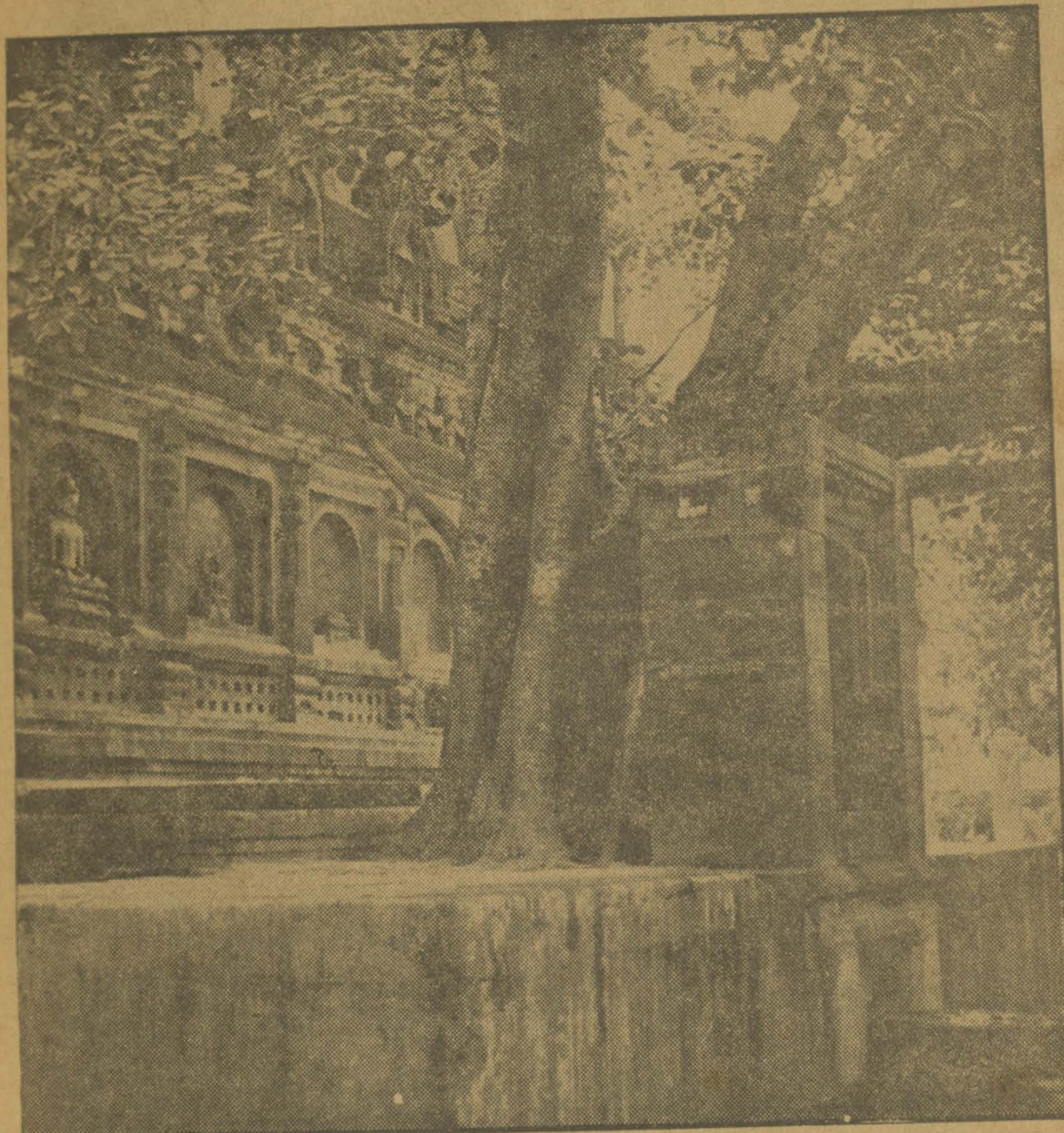
WALKS CALMLY TO GALLOWS

In a moment a new life seemed to enter the cringing thief. Amazed that anyone should know his secret name, he struggled to his feet, his fear gone and a great peace and contentment in his heart.

"The little runt seems to have passed out, Bill. Help me get him to his feet," and strong arms would have raised him but Nicolai, with a strange new courage, brushed those helping hands aside and rose swiftly to his feet. Then, as the warders watched in amazement, he walked calmly towards the gallows.

And now as he moved towards those fatal steps, the noose, hanging so menacingly before, seemed to glow with a bright celestial fire. Like a sleep-walker he mounted the gallows and stood rigidly below the cross-beam. He was not conscious of the black mask they placed over his head. Always above him was that glowing circle of light and when the final plunge came, Nicolai heard nothing of the clang of the trap-doors as they fell apart. For an instant there was wild confusion in his mind as the trapped blood roared and raced in his ears and his heaving chest sought vainly for the breath that would not come. Then suddenly there was silence, a deep, brooding silence as if all Nature had hushed herself to listen for one deep, solemn voice, filled with love and compassion; and Nicolai heard himself called by the name he had so long despised.........

"Gestas enter into Paradise".



Buddha Gaya : Here stands the remnant of the sacred Bodhi Tree under which Lord Buddha was absorbed in meditation for six years and attained Enlightenment.

BUDDHIST SITES IN INDIA

By DR. NANDALAL CHATTERJI, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

Professor of History, Lucknow University

GAUTAMA BUDDHA, whose gospel marked the greatest revolution in the religious life of Asia in the sixth century B.C. and whose religion even after the lapse of two thousand and five hundred years is still professed by one-third of the world's total population, has left his abiding footprints on the land of Uttar Pradesh. Buddhism was a memorable turning point in the history of Uttar Pradesh and that of India and Asia as well. Most of the sacred sites of Buddhism are to be found here and they are held in special veneration on account of their great historical value. The Buddha was born in the Lumbini grove which is now in Nepal in the immediate vicinity of Uttar Pradesh. He preached his first sermon and proclaimed the Wheel of Law at Sarnath, near Varanasi. Sravasti, the capital of Kosala, was the scene of the greatest miracle that the Buddha was called upon to perform. Sankasya, in the district of Etah, is a holy spot unforgettably connected with another thrilling miracle that occurred in the life of the Blessed One. And, it was at Kusinagar, in the district of Gorakhpur, that the Buddha finally passed into Nirvana. Uttar Pradesh is thus intimately associated with the eventful life and legend of the Master.

Among the hallowed centres of Buddhism, Lumbini, where the Master was born, ranks first. It has been identified with Rummindei which lies inside

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THINGS I SAW IN TODAY'S GERMANY

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perts representing different industrial activities of the Ruhr Valley. A lively discussion ensued and we were acquainted with all that we wanted to know about the economies of the famous Ruhr Valley.

The Chamber not only gave us all the information we asked for but also arranged for us a special helicopter flight over the Ruhr Valley to have a bird's eye view of the largeness of its size and the topography of the place. Apart from looking at the huge big chimneys and yards of the sprawling factories, the thrill of a first helicopter flight gave us immense pleasure. After the flight, the Ruhr Settlement Association gave us an informatory talk about the route and we must say this was again another case of German thoroughness.

MUSEUM & INDIAN PICTURES

Essen and its surroundings are a unique amalgam of art, culture and industry. Here, in this city, after the dry talk on industry and commerce we were offered a visit to an excellent museum called Folkwang Museum. This is, strictly speaking, a picture-gallery. When I was expecting to look at a few good specimens of folk art, I was surprised on entering the Museum to find the famous pictures of Picasso, Renoir, Gauguin, Van Gogh etc., etc. But little did I know what more surprise was in store for me in the next few rooms. Looking at a picture I failed to see the same trait that you find in standard modern European painting. I looked at the catalogue and found the name of a living and well known Indian modern painter. In the couple of rooms next to that I saw to my great happiness at least 100 Indian modern paintings. To name only a few, I saw Jamini Roy, Chintamoni Kar, Amina Ahmed, Biren Dey, Sailoz Mukherjee and many others from Bombay, Delhi and Madras. Is it not, that whenever we think highly of an Indian painting, we think of the Rajput, Kangra Valley, Ajanta or coming to the more modern times, we think of Abanindranath or Nandalal? Never did I know that our modern painters could be grouped with Picasso and others and would be hung in the same building. To complete my surprise, I found, besides the famous European modern painters and the Indian painters, there were no other paintings coming from any other parts of the world. Naturally, we few Indians felt not only grateful to the Curator of the Museum but extremely happy and proud too.

Here again in this industrial city we went to a park called Gurga Park. This has a wonderful setting. It is a combination of botanical and zoological gardens with provision for modern sports and other entertaining activities. The terrain of this park is hilly and the authorities have provided a toy train which took us round the Park and I must say, we all behaved like kiddies.

In the evening, the newspaper publishers of Essen invited us to a wonderful restaurant called 'Schwarze-Lene' situated in a unique position. This place was far away from the city, down in a gorge of a mountain, overlooking a beautiful lake. Here I may recall I first saw birds and heard them singing.

"5000 YEARS OF INDIAN ART"

The next day in Essen was more pregnant with pride and pleasure. The programme was to go to Villa Hugel—the famous residence of the Krupp family to witness the most carefully organised "5000 years of Indian Art" exhibition. The Krupp family dedicated this famous building to the promotion of art and culture since 1947. This mansion situated in idyllic surroundings is easily one of the finest buildings in Germany. The special committee under the trusteeship of Krupp is running this palace and it is now a famous home for artistic and scientific exhibitions. I can vouchsafe the opinion that it is one of the greatest examples of an industrialist's love and regard for art.

At the reception in the Villa Hugel no less a man than President Theodor Heuss—the then President of West Germany came to meet us. The Indian Ambassador in West Germany was the guest of honour at the luncheon. This exhibition of Indian art has created stir in the realm of art lovers of Europe. To select India and to present such a colossal exhibition of Indian Art is the greatest proof of Germany's admiration and respect for India. The German authorities took three years for preparation, a number of experts came to India more than once for closely studying the different museums and conferred with Indian experts, to be able to select the art objects which would truly glorify India. One has to know the richness of the collections only by a personal visit. I can say rather confidently that there is not one museum in India which could compare favourably with the exhibitions that Mr. Krupp has put in the Villa Hugel. To give an idea of its size, I can only say that they have published a catalogue which runs to the unbelievable number of 420 pages. On being present on the spot I could feel the enthusiasm of the numberless people visiting the exhibition. A torrent of questions was showered on us, in fact, they almost idolised us for being Indians.

These two visits gave me the thrill of a lifetime—my chest bulged out, never in my life did I feel so proud. The couple of days that we passed in and around Essen might give one a feeling that not only industry but precious art is also looked after very properly in this famous city. I have ever felt that if the Art and Culture of any country is to thrive and be saved, the industrialists along with the government must take the responsibility. I was extremely delighted to see a living proof of my contention.

CITY OF EAU de COLOGNE

After having a look at the unique entertainment centre called Swimming Opera we arrived at Cologne by motor coach. Cologne has acquired worldwide reputation being the original producer of Eau de Cologne and also for its twin cathedral. Here one may see the remnants of the great Roman Walls and of olden civilization. In recent times, Cologne has acquired prominence being the city very close to Bonn—the capital of West Germany. In the evening we were accorded an official reception by the Federal Chancellor which was attended by the Federal Chancellor himself. We were taken to the very famous hotel called Petersberg which is situated on the top of seven mountains. The hotel Petersberg is not only uniquely situated from where one can see the river Rhine flowing, but is a historic hotel where a number of political decisions had been taken. Dr. Konrad Adenauer not only greeted us but gave us a very illuminating talk. I am proud to say that the German Committee thought it fit to present me before the Chancellor and the exclusive interview that I had with His Excellency will remain ever green in my mind. The little talk that I had with the

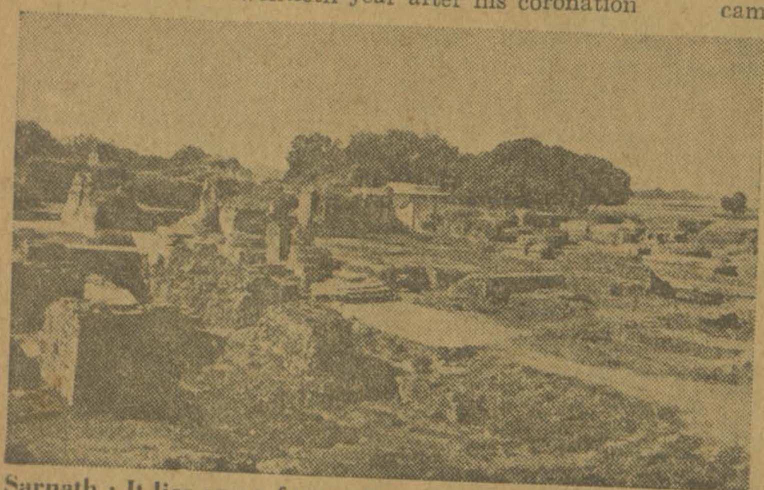
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BUDDHIST SITES IN INDIA

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Nepal on the outskirts of the district of Basti. It is accessible from Nautanwa, a station on the North-Eastern Railway, ten miles away. Lumbini is a romantic place which was included at the time of the Buddha in the little State of Kapilavastu, ruled by the Royal family of the Sakya clan. The garden which marks the place of the Nativity of the Buddha has continued to be one of the most prominent themes in Indian sculpture and painting.

Here still stands an Asokan pillar which serves to commemorate the Emperor's pilgrimage to the sacred site in the twentieth year after his coronation



Sarnath : It lies some four miles to the north of Varanasi. It was originally named Mrigadava where Lord Buddha gave the first sermon and turned the "Wheel of Law". The photo shows excavations of the site going on.

The inscription which says that the Buddha was born here definitely locates the site of the Lumbini garden and sets all doubts about its identity at rest. Because of its sanctity, the place rapidly grew into a prosperous city. The famous Chinese traveller, Hiuen Tsang, visited this place and calls it La-fa-ni Grove. He has left glowing details about the buildings which he saw here. Near the pillar, there is an old shrine bearing a representation of the Nativity of the Master in the manner in which it is described in the Buddhist texts. The Nepal Government carried out partial excavations at the site some years ago, but the results thereof are not yet known.

Sarnath or Saranganath (Lord of the Deer) which lies some four miles to the north of Varanasi is the birthplace of Buddhism. It has been immortalized by the Buddhist texts under the name of Rishipatana or Mrigadava where the Dharmachakra (Wheel of Law) was first turned by the Master in the year 528 B.C. In other words, it was here that the Buddha preached his first sermon to his five former associates.

The sermon which he delivered here was evidently based on the supreme knowledge he had gained at Uruvilva, near Gaya. It emphasized the middle path which leads to salvation. This path stands for the great eight-fold way of life—right views, right aspirations, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood, right exertions, right mindfulness and right contemplation. Besides, the Buddha explained the supreme knowledge, the knowledge of the chain of causation, and of the four-fold truths, namely suffering, the causes of suffering, the conquest of suffering and the path that makes conque pr-

ble. This sermon heralded the Rule of Law and thereby set the Wheel of Law in motion.

There is a picturesque legend about Sarnath which is well worth recapitulation. In one of his previous births, the Buddha was the master of herd of deer in a forest where Sarnath was later founded. Once the ruler of Varanasi came there for a hunt and began killing deer. The Bodhisattva Buddha implored him not to kill the animals indiscriminately; he volunteered to send a deer every day. The King accepted the proposal and went away. After this a deer was regularly sent to him each day. Among the herd there was a pregnant doe, and when her turn came, she protested that she could not allow an unborn child to be killed. The Bodhisattva was touched, and so he went to offer himself in her place. At this, the King was so much moved that he at once ordered the stoppage of the killing of the deer. Thereafter the forest was left for the exclusive use of the deer, and was accordingly called the Deer Park.

INVADERS' DEPREDATIONS

In the first few centuries of the growth of Buddhism, the Deer Park must have been a popular place of pilgrimage. But, it was in the time of Asoka that it acquired a special importance on account of his magnificent monuments, of which a pillar engraved with an edict and also a relic tower containing a portion of the corporeal remains of the Buddha have still survived. Sarnath maintained its celebrity under the successive rule of the Sungas, the Andhras and the Kushanas. In the golden age of the Guptas, Sarnath witnessed perhaps its best period in the field of art and sculpture. After the Guptas, the Hunas pillaged the place. But the damages were soon repaired, and from the account of the Chinese pilgrim, Hiuen Tsang, we get a fine glimpse of the prosperity of the place and its numerous shrines and monasteries. In subsequent periods Sarnath continued to grow in size of opulence until it was finally overrun and sacked by Mahmud of Ghazni and Muhammad Ghori. The depredations of the Muslim invaders were so cataclysmic that after the twelfth century A.D. nearly the whole of Sarnath was buried under its own dirt and debris.

Sarnath lay in oblivion until 1794 when the chance dismantlement of the Asokan stupa for bricks led to the discovery of its historical importance. The subsequent excavations of Colonel C. Mackenzie, Sir Alexander Cunningham, Major Kittoe, Mr. Oertel, Sir John Marshall, Dr. Konow and Messrs. Nicholls Hargreaves and Dayaram Sahni laid bare, among other things, the great monastic buildings, stupas, shrines and sculptures which had once adorned Sarnath. Practically all these ancient remains are connected with the Buddhist religion, and they cover a period of more than one thousand and five hundred years from the third century B.C. to the twelfth century A.D. A fine museum which was built in 1910 now houses the fine portable antiquities of this place.

The ancient remains of Sarnath are spread over a considerable area. As one arrives at the place, the first monument which catches the eye is a lofty brick mound, locally known as Chaukhandi. It is, in fact, a stupa which commemorates the place where

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THINGS I SAW IN TODAY'S GERMANY

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great leader of Germany revealed to me not only his intimate knowledge about India but also his deep sympathy for our problems.

BONN: HEART OF POLITICS

Now on to Bonn. Although we saw quite a bit of resurgent industrial Germany this time we were going to meet the heart of political Germany. So this day was unique; being quite different from other days. Till it was made the capital, Bonn was only known as university town and the birthplace of Beethoven. After the loss of Berlin they perhaps decided to transfer the seat of government to Bonn not only to put off the claims and counter-claims of the different big cities of Germany for the honour of being selected as the capital but, may be, the people thought that Bonn would admirably reflect the spirit of a peace-loving Germany.

INDIAN'S TRIBUTE TO GERMANS

True to our expectation, we were invited to the Federal Parliament. The Chairman of the Foreign Committe welcomed us with a neat little speech and at this important meeting we Indians felt happy because one of our Indian colleagues was given the honour of proposing a vote of thanks to the Federal Government on behalf of the members and their families.

In proposing the vote of thanks our colleague touched on the mammoth reconstruction programme taken in hand by the Federal Government of West Germany. He congratulated West Germany on her peaceful effort for re-unification of the divided country. Words failed to express the grateful thanks he liked to convey to West German friends for such wonderful receptions accorded to them by such eminent personages as the President, the Chancellor, the Federal Ministers and the Mayors and their open-hearted hospitality. He said he was overwhelmed by the way the red carpets were rolled out for them at every place visited by the party and by the immense pain taken by the political authorities, the industrialists and the economists in explaining everything to them.

He recalled the profound activity of Max-Muller, and Nietzsche towards Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy and said that Indians were grateful because every educated German would not consider his education complete if he did not study Rabindranath. He reminded the audience that it was again the prominent art-gallery of West Germany that bought the paintings of Tagore and that too, during Tagore's life-time, when Tagore's paintings were not even understood in India. He concluded by saying that not only did Indo-German amity and understanding date from very early times but also even presently one could see in Germany through the very famous exhibition of "5000 years of Indian Art" at Villa Hugel and in the gallery of Folkwang Museum, how the West Germans felt about India and her culture. He then referred to the activity of the Krupp group of industries by putting up a very modern and extensive steel plant at Rourkela in India and pointed out that this was the biggest German enterprise beyond the borders of Germany.

RESPLENDENT NATURE

The next few days that we were in Germany we saw practically nothing but Nature in all her resplendence. Our journey in a special steamer on River Rhine will ever remain bright in our memory. The day was shining and the mood was light. The day on River Rhine was itself an experience which hardly one can get anywhere. One looks at the undulating hills on either side dotted with old castles of bygone days. These castles, the bastion of Imperialist Germany of bygone days no more perform that function. All the Barons and Chieftains have donated their castles to the Nation. Today these have been turned into either hospitals, nursing homes, hotels or holiday resorts. These remnants of feudal glory have now become the Nation's property.

At a small place in the Rhinegau we were taken to a very old monastery situated in the heart of Rhineland. Here we were offered the taste of no less than 13 different kinds of wine for which Rhineland is well-known. The whole terrain around was full of vineyards, very properly maintained.

After having a night stop-over in Westfalia and being received by the Land Government of North Rhine we arrived at Koblentz and then by boat to Wiesbaden from where we came to the end of our tour at Munich.

MUNICH: CITY OF CULTURE

This was our last stop. But the programme at Munich was as rich as the city itself. There is not much of industry in this part of the country but culture flourishes most. Here, for the first time, we were taken to an Opera called Cuvillies Theatre to witness the gala performance of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro". Inside decoration of this noble house is one of the finest that I have seen of German handiwork. Here, in this Opera, again the Head of the State invited an Indian couple to sit with him in the Royal Box.

A full day was devoted to a sight-seeing tour through Upper Bavaria.

One would not miss the natural beauty of the whole place nor the love of art of the people. One would find murals on the outer walls of almost all the buildings and know how Germans live beyond the cities. Anywhere in West Germany today one would see most modern architecture but the villages of Germany still have today the traditional one-storey building in conical shape. Amidst pleasant surroundings, we saw in this part old churches with rich decorations and one would forget the strain of

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BUDDHIST SITES IN INDIA

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the Buddha is said to have first met his five disciples. The octagonal tower which crowns the stupa was erected by Akbar in the sixteenth century to commemorate the visit of his father, Humayun, to this site. From the top of the tower one gets a wide and attractive view of the landscape around.

EMBLEM OF FREE INDIA

The next important landmark is the Dharmarajika stupa which was dismantled in 1794. It was originally built by Asoka to enshrine the relics of the Buddha. The structure, however, was successively rebuilt at different periods. The votive stupa perhaps marks the site where the Master preached his first sermon and turned the Wheel of Law. A little to the north stands the broken Asokan monolithic pillar, the famous Lion Capital of which is now preserved in the local Museum. Symbolical of the ideals of peace and goodwill, this Capital is now appropriately the emblem of Free India. To the east lie the ruins of a Gupta temple, called the Main Shrine. According to Hiuen Tsang, this temple was the Mulagandhakuti about 200 ft. high and surmounted by a golden fruit. Its southern chapel, when excavated, laid bare a beautifully chiselled and polished monolithic railing of the Asokan age.

Around the Main Shrine are to be seen the areas where numerous monasteries and stupas have been brought to light. The monasteries (Sangharamas) which are of all sizes are of the same basic pattern, the residential cells being placed on the four sides of an open quadrangular court. Many of them were rebuilt again and again, and the earlier structures have now been unearthed under the subsequent erections. The monastery built by Kumaradevi, the Buddhist queen of Kanauj, in the twelfth century A.D. is the latest and most splendid among the local monastic establishments.

Among the monuments of Sarnath the most spectacular one is undoubtedly the solid and lofty cylindrical tower which is the famous Dhamekh stupa. Although in a poor state of preservation, it is still 143 ft. high from its foundations. Its modern name is a corruption of the Sanskrit word, Dharmeksha, meaning "the beholding of Law". It stands for the first sermon which the Buddha preached here. The stupa has eight projecting faces with niches for images. These faces were originally decorated with carved ornament of floral and geometrical patterns. The entire carving which is extraordinarily striking and superbly artistic indicates the rhythmic trend of the artist's conception. The workmanship here may be assigned to the Gupta age.

RELICS FROM TAXILA

The Mulagandhakuti Vihar, built in recent years by the Mahabodhi Society to enshrine the Buddhist relics from Taxila, is a fine modern structure reminiscent of the old Buddhist styles of art. On its walls can be seen remarkable fresco paintings, depicting events from the life of the Buddha. The anniversary of the Vihara, occurring on the full moon day of November, is the occasion when Buddhists from all parts of the world congregate here.

Sravasti, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Uttara Kosala, is another centre in Uttar Pradesh which is intimately connected with the life of the Buddha. This site has been identified with the remains at Saheth-Maheth on the bank of the river Rapti in the vicinity of the Gonda and Bahraich districts. One can reach the place from Balrampur, a station on the North-Eastern Railway, which is at a distance of only twelve miles. Saheth-Maheth



Lumbini (in Nepal) where Lord Buddha was born : The monolithic pillar commemorates Emperor Asoka's pilgrimage to the sacred site in the twentieth year of his coronation.



Kusinara (Kusinagar) was a town of the ancient Mallas: Here Lord Buddha attained *Mahaparinirvana* (passed away). Pilgrims throng here from far and near.

actually stands for two different sites. Maheth is the larger site which has an area of 400 acres. It represents the city proper. Saheth, on the other hand, covers an area of 32 acres, and lies two furlongs to the south-west. This has been identified with the site of the famous Jetavana monastery which flourished here in the time of the Buddha.

ASTONISHING MIRACLE

The ancient city of Sravasti was founded by Sravasta, a ruler of the Solar race. Prasenajit was the King of Uttara Kosala, and Savitri was his capital when the Buddha came here. Here the Buddha delivered many discourses and performed the most surprising miracle to convince the heretic Tirthika teachers. The Buddhist texts refer to this miracle as consisting of a series of strange happenings of which the simultaneous rise of the sun and the moon in the sky, the alternate flow of fire and water from the Master's body, and the sudden appearance of his numerous effigies are the most important ones. This miracle has been a popular theme in Buddhist art from the ancient times.

Sravasti was a populous and busy city in the days of the Buddha. The great merchant, Anathapindika, and the noble lady, Visakha Migaramata, who are well-known in the Buddhist annals, became the Master's staunch disciples here. Anathapindika bought the garden of Prince Jeta at a fancy price in gold, and built a grand monastery for the sake of the Buddha who was pleased to reside here for some time. The Buddha came here several times, and delivered some of his chief discourses at this monastery. While he stayed here, numerous monks came from different places to discuss difficult and knotty points of the Buddhist doctrine. As a result of the Buddha's close association with the city, innumerable shrines, stupas and monasteries gradually grew up here and these were for centuries frequented by the Buddhist pilgrims from all corners of the country.

Sravasti was not only a flourishing pilgrim city, but was a wealthy commercial centre in the ancient times. Merchants from all parts of India used to flock here for purposes of trade, for the city was situated alongside of the main highway of trade from North India to Mithila, Rajgir Subarnabhumi in the east. Many of these merchants became devoted disciples of the Buddha, and patronized Buddhist sculpture and architecture.

REMAINS AT SRAVASTI

The remains at Sravasti have been explored and excavated in recent years. The correct identification of the site has been corroborated by the discovery of important inscriptions bearing unmistakable references to the famous Jetavana monastery at Sravasti. The excavations on the more extensive site of Maheth have brought to light the relics of the huge gateways of the town and also the remains of many other edifices, which bear testimony to the prosperity of Sravasti in ancient days. The ruins which have been unearthed cover a period ranging from the Mauryan times down to the twelfth century A.D. when Buddhism ceased to be an important religion in India. Among the ancient stupas found here, one dates from the third century B.C. It was perhaps meant to enshrine the bone relics of the Buddha. A huge and attractive statue of the Master was obtained from the site. It is now kept in the Indian Museum, Calcutta.

The excavations have also confirmed the fact that Sravasti must have been a big city even in later ancient and early medieval times. The last great patron of the local monastic establishments was Kumaradevi, queen of Govindachandra, the Gahadavala King of Kanauj, who offered some land for the upkeep of the Jetavana monastery in the year A.D. 1128-29. The rise of the Sultanate in North India finally marked the extinction of Buddhism and the ruin of Sravasti.

Today, Sravasti has once again begun to grow in importance as a place considered sacred by the Buddhists who frequent here in large numbers.

Sankasya which has been definitely identified with modern Sankisa or Sanisa in the district of Etah is another holy Buddhist site associated with the life of the Master. One can reach this place from Farrukhabad, a station on the Northern Railway. The discovery at the site of an elephant capital which must have crowned an Asokan pillar has helped in the correct identification of the place.

SUPERNATURAL OCCURRENCE

The historic sanctity of Sankasya lies in the fact that here the Buddha performed another celebrated miracle to confound his critics. The miracle at Sankasya came after the Great Miracle which had occurred at Sravasti. The story of this miracle is indeed extraordinary. Tradition holds that the Buddha who had gone to the Heaven of the Thirty-three gods after performing his greatest miracle at Sravasti came down upon the earth at this place. The account of this supernatural event is reverentially described in sacred literature. It shows that the Buddha descended to the earth with the help of triple ladder in the company of the gods, Brahmma and Sakra. This has been a popular theme in Buddhist art and sculpture. After this miracle, Sankasya rose to be a hallowed place for the Buddhist devotees, and it was soon adorned with stupas, shrines and monastic establishments.

The Chinese travellers, Fa-hien and Hiuen Tsang came to this place, and they have left us some details of the great monuments which they saw here. But, their accounts are not much detailed, and so it is not possible to form an idea of the greatness of the town. At present, unfortunately, the place is in a dilapidated and crumbling state, and the ruins cannot be correctly identified. There is a village over a

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A herd of frisking reindeers which are domestic animals and provide both meat and milk to the Lapps.

AMONG THE LAPPS IN SCANDINAVIA

By Mrs. PRABHATI MUKHERJEE, D.Phil. (Berlin)

THE northern regions of the Scandinavian countries are occupied by a people, commonly known to the world as the Lapps. But they consider the term "Lapp" contemptuous and prefer to call themselves "Sames". While in Sweden, thanks to our host, Professor Hansen of Stockholm University, we got an opportunity to visit the Swedish Sames. The visit was intended mainly with a view to collecting some data on their social mobility.

AS NOMADS : THEIR HABITS

Their total number in Sweden would be about 10,000, of which a large proportion are nomads. As nomads, they follow their traditional occupation of reindeer breeding, living most of their lives in hovels readily made of wooden planks or in canvas tents. For four seasons—winter, spring, autumn and summer—they have four separate sets of residences, to which they move with their reindeers and other belongings at the approach of the respective seasons. Year after year they follow the same migratory route and the same routine. The sites for pitching the tents in summer are selected in such a way as to be near some lake and that the pasture ground also should not be very far.

The menfolk tend the reindeer and the women look after the household. In winter, when it is impossible to live in the inhospitable wilderness (surely they would differ on this!), the Sames come down on to the plains and take up sundry jobs. As manual labourers they work for the farmers or live on fishing. They are shrewd businessmen and trade in reindeer skin, horns, meat, cheese, etc.

CHILDREN : EDUCATION & JOBS

In those winter months their children go to schools organised by the Government and run by the Same teachers. A few elementary subjects including the Swedish and Same languages are taught there.

But nowadays one finds that quite a few Same young boys and girls are allured by the plains civilisation and leave the rigours of nomadic life. They are living among the Swedes and some Same girls are working as telephone operators, maids or taking up other unskilled jobs. Quite a few are intermarrying with the Swedes and thus merging with them. The older generation certainly do not approve of this as it means that the Sames will gradually cease to exist as a separate people with their distinctive culture. But they are powerless before the onward march of civilisation.

GIRLS' UNRESTRICTED FREEDOM

Because they live scattered throughout the area it was not possible to visit many of them in their tents. The whole Same land is divided into several administrative units and we therefore selected the Jaemtland region for our study. Our friend suggested that we should go to a place called Fatmomakke, in the north of Sweden, where all the Sames of the neighbouring districts gather four times a year for a religious festival. This is also a social get-together where youthful hilarity often result in marriages. As regards marriages and other social institutions the Same girls enjoy unrestricted freedom. In September falls their second biggest festival and we were lucky that it coincided with our visit.

But before getting a picture of their community life it would be better, we thought, to visit at least some families in their tents and get an idea about their day-to-day life in their traditional homes.

SAMES IN THE PLAINS

We made Saxnasgordan our base camp from where we could proceed to that village where all the Sames were to meet shortly as well as to their tents up in the mountains. It was a cosy little town with beautiful scenery and hills surrounding the place. There was still some time before the fair started and we decided to explore the town. Our hotel-keeper, a woman of great resources, informed us that there was an old Same woman and also a couple living in the neighbourhood. If we would like to visit them, she could help us by giving an introduction. We

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Emancipation of Women is yet to Come!

By INDUMATI BHATTACHARYYA, M.A., B.T.

THE meagre historical records that are available to the historians of ancient India do not enable them to draw a rosy picture of the common womanhood. The sketchy accounts of indeterminate periods of the past which stand out like little rocky islets in the vast ocean of obliquity, are mostly overdrawn; for mere sight of a Maitreyi or a Gargi cannot justify the inference that there reigned a perpetual and all-pervading spring in the ancient world of Indian womanhood. A thousand or two years hence, future historians will certainly not be justified in inferring from the mere mention or the sketchy, scrappy accounts of a Sarojini Naidu or a Vijayluxmi Pandit that the present-day Indian womanhood consisted of individuals like them.

Moreover, there is the other side of this rosy picture. Ancient lore discloses the blood-curdling account of a father ordering the son to chop off the head of the mother with an axe. We also find how a prince vowed to celebacy carried away three princely sisters to be forcibly married with the result that one of them burnt herself to death. Even in historic times, there is the instance of a princely father dedicating his daughter to the service of a temple. We won't be justified either that ancient Indian womanhood lived in a barbarous society where the husband, father, even the son could be so cruel.

Even allowing that Hindu India treated her womenfolk well, there is no gainsaying the fact that a dark age began for women in India with the Pathan and the Mughal rule. The hold of the Moslems was for the most part confined to Northern India and the Hindus were forced to observe the Purdah system. This may be regarded as a sign of Hindu pusillanimity to save the honour of their womenfolk. Perhaps the same cause led in this period to the prevalence of the inhuman Sati rite. In this dark age Indian womanhood remained steeped in the complete darkness of illiteracy and even the belief was prevalent that the light of knowledge to a woman invited widowhood with its terrible culmination of being a Sati. Confined within the four walls of her home, steeped in the darkness of ignorance and sharing perhaps the hundredth part of her husband's bed, she lived a life which can easily be imagined. Emancipation came with the introduction of western education in the country. Indian womanhood shall ever remain grateful to Drinkwater Bethune, Raja Rammohon Roy and Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar as pioneers in their arduous task of female emancipation. Public memory is proverbially short-lived and even our educated sisters do not often know how indebted are we to these great sympathetic souls. Memorial meetings on the birthday or death anniversary of the Great Pundit are occasionally heard of here and there, but we seem to have forgotten all about our debt to the other two.

The tempo of female emancipation lost much of its momentum after the death of these three pioneers. The Sati rite was suppressed by legislation, no doubt. But the permissive legislation of widow-remarriage remained practically a dead letter, while female education made a very slow progress throughout the British rule. Even Dr. Gour's Child Marriage Bill faced great opposition and, when passed as a law, remained innocuous. The common explanation was that a foreign authority was not competent to change social practices.

SITUATION AFTER INDEPENDENCE

Happily, independence has come at last. For the last twelve years the independent Government of India has sought by legislation and other means to change bad or wrong social practices and to uplift the condition of the womanhood. Our Constitution has granted women equal rights with men. Hindu Code Bill, though partially enacted, has brought opportunities and privileges unthought of in Pre-Independence days. Schools and colleges for girls are multiplying; training centres for women are being opened and employment potential for women is increasing rapidly.

Such changes are ocular evidences of a progressive outlook of our administration. That our administrators sincerely want to see their sisters take their legitimate share in all the duties and responsibilities of Free India and enjoy all the rights and privileges of a free country equally with men is transparently evident to all educated women and to everybody else who are watching the progress of Free India.

Yet, if a statistics is taken of the progress in

every sphere where women have taken part since independence, it will be found that the progress is very very meagre remembering the optimum needs of the vast mass of Indian womanhood. The time has certainly come after twelve years of independence to ascertain the reasons as to why it should be so in spite of sincere attempts on the part of the Government and social workers.

WHY URGE FOR CHANGE LACKING

Social traits and the trend of their evolution or changes are mainly due to political and economic forces. Education and religion of a people, and the geographical position of the country they live in, are also great factors in evolving and changing social traits. What we forget in this connection is that man is an endogamous plant and the urge of its growth is from within. Hence what the male part of the society thinks to be better growth, higher development and modern trend of evolution, cannot be imposed upon our womenfolk ; but the urge for a change for the better must come from within.

The question, therefore, arises as to why this urge should be lacking in our women after all these efforts from Drinkwater Bethune to these days.

We can find an answer if we realise that even after twelve years of independence a very negligible percentage of our women have received education and the rest follow the beaten track of the past enjoying the placid contentment of dumb-driven cattle. This placid contentment of the masses of our sister eves has got to be broken by making them taste compulsorily the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Then only they will realise their wants and feel an urge for change.

It must be admitted that even highly educated women are there who do not feel an urge for a change in our present-day social position, but have a backward look to the hoary past. The reason to be sought for is their cultural environment. Lord Bacon, who is regarded as the father of modern scientific outlook of life, has spoken of several "idola" which encrust our mind destroying its further receptibility and one such idol is our much-lauded, much-vaunted old culture. To have a scientific outlook of life we must be rigid iconoclasts destroying the encrustations of our mind.

ESTIMATE OF OUR PAST CULTURE

This requires a correct estimate of our past culture, so that it may lead us on to our national goal and not teach us always to move on with eyes looking back. Our culture like our education, social, political and other institutions, should be helpful to our onward march. It should be like the head-light of a motor-car and not its back light. Hence, anybody turning or advising us to turn this head light backwards is a false teacher. The French Encyclopaedists who really brought about a political and social revolution in France and ever since gave the French a scientific outlook of life, began by making a correct assessment of the past. But should our women with a scientific outlook of life be westernised and Hollywood-minded ?—ask the Purists and upholders of the culture appropriate to the olden days of the society. My answer is—certainly n[ot. I] have already said that culture, education, re[ligion,] political and social institutions,—nay, every[thing] man-made,—should be helpful to us to adapt [our]selves to the ever-changing conditions of the w[orld.] If the power of adaptability is retarded by any [of] these, it should be reformed to suit new and chan[ged] conditions. But mere imitation of others will be [an] imposition from outside which retards evolution[ary] urge of the nation.

Nor should plans of female upliftment [be] devised by only the male part of our society. [If] women do not participate, a plan, however w[ell] intentioned, will be an imposition from outside. [But] why do not educated women come forward to w[ork] for the betterment of their uneducated sisters? T[he] reason must be sought for in the nature of [the] education they have received. The system of edu[ca]tion imposed by the English on the people to se[rve] their ends has to a great extent isolated the educa[ted] from the rest of the people, so that the educa[ted] form an isolated caste as it were. No wonder, ed[u]cated women form an isolated caste unable [or] unwilling to mix with the uneducated. Our sys[tem] of education should be so devised as to break [the] barrier of the caste.

PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT NEGLECTED

There is another reason as well. H. G. Wells [has] shown in one of his stories that the proverb, "In [the] country of the blind, the one-eyed man is ki[ng"] does not come true in the practical field. For [this] very reason though some women are getting edu[ca]tion, they can do very little to change or impr[ove] the general outlook of the society. The major[ity] are hostile to any and every sort of change— though modernised to a certain extent educa[ted] women also have to follow the beaten track. T[here] are a few, no doubt, who become overzealous and [try] to modernise the society with its age-old r[ust and] encrustations. But this trend is not desirable [for] the healthy growth of a society. Moreover, edu[ca]tion which we get consists mostly of the knowle[dge] of the Three R's only, and it cannot change t[he] mental make-up of the educated also. Born a[nd] brought up in the old-typed family with its memb[ers] of the same trend of mind one cannot make ones[elf] free from the inherent or environmental influen[ces] which remain imprinted in one's brain, habit a[nd] behaviour. One cannot discard the early impress[ions] received in domestic life and social environme[nt.] Here, therefore, lies one of the most important pr[ob]lems of education, namely, how to give shape to t[he] minds of our children about to bud out accord[ing] to hereditary and environmental forces. It is t[he] early moulding that shapes the mind of the gene[ra]tion. But strange it is that this psychological f[act] is yet neglected by those, who are planning a[nd] shaping and experimenting on the education of F[ree] India.

Another factor which makes our educa[ted] women lead an isolated life is often lost sight o[f.] The pioneers of female education in our coun[try]

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Married Careerist Women and Home Peace

By "SHYAMALI"

AFTER Sushila stood first in the first class in her M.A., one of her distant relatives told her elder brother, "Get the sister married now. It will not be possible to get her a good groom when she will get older". But the brother's reply was, "Sushila is now sure of a successful career. Will it still be imperative for her to marry?"

I admit many worse off parents delay marriage of their earning daughters because there remains every likelihood of their economic condition getting further deteriorated after their daughters are married. The result is that many working women, even unwillingly, remain unmarried for the whole of their lives for all of them cannot choose their husbands independently. But do not think that Sushila's brother was disinclined to see his sister married for he feared that, after the sister's marriage, he would not get monetary help from her to run his home. Sushila's brother, in fact, cared a fig for her income. He was quite solvent economically with a small family, and no daughter born to him. Of course, he had contributed to the sister's education, but he had no other liabilities descending from his parents.

Why was not then Sushila's brother eager, rather he was disinclined, to get his sister married? It appears he felt that a careerist woman need not marry because she is expected to be economically well off even independently. Does the careerist woman sacrifice her happiness if she marries? I had once asked a woman, an Assistant Directress of Education, who was obviously well established in career, "Are you better or worse off after marriage?" Her ready answer was, "Sincerely speaking, I find my married life more worth living".

MARRIAGE: A NECESSITY

It is ridiculous to suggest that only the illiterate or half-educated women, who cannot earn their living, must marry. For "who else will give them food and clothing after their parents die"? Marriage is a necessity for every woman however enlightened, highly educated or financially well off she may be. If such women do not marry and if the illiterate or half-educated go on increasing their families, very shortly India will get a more degenerated progeny. Educated mothers are expected to rear their children better.

Yet many of the Indians like Sushila's brother discourage marriage of careerist women even now because, they complain, careerist women are more attracted to varieties outside, they are negligent of the home and, being self-supporting, may it be to any extent, they do not respect the menfolk as much as they should. They say that peace does not reign in an educated woman's home, especially if she earns. That day I had proposed marriage of a B.A., B.T. mistress with a Bachelor of Engineering, but the boy's father declined to consider the proposal. He said, "My wife is illiterate but she is docile. I should not bring in a graduate bride for my son. She will break the peace at my home."

Though it is not absolutely relevant to the context, lest my readers should like to know Sushila's fate, let me tell them that, when doing research, she contracted love marriage with another scholar in the same topic and subsequently, after doing doctorate, the couple sailed together abroad for higher study. Sushila gained doubly. She secured a career and at the same time an amenable husband. If not anything else, her attainments at least will prevent her husband from adopting the attitude of an over-lord, as husbands mostly do when they marry women of status inferior to theirs.

Will you call Sushila's marriage merely an ideological one, an economic, a professional or a marriage of convenience? I would appreciate the marriage more if an ideal has primarily inspired them to unite — in Germany they will engage themselves in an assignment jointly. But does not Sushila or her husband attach any social and biological importance to marriage? Sushila had said to me before sailing, "Do not

think that our profession, however lucrative or prestige-earning it may be, will ever be allowed to stand in the way of our starting a family or rearing our children".

We should not discount the biological aspect of marriage in any plane of human being. A man in the forties was very much addicted to frequenting public houses. I had advised him to stop the harmful and anti-social habit. He had said, "My elder brother, with whom I am putting up, was married at the age of twenty-two when father was living. Father is dead, but has my brother no responsibility towards me? Am I not sufficiently aged at thirty? Why does he not get me married? It will be more anti-social if I haunt homes in the lane where we live in." In early fifties the man died of a dangerous disease.

STORY OF SHEFALIKA

A "society girl" had once told me, "To live singly is equal to living in wilderness. An unattached person, especially an unattached woman, is the target of aspersions, the woman gets hanger-on if she has money or beauty". She told me the story of one Shefalika.

Shefalika, the only child of a high official in New Delhi, was in the gossip everywhere in the thirties. She used to be disgracefully looked at even by boys younger than her, and many, even highly placed, had wished to possess her, rich and beautiful as she was, but Shefalika had refused to hold anybody's hand in a conjugal contract though she had held many in temporary merriment. And when she felt inner urge to marry, her womanish charm was on the ebb tide. Even a man of middle-forties then shunned her. Once adored, Shefalika is now pitied, she now moves a wretched maid. The story-teller then deeply sighed and said, "I wonder I have almost stepped into Shefalika's shoes."

The story-teller later introduced Shefalika to me.

Shefalika earns but still "spends extravagantly on beauty culture" as her former hangers-on say. Shefalika says, "Who is mine? For whom should I save?" Surely Shefalika now repents that she has none. Had she married, she would have by now a home humming with her sons and daughters, though not by their children so soon.

I feel Shefalika envies working mothers, though she tries to conceal her true feelings. That evening, after the office hours, a young lady in salwar who, I know, is the mother of two children and works as a statistical assistant, boarded a moving bus almost jumping at the Central Secretariat. Old Shefalika commented, "How impatient she is to get back home! It seems she is hearing whining of her suckling child." Then she looked at me vacantly, and seeing me disagreeably unresponsive changed the topic of our conversation. She might have understood my feelings about her.

I also know from personal experience how impatiently children at home await their working mother's return. I also feel that any working mother feels proud if she can contribute monetarily as well to the better rearing of her children.

WORKING MOTHER : AN ASSET

Today, when the cost of every thing is soaring higher and higher, a working wife is surely an asset to any husband. Maloti, who was then a graduate, was married to a man who did not demand a dowry.

But friends of Maloti's husband now say that Ma[...] has been an asset to Dhruva. Maloti has raised [...] qualifications and earns more than what she [...] earning as a teacher at the time of marriage. [...] for her income, Dhruva confesses, he could not [...] the home as well as he does.

None can deny that an educated, better sti[...] careerist, woman can be married without a do[...] if need be. I now forget her name—a lady from [...] mid-East has said, "Women education has alm[...] banished the dowry system from my country." Edu[...]cated women can earn for their husbands much m[...] than what the husbands could earn by way of do[...] at the time of marriage.

Undisputedly, dowry is an evil, may it be pa[...] by the man or it is extracted from parents of [...] woman. The position is more lamentable whe[...] according to social customs, it has to be given [...] the brides' parties. Thousands of families are be[...] ruined to meet demands for dowries even w[...] marrying a single girl. If the daughter earns, th[...] may be many suitors for her and many of them m[...] agree to marry her without any dowry.

Then comes the allegation that careerist wom[...] are negligent of their homes and that they are m[...] fond of the varieties obtainable outside. The alleg[...]tion is baseless. On the other hand, being educat[...] these women run their homes better and more hy[...]enically even by keeping helpers; and being educa[...]ed and so possessing more commonsense, they kn[...] what is wrong and what is right anywhere. The[...] do not fall easy victims to "harmful charms outsid[...] Uneducated women rather fall easy victims [...] outside attractions if they happen to be suddenly [...] of the home for they are not well conversant w[...] the way of the world.

PEACE AT HOME

About peace at home. Who breaks peace [...] home, may it be the home of a careerist woman [...] of a virtual "unpaid maid" as the monetarily [...] dependant wife is supposed to be?

I believe it is the man, and never his wom[...] who is primarily responsible for breach of peace [...] any home.

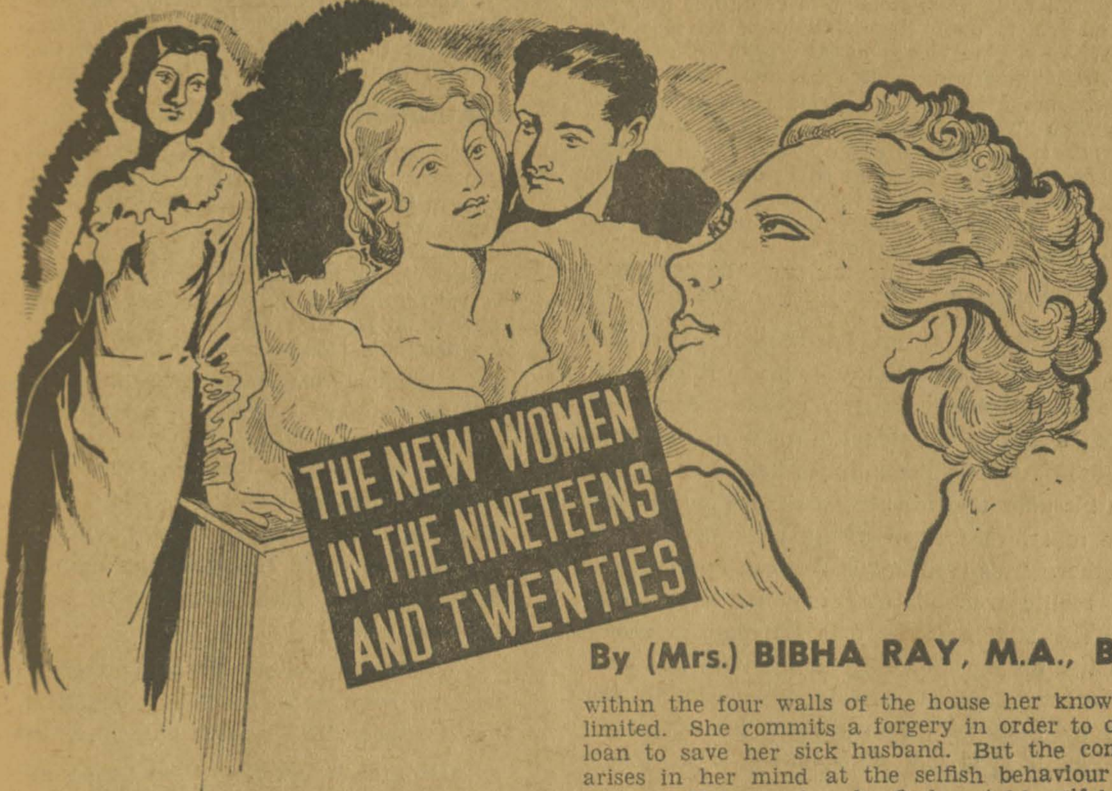
I do not hate man but hate his idea that [...] woman is a lump of soft mud which can be mould[...] in any manner a man likes." He wants that [...] woman, like the Earth, should tolerate whate[...] befalls her, however disagreeable her surround[...] may be.

What a claim! The woman should toler[...] everything but her man need not tolerate her! [...] fact, the woman's very existence becomes intolera[...] when her man trifles away with her for, copying h[...] everybody in the home, men, women and childr[...] even her own children, starts caring but little [...] her.

Whether he marries a woman selected by [...] parents or by himself, whether he marries an ea[...]ing woman or a "maid"—may be after courtsh[...] the man feels that his bride should not even th[...] independently. He feels that, after marriage, [...] woman ceases to be an independent entity, that s[...] should be one with the husband in heart and s[...] and that she must not assert her individuality.

The husband declines to treat his wife as [...] individual firstly because normally she fully depe[...] on him for food and clothing. Except in a v[...]

(Continued on page 15[...])



By (Mrs.) BIBHA RAY, M.A., B.T.

IN the days long gone by, the women stayed at home and spent their time in idleness or by working as family servants. If unhappily, any mishap happened they had to suffer from untold miseries. The outside world with all its beauty, splendour and glamour was unknown to them. They were not aware of the crude realities of the society and were debarred from enjoying intellectual pleasure which the outside world offered to them.

But the New Women revolt against the conventional rule or authority. They are free from the bondage of slavery, they feel that they are human beings and they have a free mind of their own. They are not the private property of men who can handle them as they like. They are intoxicated with a new joy to think that they can now vote at Parliamentary elections and earn their own living as doctors, teachers, barristers, ministers and governors. They pulsate with a new life and vibrate with the spirit of individualism. They can now think and act independently.

IBSEN'S NORA

Ibsen creates in Nora such a New Woman who does not require the protection of a male and is a free thinker. At first Nora impresses us as an affectionate daughter sheltered by her father, as a devoted wife sheltered by her husband and as a loving mother of her children. Home is the only place where she lives and so she is quite ignorant of the realities of the social world. Being confined within the four walls of the house her knowledge is limited. She commits a forgery in order to obtain a loan to save her sick husband. But the complexity arises in her mind at the selfish behaviour of her husband Helmer when he finds out his wife's error.

Nora's views of life now undergo a sea change. She feels that she is not a doll to be locked up in a "doll's house" where she would have to lead a machine life without any chance for mental enlightenment. She feels that she is after all a reasonable human being. She is not a doll in the hand of her husband without any freedom of her mind. She must assert her independence. The idea of being a free woman becomes so strong in her that even the affectionate ties of her children cannot bind her home any longer and she leaves her husband's house to seek her individualism and self-development.

When she realizes that her husband's fondness for her borders on passion, she kills her love for him. So long as her husband loves her, she can live with him, otherwise she cannot. Thus in Nora we find a touch of modern womanhood.

We can catch a glimpse of Nora's modern outlook of life from her conversation with her husband Helmer when she tells him openly that she will leave his house. Helmer tries to prevent Nora from leaving his house and says that she has sacred duties towards her husband and to her children. But Nora replies :—

I don't believe that any longer. I believe before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try and become one.

Nora cannot love her husband any longer. She thinks that she had been living for eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children. She cannot take any help from the person whom she loves no longer. So when she is determined to leave

Helmer's house and Helmer cries out, "Let me help you if you are in want," Nora replies:—

No. I can receive nothing from a stranger.

In portraying the character of Nora in A "Doll's House" Ibsen calls upon women to come out into the world and insists upon their individual self-development. While presenting a portrait of a self-seeking woman in Nora Ibsen focuses his attention to the modern emancipated woman. Nora is not an emancipated woman but she is just going to be emancipated. Life in her home simply rusts away and becomes unbearable, so she goes out in the world to illumine her mind. She does not divorce her husband, she wants only separation. Ibsen does not leave the house of Helmer closed to Nora.

SHAW'S CANDIDA

Shaw's Candida is an incarnation of a New Woman. She is a beautiful woman of thirty-three with the double charm of youth and motherhood. She leads a happy married life with her husband and children. At last her mind is torn with conflict between his adoration for her husband Morell on the one side and love for her young lover Marchbanks on the other. This is a conflict between romance and reality; reality triumphs over romance in the long run. When Morell openly tells Candida to choose between her husband on the one side and her lover on the other, Candida decides to stay with her husband by thinking that he needs her most and Marchbanks, only a boy of eighteen, is too young for her.

Candida is old and eternal in the sense that she stays with her husband because she loves him and likes to be engaged with the mundane drudgery of domestic life. Like the eternal woman she slices onions and fills the lamps with paraffin oil. At the same time she is a New Woman. She is not the slave of her husband. She is an emancipated woman and her mind is quite free. She decides to live with her husband because she wishes it; her husband cannot force her to stay. She belongs neither to her husband nor to her lover. She belongs to herself. She is quite free to stay with her husband or to go away with Eugene. She is an enlightened woman with her love for her husband, affection for her children and sympathy for Marchbanks.

Being a woman Candida feels for Eugene and asks him whether he loves her as a mother or a sister.

Candida—Am I your mother and sisters to you, Eugene?

Marchbanks—Ah, never. Out, then, into the night with me!

Then she tries to console him by making an impression upon his mind that she is much older than himself.

Candida—Will you, for my sake, make a little poem out of the two sentences I am going to say to you? And will you promise to repeat it to yours[elf] whenever you think of me?

Marchbanks (without moving)—Say the sen[-]tences.

Candida—When I am thirty, she will be for[ty-]five. When I am sixty, she will be seventy-five.

Thus in the nineteens Nora and Candida w[ere] imbued with the spirit of New Women.

MAUGHAM'S CONSTANCE

Constance in W. Somerset Maugham's "T[he] Constant Wife", is the enlightened emancipa[ted] woman in the twenties. In the character of Co[ns]tance, we find more of Candida than Nora in "[A] Doll's House". Like Candida, she is a faithful w[ife,] a perfect mother and an excellent housekeeper. S[he] is very innocent and loves her husband so dee[ply] that when Barbara asks her to take a career in h[er] business, she tells her—

I think my career is looking after John—runn[ing] a house for him, entertaining his friends and mak[ing] him happy and comfortable.

It seems to her that their marriage has be[en] happy, perfect and ideal. But like Nora, the sp[irit] of modern womanhood awakens in her mind wh[en] she learns that her husband loves her married frie[nd] Marie Louise. With great dignity and superior[ity] she tells John—

I suddenly realized that you weren't in love w[ith] me any more and at the same moment I reali[zed] that it was a relief, because I wasn't in love with y[ou].

Constance's speech to John here is akin to No[ra's] speech to Helmer. Both the speeches indicate t[he] spirit of rebellion and individualism.

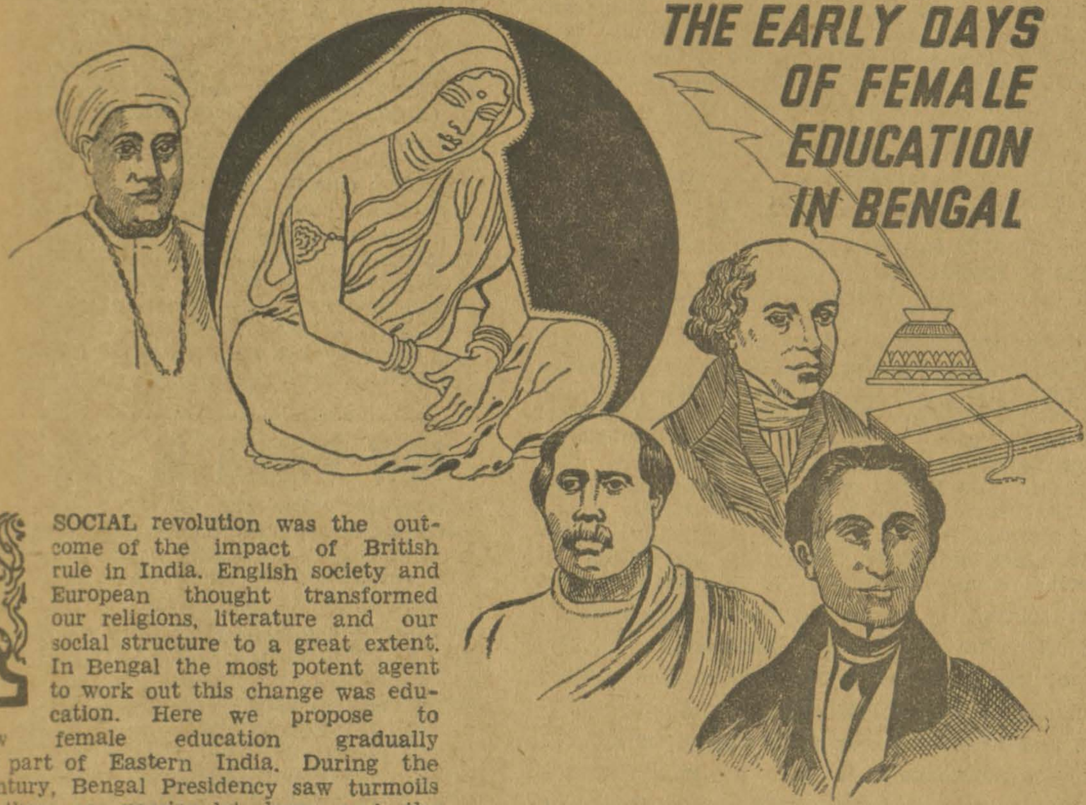
Helmer to Nora: You do not love me any mo[re.]

Nora: It gives me great pain, Torvald, for y[ou] have always been so kind to me, but I cannot h[elp] it. I do not love you any more.

Constance feels that she is not a woman to [sit] like patience on a monument smiling at grief. N[ow] she realizes that independence is a great thing a[nd] that she must stand on her own leg; she must [be] economically free and then she will be able to b[rave] the future with great confidence. Like Nora she [is] not willing to leave her husband, simply because [he] has been unfaithful to her. But she does not like [to] be entirely dependent upon John. She thinks th[at] she had been a parasite in her husband's house f[or] fifteen years. Now she asserts her independen[ce,] takes a job in Barbara's business and saves a lot [of] money. She pays into John's account a large su[m] of money he spends for her board and lodging [all] the year round. She has got economic freedom an[d] that makes her mad with joy. She does not supp[ort] the view that simply because a man marries [a] woman he must provide for her wants and l[uxuries] luxuries and sacrifice his pleasures, and comfort a[nd] convenience for her sake and in exchange for th[is] he should make her a slave to him. A wife is t[o be] a valuable ornament. This idea prevailed a hund[red]

(Continued on Page 1[...])

THE EARLY DAYS OF FEMALE EDUCATION IN BENGAL



By LEENA NANDI, M.A., B.T.

A SOCIAL revolution was the outcome of the impact of British rule in India. English society and European thought transformed our religions, literature and our social structure to a great extent. In Bengal the most potent agent to work out this change was education. Here we propose to discuss how female education gradually spread in this part of Eastern India. During the eighteenth century, Bengal Presidency saw turmoils on all fronts; there was passion let loose and the mighty policy of blood and iron of the foreign rulers held the sway. The famished population of the terror-stricken land was restive. This feverish unrest was vanishing with the advent of the nineteenth century. Leaders of thought and action belonging to both Eupropean and Indian communities wanted in right earnest the solution of the cultural and educational problems of the country. Female education loomed larger than ever. The confinement of women behind the *Purda* did not leave much scope for our womenfolk to receive liberal education as day scholars. Moreover we were steeped in prejudices which smack of a backwardness of the most primitive type. We cannot honestly deny the fact that upto the accession of Queen Victoria i.e., upto the year 1837, we believed that the Hindu woman who took to reading and writing was doomed to widowhood and to a life of shame. She was an accursed sinner.

WORK OF THE MISSIONARIES

Against this dark and dismal background the missionaries in their zeal for enlisting better converts, worked on the idea of educating our womenfolk. The lure of reward and other psychological and social forces working at the time, helped these missionaries in their proselytizing mission. Christian missionaries of the Baptist Mission began the experiment of the public education of Bengali girls in general classes without any aid from State funds. That was in 1819. The Anglican C. M. S. in the year 1824 started working in this direction. Thus the great movement of educating our long-neglected womenfolk had its first start at the hands of a few missionaries. A handful of imaginative native patrons gave their all-out support to this movement which had revolutionary consequences. We must remember the names of Raja Baidyanath Ray of Jorasanko and Raja Radhakanta Dev of Sova Bazar as patrons of female education in Bengal. The first whole-time teacher from England who undertook the work in a spirit of dedication was Miss Mary Ann Cooke. Societies for promoting female education were formed and associations sprang up. The state of affairs that obtained in the field of female education in the first quarter of the nineteenth century would be evident from the fact that women of the Sova-Bazar Devs, of the Jorasanko Raj, of the Tagores of Pathuriaghata, Jorasanko and those of Burdwan Raj family were literate. Peary Chand Mitra, a notable literary figure of the last century thus wrote in the preface to his *Adhvatmika*, "I was born in the year 1814 (12th July) corresponding with Bengali era 1221 (8th Shravan). While a pupil of *pathsala* at home I found my grandmother, mother and aunts reading Bengali books. They could write in Bengali and keep accounts. There were no female schools there."

SOCIETIES & ASSOCIATIONS

Even in those dark days of Indian history Bengal could be proud of some such eminent women scholars as Hati Vidyalankara, Shyam Mohini Devi of Kathali Para and Drava Mayi of Khanakul Krishnagore, District Hooghly. They were well-versed in Sanskritic studies and were looked upon as ideals to be emulated. But the common run of womenfolk were in a mess. The hopelessly backward condition of female literacy inspired many philanthropic

soul to form societies and associations for furthering the cause of female education in this part of the country. Female Juvenile Society, ladies' associations, the Serampore missionaries and some Bengali patrons of female education helped towards this noble cause.

The Female Juvenile Society was the first to champion the cause of female education and was founded in 1819. It set before itself the noble task of setting up free schools for women in Calcutta and in suburbs. This society did pioneering work with missionary zeal and it was followed by the formation of societies with similar ends in view. The pride of place should go to Calcutta Female Juvenile Society so far as the ranking of the promoters of female education in this part of the country was concerned. J. Statham who was in India in the early twenties came to be personally acquainted with the activities of Female Juvenile Society. It was his considered opinion that Female Juvenile Society should be acknowledged as the pioneer in the field. Next in order comes the Ladies' Society For Native Female Education in Calcutta and its vicinity. Miss Mary Ann Cooke (later Mrs. Wilson) was at the helm of affairs of this society. This society did a lot of good service to the cause of education of our womenfolk. An appreciative account of the society's work was published in The *Friend of India* of April 29, 1852: "From that time (1824) to the present, for a period of six and twenty years, the society has continued its quiet endeavours to impart instruction to the native female community of Calcutta.......At their schools, at the centre of Calcutta, female children of all castes received daily instruction......The course of instruction comprises reading and writing in vernacular, general information in history, geography, and arithmetic and plain needle work...... A thorough knowledge of the scripture is also imparted." The eloquent tribute paid by The *Friend of India* to the Society speaks for itself how the society helped the initial phase of the spread of education amongst the womenfolk of Bengal during the 19th century. The next to appear on the scene was the Calcutta Ladies' Association. This association was founded with two distinct objects viz., to establish a central female school and to extend education among the native females of Calcutta and its vicinity. Mrs. Wilson was closely associated with this institution and her untiring efforts in promoting female education were amply rewarded. But these associations could not do their very best as the underlying motive of the promoters of these societies, viz., inculcation of the Christian doctrines into the pliable minds of the young became apparent. This unhappy phenomenon was responsible for the withdrawal of the patronage to these societies by the middle class and the poorer section of the society. This proselytizing zeal on the part of these missionaries, though a little harmful to the contemporary society, could be excused when we think of the useful work done by these societies and by the Serampore Mission of Carey, Marshman and Ward. In the twenties and thirties of the last century they laid the foundation stone of a structure which has been gilded and beautified by the singular devotion of such native stalwarts as Prasanna Kumar Tagore, Motilal Seal, Gour Mohan Addy, Rev. K. M. Banerjea, Ram Gopal Ghosh, Jay Krishna Mookherjee and Peary Charan Sarkar.

NON-RELIGIOUS SCHOOL

The not too vocal but insistent demand for a non-communal seat of learning ultimately saw its culmination in the founding of a non-communal and non-religious public school for women. In 1849 John Elliot Drinkwater Bethune founded this school. He along with other native patrons made the spread of female education easy. With Bethune we come to the threshold of a new era resplendent with new hopes and future promises. The spread of female education meant the doubling of our population on work-front, both manual and intellectual. Spread of female education put us at par with Madras and Maharastra. There female literacy was high and as such they had a bigger working population. Our female literacy brought us nearer to them. We opened up a new chapter on a closed book rusted and soiled by two hundred years' inactivity and age-old social taboos.

NEW WOMEN IN 19'S & 20'S

(*Continued From Page 154*)

years back, but now the "women have broken down the walls of the harem, so they must take the rough-and-tumble of the street."

As the days wear on Marie Louise becomes tired of John as she finds interest in another young man who is A.D.C. to one of the governors and she asks Constance to break this news to her husband. Constance becomes much angry with her and tells her, "I should respect you more if you were an honest prostitute. She at least does what she does to earn her bread and butter. You take everything from your husband and give him nothing that he pays for. You are no better than a vulgar cheat."

According to Constance, a modern wife who does not pay back anything to her husband for what he has done for her is nothing but a harlot. But Constance returns her husband's money from her own income. She is economically free and is therefore sexually independent to accompany the man who adores her deeply on a holiday trip against her husband's will. But like Nora, she does not like to leave her husband's house. She wishes to come back and asks her husband :

Well then, shall I come back ?

Her husband replies :—

You are the most maddening, wilful, capricious, wrong - headed, delightful and enchanting woman man was ever cursed with having for a wife. Yes, damn you, come back.

Thus the New Women like Nora, Candida, and Constance break away from the age-worn conventional rules and customs and find the world in a miraculous new light, — madly beautiful and joyful. Their hearts leap up with the wild joys of living and they are able to appreciate :—

"How good is man's life, the mere living ! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever in joy !"

MARRIED CAREERIST WOMEN

(*Continued from Page 152*)

few cases, the bride is brought in to a man's home as an "unpaid servant" with no liberty to go away anywhere else as the paid servants do—divorce is not a cheap or simple affair, divorce discredits both the parties. The bride comes in as a virtual servant primarily because the groom's people prefer to choose such a bride as will be neither tolerably educated nor richer than themselves for they fear that the contrary will put them in a position of disadvantage. And where the bride happens to hail from a richer home or be educated the in-laws complain that she does not respect them taking advantage of her superior status.

"DRONES ON MANY FLOW ERS"

However disadvantageous the bride's position may be in her new home, she, as a woman, has always charm for a peaceful family life, and with a view to keeping the home peace she more often than notstands a dumb spectator to many disagreeable happenings there. But this attitude of the woman tends to goad her husband to make a wrong estimate of her. He feels that the wife is losing interest in the home and in him as well. This makes matters worse and the husband starts losing interest in the wife, even in the earning wife. Furthermore, even to-day, many men, though they go in for marriages, dislike to remain "tied to the corner of a single woman's sari." Even educated and sometimes earning wives of such men lonely count moments at homes when their "lords" walk into clubs and "corners" till late at night. These "drones that sit on many flowers" completely turn their faces away from the homes after their wives become mothers or lose some of their youthful charm with advancing age. I know a number of even socially well-placed men who had hastened to marry years ago but still dislike their wives to be mothers.

But unless she is abnormal, every woman wants to be a mother, and she confronts the greatest misfortune in life if she happens to have a husband who refuses to have children, although he also says to others that "the child born to a couple bridges them more firmly conjugally and socially."

I cannot make you interested in me if I disregard you. By disregarding the wife her husband too finds her disinterested in him in the long run. And then their reciprocal misunderstanding reaches the climax. But the tragedy is that even at this stage the husband blames the wife for her "odd behaviour" forgetting, rather refusing to agree, that it is he who had "thrown a heavy stone in the still water of the pond," it was he who had struck at the root of the creeper of his wife's love.

I hate the man who claims that his wife must look to all his comforts and feels that he has nothing to give her in exchange. I call the man hypocrite, the man who champions the cause of women's emancipation on platforms but returns home at night like her wife's overlord.

If any man happens to read this article of mine, my appeal to him will be, "Before you canvass for rights of others' wives, recognise rights of your woman."

EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

(*Continued from Page 150*)

were lady teachers not belonging to the majority community. Their teaching made the students look down upon the indigenous culture. The baneful effect of education being left in the hands of persons with a foreign outlandish outlook has left its trail behind and even after the withdrawal of foreign rule in the country the mind of the present generation of educated men and women is shaped in a mould that fosters isolation. A proposal is often heard of the award of university degrees being subject to a compulsory course of training in social service in the Village Development Scheme. If the proposal materialises it is likely to break the barrier of isolation between the educated women in the urban areas and their uneducated sisters in the countryside.

MANY HURDLES ON WAY

But all educated women are certainly not isolationists in their outlook of life; some certainly do realise their duties towards their sisters and to the society. Unfortunately, they too face many hurdles on their way. In a country where more than three-fourths of the people are illiterate and where a great majority of women live a life of seclusion, educated women, however idealistic and public-spirited they may be, cannot be so thick-skinned as to ignore the unappreciative attitude, ill-behaviour, suppressed taunts and even open insults of the illiterate, half-educated or even educated old-fashioned members of the opposite sex and sometimes of their own sex. It is this hurdle which dissuaded many educated women from working or standing as candidates for election at the last general election, though they were approached by influential leaders.

Well, in a country of the blind the one-eyed man is compelled by the majority to declare that he sees nothing. My solvent of all problems not only of my own sex but of the entire nation, therefore, is that, next to the problem of defence and of food supply, the problem of education should attract our immediate and unstinted attention. Let us not forget also that the education of women in a sense is more important and deserves greater care than that of men, for our early education in its larger sense begins on the lap of the mother.

The leaders of the nation are already working for the Third Five-Year Plan. In the First Five-Year Plan stress was laid on agricultural developments; in the second, on heavy industries; in the third let us hope, emphasis will be laid on education, specially that of women, so that the hands hat will rock the cradles of the future administrators of the country may be of worthy mothers of worthy sons. This must necessarily be an arduous task for all of us but we, educated women, must remember that our emancipation is yet to come and is a long way off.

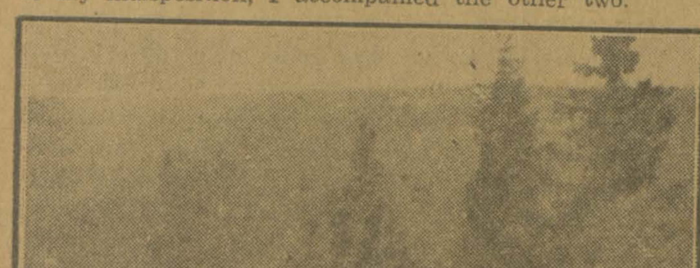
AMONG THE LAPPS IN SCANDINAVIA

(*Continued from Page 147*)

welcomed the news and with her assistance started one afternoon to meet that Same woman. When we arrived at her place, we found from outside that it was a neat, small cottage, with a tiny garden in front of it. In response to the calling bell, the door was opened by an old fragile-looking woman, who asked us to come and sit inside. The living room, which was also the bedroom, had one easy chair, a divan bed and two or three ordinary chairs, a small radio set, a watch and some flower pots. There was only another room, kitchen-cum-dining room, fitted with an electric stove, a cupboard, one table, a few chairs and an extra bed. For her age, which we learnt later, she kept the house fairly tidy and she was there all on her own.

Her life-story was a simple one. She was born in 1877 and her name was Elizabeth Stemp. In her young days she lived with her own people. Miss Stemp did not marry. After sometime the plains life attracted her and she took up a job as a domestic maid with a Swedish family. After changing several employers, she remained with a family until she was no longer able to work. Her employer was kind enough to build this cottage for her and settle a small pension on her. Since then Miss Stemp had been living on that pension and her savings. She impressed me as an unusually quiet type of woman who seemed to have been at peace with the world and patiently waiting for the end to come.

Next day in the morning my husband and the Swedish Professor went to interview the couple. The moment the old woman heard that there was an Indian woman in the group she refused to give any answer until she met me. In th› afternoon, in spite of my indisposition, I accompanied the other two.



The picture shows a modern two-storied Lapp house on the right and on the left is the typical Lapp hut.

The old couple, the husband would be well over 70 and the wife also about the same age, built their lodge amidst beautiful sylvan surroundings and led a quiet life there. They told us that because of their age they left the hazards of nomadic life and preferred to live in a brick-built house in the plains. Our friend informed us that they were appreciably rich, but the standard of life, as judged from the house and furniture, etc., was not as high as of other plains Europeans. In the living room they had some high-backed uncomfortable-looking wooden chairs, a moderately-priced wireless set and other odd bits of furniture. In the kitchen she had an electric cooking range, built-in cupboards, table and chairs and a cellar.

Although old, the couple were surprisingly agile and did all the work by themselves. When we went to visit them, the husband was chopping the wood and the wife was sawing timber! There was no domestic help and the house was tolerably clean. The woman was evidently surprised and amused with an Indian woman prying into her house and the way she looked at me gave me a shy feeling of being a very curious creature! She told me that she heard the Indian Prime Minister speaking over the radio and since then she was very keen on meeting an Indian woman, as they are always more interesting than men. She touched my hair, my sari and I also noticed her shabby skirt and blouse. Her face was covered with beautiful wrinkles, her fingers were gnarled and her complexion was yellow.

When the interview was over, we requested the couple whether it would be possible to see any Same family living in the tent. Fortunately, they had a daughter who with her family was then living in tent up in the mountains. We were told that there was no conveyance and if we were prepared to walk and climb quite a considerable distance, Mr. Faelstrom, the husband, would gladly accompany us. Since this was a rare opportunity my curiosity got over my illness and we thankfully accepted the offer. It was arranged that we shall start next day early in the morning.

SAMES IN THE MOUNTAINS

It was early September. The temperature was nearly 25|30 C. and it was quite pleasant for us. The journey consisted mainly of climbing and in spite of the strain we thoroughly enjoyed it. The final lap of the journey was rather wearisome and we had no water with us. The old man leapt in the mountains like a frog and we three trudged behind him. After walking and climbing alternately for about seven or eight miles we arrived on a plateau with a fairly big lake. Mr. Faelstrom assured us that his daughter's tent was very near—within a stone's throw! By that time the Sun was beautifully strong and our friend was almost collapsing from heat! The only redeeming feature was that there was no more climbing but walking on the plains. Nearly one hour's walk took us to our destination.

The daughter came out of her tent to receive us. She was about 35 years of age, slender and of medium height, a little wan in the face. Her eyes frequently screwed at the corner, most probably because of open fire in the tent. The hut was made of pieces of wooden logs and planks, tapering at the top which is kept open for the smoke to go out. She invited us smilingly to the hut and we all entered it crouching. A blazing fire was crackling in the midst of the tent and round it there was sitting accommodation with straws covered with reindeer skin. The fire served as an oven for cooking, heating, and keeping undesirable animals away. On the wooden walls

(*Continued on Page 160*)

BUDDHIST SITES IN INDIA

(*Continued from Page 145*)

mound which the local people regard as an old fort. It is 41 ft. high and covers an area of 1,500 ft. by 1000 ft. Not far from this mound, there is another mound, formed of solid brick work. A shrine dedicated to the goddess Bisari Devi is situated on the mound. Many other mounds of a similar nature are dotted over the neighbourhood. The ruins of an earthen rampart of over three miles in circumference have also been found at the site. The trial diggings hitherto undertaken have not yielded much information, and so systematic excavations are needed to establish its detailed history.

PLACE OF MAHAPARINIRVANA

Kusinagar or Kusinara was the town of the ancient Mallas. It is now included in the district of Deoria and is identified with Kasia. It is a sacred spot of the greatest importance for the Buddhists, for it is the place where the Buddha attained Mahaparinirvana (passing away from the world) in his eightieth year. The followers and admirers of the Master invariably visit this place for pilgrimage. It lies at some distance from the line of railway communication, and one can reach it by a fine motorable road from Deoria, which is a station on the North-Eastern Railway, twenty-one miles away.

The story of the Buddha's demise is picturesquely related in sacred literature. He had a serious attack of dysentery after he had taken his last meal at the residence of Cunda, a blacksmith. While he was ill, he reached the famous Sal forest near Kusinagar from Pava. Here he realized that his death was near at hand. So, he sent a message to the Mallas. They at once hurried to him, and paid their last homage to the Master.

Like other spots of sanctified memory, Kusinagar too grew up into a great place of pilgrimage. In course of time, numerous shrines and monasteries were erected here to commemorate the Buddha's passing away. But, it is not known why the place sank into oblivion rather early. It was perhaps entirely abandoned for unknown reasons. It may be that there was some natural calamity like an earthquake. In any case, when Fa-hien and Hiuen Tsang came to this place, they both found it deserted and in a state of ruin and desolation.

Recent excavations have not brought to light much that is historically valuable, but a number of inscriptions which refer to the Parinirvana Chaitya have been found which definitely serve to confirm the correct identification of this site. It is, however, a pity that the Asokan stupa which is supposed to have been erected here has not yet been found. It may perhaps have been dismantled and pillaged. It is also not unlikely that it may be lying buried below the Parinirvana Chaitya. This Chaitya dates from the Gupta age, according to the inscriptions discovered here.

There are several sacred structures at Kasia. Of these, one which is specially significant is the Matha Kunwar Ka Kot. It houses a huge supine statue of the Buddha in the unconditioned state of Parinirvana. Originally, this statue was found in a broken condition, and its different fragments lay scattered. A distinguished expert, Mr. Carlleyle, cleverly rejoined the pieces and restored the original shape in an artistic style. There is a lofty mound in the vicinity, which the local residents call Ramabhar. This mound has not yet been fully excavated, but it is presumed that it marks the place where the ancient stupa containing the remains of the Buddha's body was erected. Tradition holds that these sacred relics were partitioned into eight equal parts. If the mound is properly excavated, it may reveal valuable data with the help of which the history of this place can be correctly reconstructed.

THINGS I SAW IN GERMANY

(*Continued from Page 143*)

journey roaming leisurely in the dales, valleys, lakes and mountains. This is the place where we have the German Alps, beautiful, awe-inspiring and reminiscent of our Himalayas. It is here where nature is bountiful and people simple and artistic.

AGRICULTURE

I have dilated so long on Germany's industry, art and culture, but in agriculture too they are unique. Nowhere did I find any large mass of waste land. Every inch of ground is worked up either for cereals, cash crops or forestry. Industry might give them prosperity, but cultivation gives them peace of mind. Thus there is a wonderful balance—a harmonious wedding of industry to agriculture.

GERMANY AND JAPAN

After having toured round Germany of the present-day, I am invariably reminded of another great country, Japan. It is these two countries that made all the headlines in newspapers of the world just a decade ago. The countries who wanted world supremacy by brute force had the lessons of a lifetime. These are the countries devastated by bombs and reduced to ashes. Both of them were under the heels of two of the most historically famous despots, where freedom of the people was the first casualty. The tales of awe filled the air, spectres of untold ravages, of famines and destitution haunted the people. Diseases were rampant and morale at the lowest ebb. Such was the tragedy and the ruination that the military dictatorship brought on a long-suffering people. Happenings such as these will perhaps save the countries of the Free World for ever and for ever from such catastrophes.

One has to go to the realm of philosophy to find out, how the two nations, who were the prime movers in disturbing the peace of the world, could re-emerge today from the ashes of their ruins as two of the greatest nations of the modern times. The only plausible explanation that one could offer was that the people of these two countries, who underwent the horrors of a devastating war for no fault of theirs had evoked the blessings of the Almighty.

AMONG THE LAPPS

(*Continued from Page 158*)

there were on pegs and nails a few kitchen utensils, a pocket watch and a cake of washing soap. In another corner were a few garments. The daughter wore a worn-out skirt and a blouse and the three little boys had ragged trousers and shirts on them. The husband was away with his reindeers and a dog, an inseparable element of the Same life, kept watch over the entire household during his master's absence. The time for lunch was near and we all shared the meal, some reindeer meat, bread, cheese and tea. The old man could speak Swedish and we carried on the conversation with the help of our friend.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we bade goodbye to the family and started for our hotel. On the way we met the husband. He was a sturdy young man of about 40 with a weather-beaten face and was clad in hunter's clothes. He greeted us with a gentle smile and thanked us for our visit.



A young Lapp couple ready for their festival and the visitor's camera to

The village where the festival was to be held was not very far from the town we were staying. But the transport was rather difficult making the place almost inaccessible. Part of the journey was covered by bus which took us to the bank of a very big lake. The place of our destination lay on the other side and we had to cross it by a ferry boat. For the sake of convenience, we rented a small cottage with two rooms, kitchen, bathroom, etc., on this side of the lake. The rent which was very moderate (something like a rupee a day) included the service of a maid to clean the house, light the fire, prepare the breakfast, and in the evening to light the lamp, for, there was no electricity in that area.

Next day, early in the morning, we crossed the lake and arrived at the village. There were quite a few huts erected by the wealthy Sames and some rented ones too. We were told by the priest, a jovial and friendly Swede whose acquaintance we have made before, that Fatmomakke enjoys the unique distinction of being a village which is visited by people only four times a year, otherwise lying deserted all the year round. By ten o'clock almost all the huts were full with Sames arranging their things in their temporary abodes where they were to stay for a couple of days only. All of them came in their gay national costume carrying the children in the hollow tree trunks which served the purpose of a pram and was slung from the shoulders of men.

HILARITY OF A FESTIVAL

The festival began with a church service in the nice little church. After that they were scattered all over the place to meet friends and relations. There were two eating houses which supplied all the meals to the visitors and the lunch was served in the community dining hall where it lasted for nearly 2/3 hours. Thereafter the crowd again dispersed and the young people were sauntering in groups. I came to know an interesting couple there. The girl was a Swedish Same and the boy was a plains Norwegian. Both of them were engineers and got married while studying together.

With gaily-attired, short, stocky and mongoloid-featured people, forming different groups according to ages, the village presented an interesting spectacle. We met our old friends, the Faelstroms and their daughter's family. The added attraction in that year was the presence of an Indian woman! It was difficult to decide who was more curious. Cameras clicked from both sides all the time taking photographs.

The priest kindly invited us to dine with him which was certainly a treat as it was a happy departure from chewing the tough reindeer meat for some days. As we came out of his house we found elderly people sitting under the sky, chatting and smoking. The young people went to the dance organised by themselves. The place was nearly a mile away from the village and when we arrived at the place the dance was going in its full speed. It was an ill-lighted, elevated wooden platform, adding creaking sound to the orchestra, but the performers were oblivious to all.

Next morning the life started a little later, most probably because of previous night's hilarity. There was not much variety from the previous day's programme. The lunch that day was more protracted and lively but not noisy because of partial alcohol rationing. From 5 o'clock in the afternoon they started packing and leaving the place. By the evening the whole place became deserted again. The setting sun cast its rays on the forlorn village which would have to wait for months before it heard the sound of footsteps of human beings again.

We also crossed the lake in the evening, came to our bungalow, slept the night there and next day started for Stockholm.



THE HARVEST *of a famine*

By ADITYA OHDEDAR

THAT big industrial town of Uttar Pradesh how fast it grew during the Second World War. Its population became twice what it had before the war. Only in the one Government factory as many as fifty thousand people were working. And there was quite a number of other factories, small or big running in full swing. People worked and earned quite a lot: the inflated paper money pleased the mind enlivened the temper and whetted the desire. And so after nightfall this quarter of the city would be gorgeous. Here narrow lanes cut interior from both the sides of the main road. Along these lanes were arrays of shops of sundry interests, tawdry booths so to say and if one would look up one would see those who adorned and painted themselves to attract the flesh-seeking nocturnal reptiles. The inflated currency was not for nothing: it was being duly used.

One of these lanes Manish had to take to return to his lodge after working in the factory. The main road was circuitous. And after the day's hard labour in the factory who would want to carry his weary feet along a longer way? Manish therefore cut short his way through that lane.

But Manish would not raise his eyes up, although at that time those painted women would bedeck their waiting-hour outside in the balcony. He would walk on, with his eyes hovering on the tinselled articles in the arrayed shops. Still it was not that Manish would not for once or twice look upwards out of curiosity but then he would immediately lower down his eyes. During his passage along the lane he would often see some men sneaking sideways past some shop and crossing an open entrance to step up some dark staircase. Manish was quite used to this scene.

That day Manish had left the factory quite late in the evening. After a long overtime duty when he came out of the factory gate it was past nine. And he saw that the sky was heavily overcast. He hurried his steps but soon rains came all in torrents. Manish saw a portico before him and he took shelter below it. More than an hour passed. But the rains were still in strong force and Manish got almost completely drenched by the spray of rain water, caused by fierce gusts of wind blowing with the rain. So it was no use, he thought, waiting there any longer.

SILENT & DESOLATE LANE

And he took the road in the rain. His lodge was still quite far. But the rains soon abated and when Manish reached at the entrance of the lane, it was only drizzling. The shops were all closed except one or two which also were just closing. With

perfect ease Manish to-day looked up and saw that almost all the rooms were dark. If some light was visible in a few rooms it was dim and faint due to blinds and curtains—the inside was impenetrable. Nobody was there outside in the balcony of any house. And the lane lay silent and desolate. Well, who on earth would still be there at this hellish hour, thought Manish, mocking at his own physical state.

But after walking some distance he saw that one girl was standing in a balcony. Leaning against the window pane she was looking wistfully at the lane. Manish was surprised: what, a Bengali! Yes, she must be so; the signs were clear from her hair-dress down to the way she wore the sari. And then, her features, too, were distinctly of a Bengali woman. Manish looked at her intently. The girl also looked at him. Her look was imploring, as though she was silently soliciting his favour to come up to her.

At least Manish thought so. And it was a rainy night—all about was still and silent except for the soft sound of the drip-drip rain. What a moment! The cup of desire brimmed over. Manish was a stranger in that city and was without any ties. Even if he did not return to his lodge, what of that? Nobody would care a rap.

The inscrutable mind of man. How easily Manish went up the dark staircase.

INVITING SMILE ON HER FACE

And he found her standing at the entrance door. "Please come in", she softly said. There was an inviting smile on her face.

Suddenly Manish felt his knees shaking and wanted to leave the place. But he got over the weakness and pushed straight into the room.

She bolted the door.

And at that moment Manish was as though whipped by his upbringing. He wished to open the door and rush out of the room. But the rains again began to fall in full force and the thunders were so loud, the lightnings so dazzling that Manish feared if he would now be on the open road he would surely be struck by a thunderbolt. It was, therefore, better to be in this room. After all this was a shelter. And then, why fear, he would not give way to temptation.

Controlling himself and with a tone of over-bearing composure he said to her, "I have come into your den for shelter. Don't worry. You will get what you earn in one night. I won't strike a loss on your trade. Come, what's your fee?"

She at once said with a smile, "That issue may wait. First get yourself rid of the wet clothes." And she went to a corner where there was a medium-sized steel trunk. She opened it and pulled out some clothes.

Manish had looked at her face quite well. Now he looked at her gait. He thought if this girl was out of these surroundings she could easily pass for one of good society. Or maybe, Manish wondered, she was a new bird here.

She came to Manish with a *dhoti* and a shirt. "Take these", she said. "Believe me, these are quite new and unused. The shirt may not fit your body, but it will serve for a covering. Please change yourself."

"A set of new *dhoti* and shirt in your room! Well, he is indeed a fortunate man for whom this pretty arrangement has been made. Should I use these first, eh?" Manish sharpened a jeering smile.

She threw a smarting look upon his face and went to deposit the clothes in the trunk.

Manish obstructed her. "Well", he said, "don't go. I am not such a fool or puritan as would refuse this fine offer of dry clothes and keep on wet for the night. Let me have them."

"I AM LALITA BAI

He almost snatched the clothes from her hand. "What's your name?" he asked.

Her early smile was again on her face. She replied, "I am Lalita Bai. You may call me Lalita. Now change yourself. I shall be here in a minute."

Lalita pushed the side door and went into the adjoining room.

Manish could not but admire the girl. She had a lovely smile. And how pretty her face and graceful her movement. The complexion, though not very fair, had a charming lustre. And wonder, she did not paint, like her kin, her face and lips. How old could she be? Maybe between twenty and twenty-five. But there were others in her profession, who, although much younger than her were—O Lord—so ugly and wizened. Yes Manish had seen their specimens.

Besides, the girl's over-brimming youth was so intoxicating. But Manish assured himself, he would not lose self-control. A woman's body should never be a temptation for him. No, never.

But strange, she was without customer to-night. If Manish did not come, she would have perhaps kept on standing in the balcony. Or maybe some-body had already come and gone. In his front Manish saw a bed spread on a cot. The bedsheet looked fresh and immaculately clean. There were two pillows whose covers were equally tidy. The whole bed appeared to be untouched by anybody.

It was still raining incessantly. Lalita did not yet appear from inside. There was an arm-chair beside the cot. Manish kept aside his wet clothes and sat in the chair. He looked about. The room was not bad. The walls were neat. Three framed pictures were hanging, one was a landscape painting and the other two were of the goddesses Kali and Durga. The wall mirror was highly shining and seemed costly. At one corner there were two steel trunks on a small bench, from one of which Lalita had taken out the clothes. Manish still wondered what had made her keep men's clothes at her place. There was a wall-almirah with two upper glass panes. Through these were visible some crockery, a wine glass and a decanter.

So long Manish had curiosity about such a place, but no boldness to satisfy it. But it was not that he was prepared that day to satisfy his curiosity. Who on earth had ever known that Manish would one day really step into a prostitute's room. All right, when once he had come there, he would also see that he could come out of fire unscathed. Let this girl know that there could be someone who might visit her, yet not demand her body.

"JUST HAVE SOME SNACKS"

Lalita entered in. She carried a plate and small teapoy. Keeping the plate on the teapoy in front of Manish, she said, "Just have some snacks."

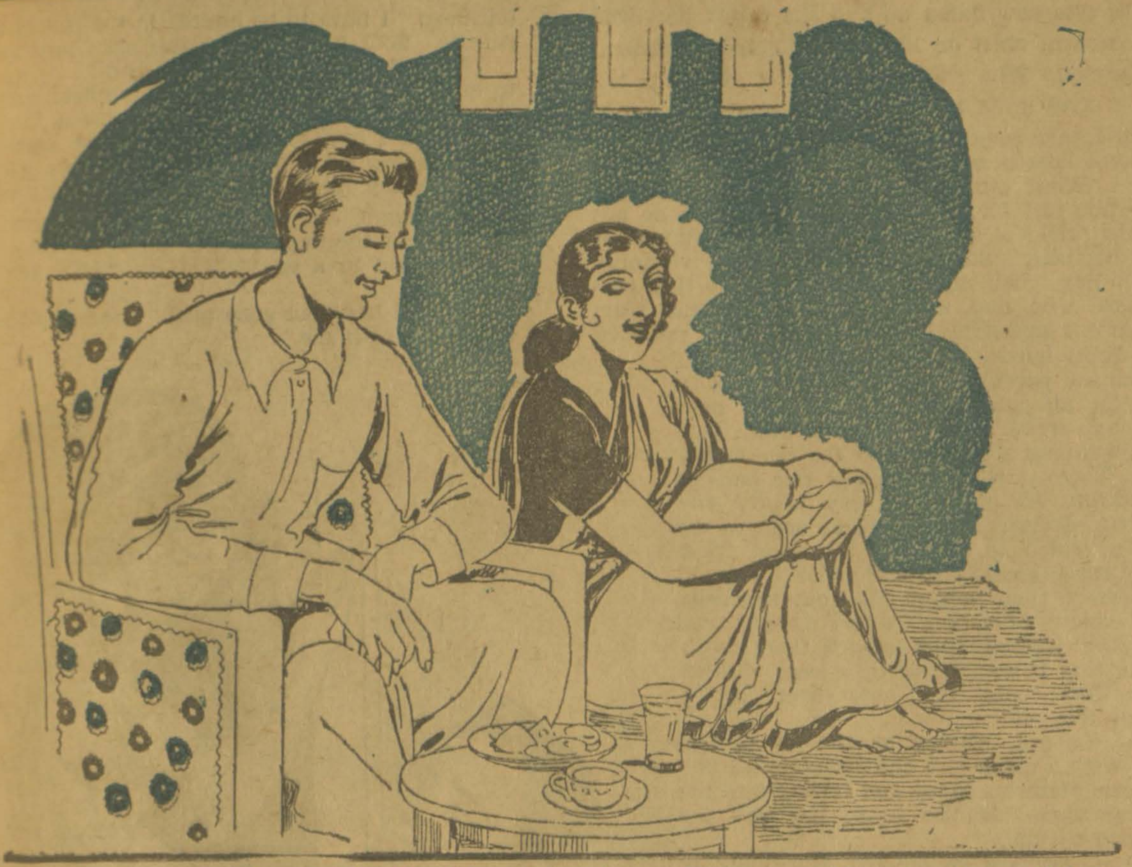
The plate was full of rich refreshments: quite a good varieties of sweets and salts.

She fetched a glass of water and a cup of tea. Then she sat on the floor besides Manish with her knees drawn up and her hands round them. Manish had always liked this sitting posture of women—it was so graceful. He noticed that she had changed her dress and wore a simple sari in the homely style of a Bengali woman when she keeps indoors.

Pointing at the plate Lalita again requested Manish to eat.

Manish gave a dig at her: "So you feast every-body who visits you, don't you?"

She retorted readily, "Why so. Others do not



Then she sat on the floor besides Manish with her knees drawn up and her hands round them.

come here like you only to take shelter against rains. Well, now please finish with the plate." There was an earnest request in her tone.

Manish still hesitated.

"Oh, I see. You loathe taking food at such a place. Then you needn't take." Her voice was grave and lumpy.

Manish now took the plate and looking straight at her face said, "If I can come to your place, I can well take food in it too."

And he took out a ten-rupee note from his purse and holding it to her he said, "Let me give you this in advance. The way it is raining, I am afraid, I have to pass the whole night in your room."

Lalita calmly accepted the money and said, "It is much in excess of what you should have paid."

"Maybe. That doesn't matter. And then, you earn more than ten rupees in one night."

"LORD, IT IS HIGH POETRY!"

Lalita smiled and kept quiet. This spirit of her reminded Manish of her profession. And, therefore, he felt all the more to chastise her. He had finished the plate. Taking the glass of water to his mouth he said, "Tell me, what's the matter. All the other rooms are engaged, but you are without client?"

"Why, you are here."

"I say, did anyone come before me?"

"Those who came had to go back, seeing the door closed."

"Why was the door closed?"

"For no reason. It was so delightful just to keep on looking outside in the rainy night."

"Lord, it is high poetry! Yours then is a losing concern."

Manish laughed derisively and lay down on the bed resting his head on one pillow. He threw the other pillow towards Lalita and said, "Take this and go to sleep elsewhere. Let me use this bed."

With a lilt in her voice Lalita said, "Where else am I to go? And there is only one bed."

Manish got up immediately and snapped, "Then you have this bed. I shall take that chair."

"Thanks. You needn't take the trouble. There is plenty of room for me to sleep. You lie down quietly." Lalita took the plate and the glass and also the wet clothes Manish had kept aside and went out of the room.

She returned after a while. Manish was lying still.

"Should I put off the light?" she asked.

Manish gravely said, "Come here, Lalita."

She came to him.

Manish took her hand and jerking it a little said, "Sit here on this cot."

She sat down almost beside Manish and with a smile said, "What shall I do now? Go to bed with you?"

"You have gone to bed with so many men every night. For this night you will have to be sorry that there will be no man with you in bed. Come now, tell me how you have come to take up this profession. You seem to be new in this line."

Lalita's eyes became dim, but the next moment they sharpened. She pouted her lips with a jeer and said, "Lord, what a profound question! Well, please know that to me this profession is highly interesting. I gather so much experience; I know you menfolk, of what mettle you are—from the doddering octogenarian to the sixteen-year old tot."

Manish pressed her hand and said, "Don't try to evade. Say why and how you have come to live in this locality."

Trying to elude his grasp and with a forced yawn she said, "Let me go. I feel sleepy. Or, if you want I may lie down here."

Manish still pressed, "Answer my question, Lalita."

Her eyes now flared up and she raised her head like a serpent erect on its body: "This is a sickening question. Why should I answer? What is the use? I have loved to take to this profession. It is my will I have come to live in this place." Then she took some breath and muttered as though in a soliloquy: "What purpose is there to keep this body pure, when just for a handful of rice parents do not have any pricks of conscience to incite their daughter to sell her body. Still I was zealous of my virginity. But the day when my younger brother—a tiny chit of a boy—who had waited in a long queue from the previous midnight to obtain some rice, returned home empty-handed and swooned in exhaustion and my parents insinuated that I was to blame for all this plight, I could not hold myself any more. And I ran to him, that person who had a big contract for the supply of rice. There were thousands of rice bags in his godown. He gave me very kindly one small bag of rice. In exchange he enjoyed my body, for which he had waited so long. That day my parents easily took the rice I brought and appeased their hunger. That day that was a right course of action. To-day when I send them some clothes they return them with the note that it was better they went without clothes than touch the ones sent by a daughter like me!"

She stopped, coming as though to her senses. With a quick jerk she disentangled her hand from Manish's grasp and rushed into the adjoining room. Manish heard her bolt the door from within.

He lay stunned on the bed. His thoughts hovered on so many things. The clothes he was wearing were, then, meant for Lalita's father who had returned them in contempt. And how he had gibed at Lalita for these clothes. He repented his action.

The rains were pattering on the roof and on the window-shades. Manish went on thinking. But he was tired and soon he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the first streak of dawn was still very faint. He was accustomed to rise at such hour, for he had to reach the factory before sunrise.

He gently tapped on the side door and called, "Lalita."

Lalita was as though waiting for the call. She opened the door at once and came in. "Would you go just now?" she asked.

Manish gazed at her in surprise. She had already finished her bath. There was a charming serenity about her.

"Well, what makes you stare at me?"

"Nothing. I was simply looking at you.. ....where are my clothes? I have to start now."

She went inside and brought the clothes. "I have got these dried and ironed. You should thank me." She again went inside.

She returned after a while with a plate containing some sweets and bread-toasts and a cup of tea.

Manish wondered "How could you arrange all these at such an hour?"

Her face brightened with smile. "In any way I might do it, what with you? As you want to flee from here under cover of darkness, there was no other way than prepare all these at this time."

It was a fine breakfast He finished it and then made himself ready to go He came close to Lalita and said, "I am not fleeing from here under cover of darkness I have to be present in the factory before sunrise. So I have to leave this place just now."

He had settled his mind last night. He was now to express it. He took Lalita by the hand and said, "Listen to me Lalita, I won't let you live in this place. Last night I have thought well over the matter, and have decided what to do. I will take you with me. You only say, 'yes' Say you will come with me."

Her hand, clasped into Manish's, became warm at first, but the next moment turned all cold.

She said in a spiritless tone, "Have you gone mad?"

"No. I have not gone mad. Please say that you will come with me."



Lalita stood silent with her head bent down. Manish said, "Remember I am coming tomorrow evening."

"How can that be? Why will the mistress of this house let me free?"

"That I shall manage. You see, I have a friend here, who has his own house and can easily spare a room for us. I am coming to-morrow evening. And I will take you with me then and there Please say, 'yes'."

Lalita stood silent with her head bent down.

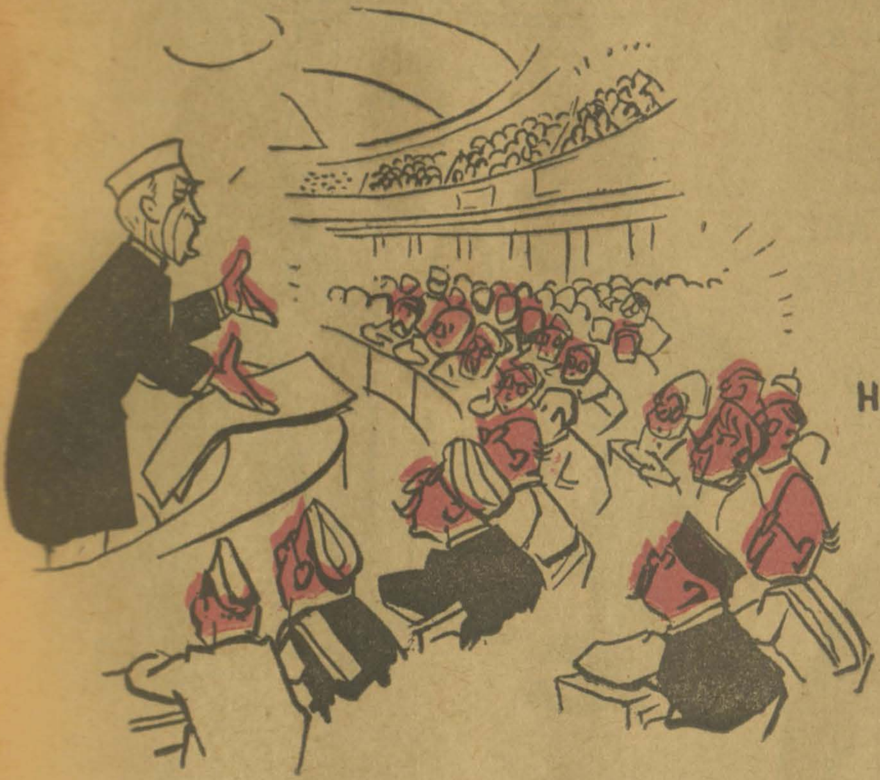
Manish said, "Remember, I am coming to-morrow evening."

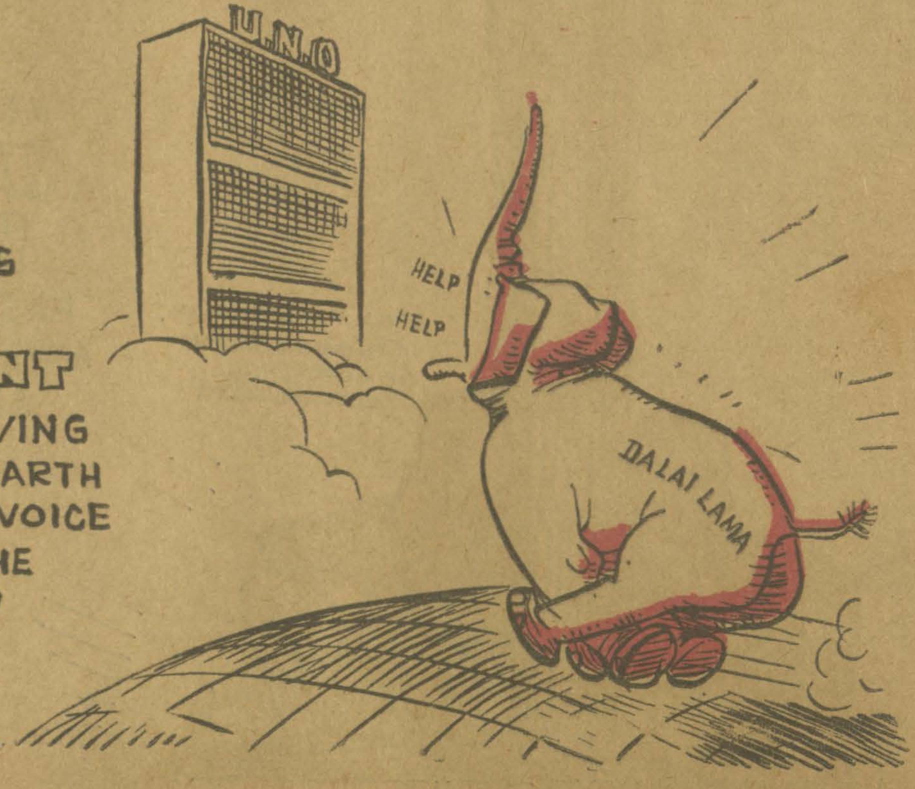
She appeared to nod her consent.

The next evening Manish went there But he

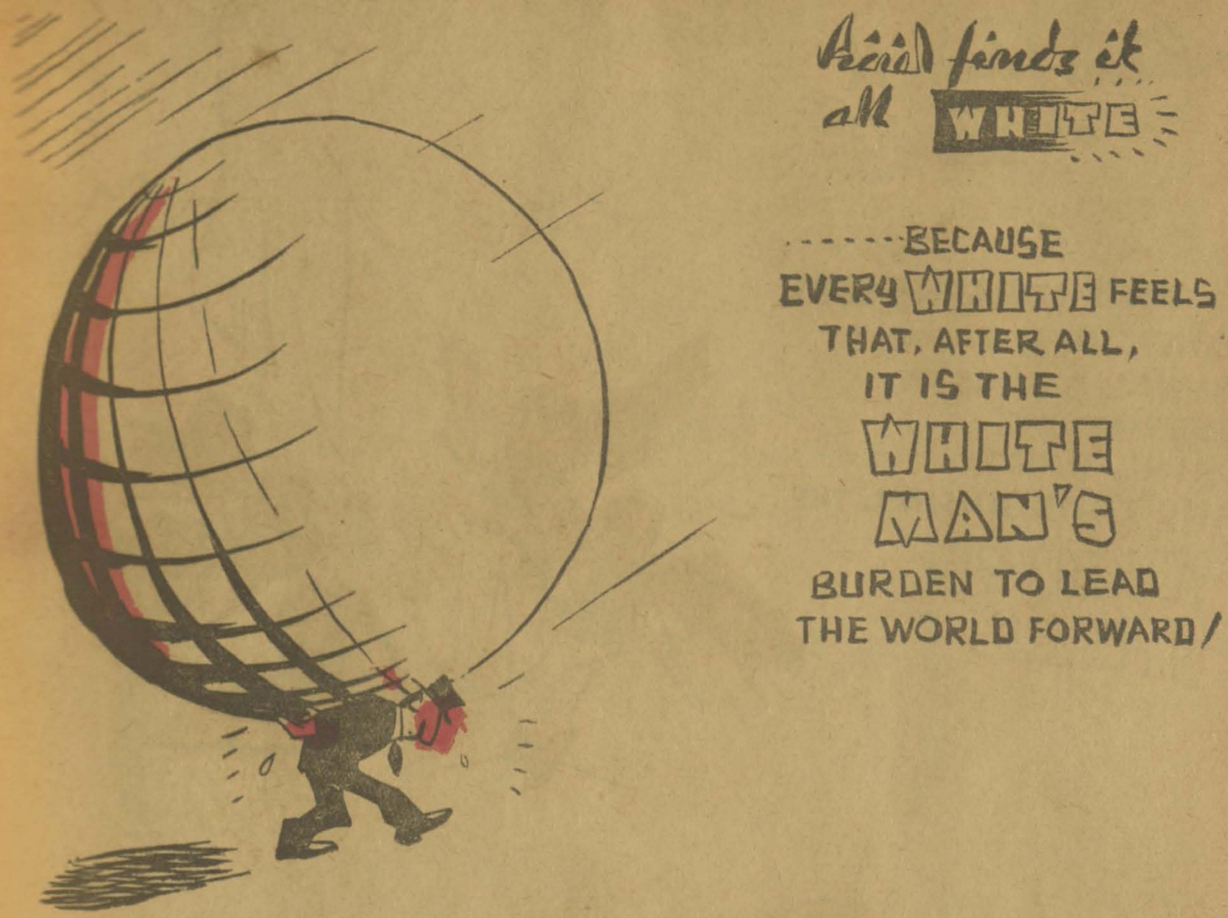
(Continued on Page 218)

Pucial finds it all WHITE






finds it all WHITE
THIS HAS AROUSED TREMENDOUS INTEREST AND CURIOSITY IN THE
WHITE HOUSE
WHERE THEY ARE THINKING THAT THIS WORLD MUST BE SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION !
STILL I DONOT THINK, IT IS AN INVASION ON OUR COMMONWEALTH
MEANWHILE
WHITE HALL
HAS BEEN MUCH AMUSED AT ALL THIS AND IS STILL MUSING-------


finds it all WHITE
------BECAUSE
EVERY WHITE FEELS
THAT, AFTER ALL,
IT IS THE
WHITE
MAN'S
BURDEN TO LEAD
THE WORLD FORWARD!


ON THE OTHER HAND
AFTER THE WHITE PAPER-
EPISODE, THE POPULAR
PASSION OF INDIA
HAS RISEN TO
WHITE
HEAT!
DO YOU CALL THIS A BORDER RAID?
BORDER RAID? IT IS PURE & SIMPLE — INVASION!
THIS IS JUST INSERTING THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE!

Pécièl finds it all WHITE



AND INDIANS FEEL THAT THEY CANNOT ALWAYS ACCEPT EVERYTHING LYING DOWN AND THUS UNFURL THE WHITE FLAG!



SO, CONSIDERING THE EXISTING WORLD-TENSION DUE TO COLD WAR, OUR P.M. IS SERIOUSLY THINKING OF CLEANING THE PUBIC MIND WHITE ON PRINCIPLES OF PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE!

THE SPIRIT *Of* THE PUJA

By MARY WARD



THE great autumn festival of the Puja reunites all India in a spirit of rejoicing after the toil of the year In Bengal the Durga Puja is celebrated· in other parts of India the Puja is held in honour of Sita wife of Rama and known as Dussehra

Durga means 'She who dispels all difficulties. The consort of Shiva obtained the name of Durga because she slew in her eighth manifestation an *asura* (demon). She is the most widely worshipped goddess of the Hindu pantheon and her names and manifestations are many. and during Durga Puja her warlike aspects are worshipped All her battles represent the struggle between good and evil. She is also worshipped as Mother and Daughter: as Mother she dispenses peace prosperity and happiness: as Daughter of the land she comes and stays with her people. but with Vijaya Day comes separation. and as Parvati she returns to Shiva.

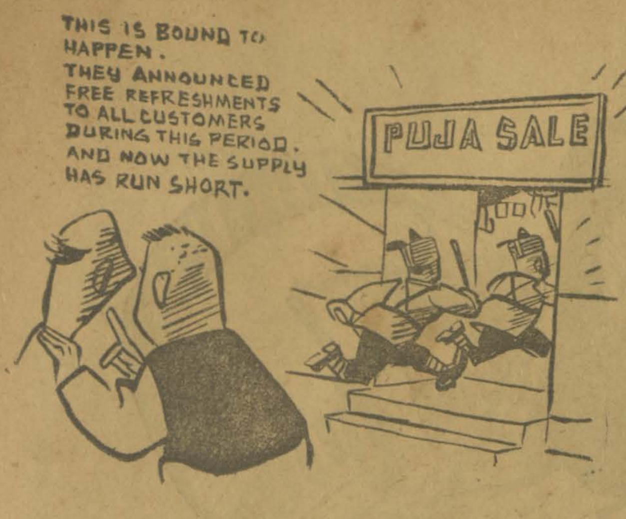
BENGAL'S GREATEST FESTIVAL

Durga Puja is the greatest festival of the Hindus, at least in Bengal. At this season members of the family who have been absent from home on business return. With the worship of Durga is associated all that is bright and cheerful. It is customary at the time of Puja to offer presents to the son-in-law and other relations. and the practice of wearing new clothes especially on the sixth and tenth days, is widely observed.

On the tenth day. Vijaya Dashami or Dussehra Day Bengalees celebrate *Bisarjan* or the ceremonial dipping of the images of Durga Then friends visit each other's houses present sweets and offer good wishes The Durga Puja festival is the stateliest of Hindu pujas and one of the few in which the religious duties discharged by the worshippers are of a congregational nature.

'NAVARATRI OF OLD DAYS

Originally the Durga Puja was held for nine days in succession commencing with the month of Chaitra (March to April) the whole Puja season being called the 'Navaratri' or the 'nine nights' because being an essentially Tantric form of worship it was conducted in the secrecy of night But later the date was altered so as to take place in the moonlit half of Ashwin (September to October) Both these dates were connected with the cutting of the harvest but the worship has nothing to do with agricultural operations It is believed that the change of dates **was made by Rama, King of Ayodhya, the hero of**



the Ramayana, who asked the Goddess Dugra for supernatural aid in his campaign against Ravana, the demon king.

RAM LILAS OF UPPER INDIA

The modern autumn festival has gained, at least in Upper India, elements of festivity that never belonged to the old Puja due to its association with the victories of Rama. It has been the practice of the people to celebrate these victories annually in the form of spectacular displays called the Ram Lilas. The Ram Lila is in the form of an open-air dramatic representation of the principal incidents of the Ramayana, designed to instruct the masses in the moral teaching of the great epic.

These Ram Lilas are usually held throughout the Navaratri, and the incidents selected are chiefly from the war between Rama's forces, led by Hanuman, the monkey chief, and the forces of the Demon King of Lanka (Ceylon) Ravana, who carried off Sita, Rama's wife. The drama concludes on the tenth day, Vijaya Dashami or Dussehra, with the defeat of Ravana.

GRAND DISPLAY IN DELHI

Vijaya Dashami is celebrated in Delhi with a grand display of fireworks. A mammoth gathering of people from all over the city and the surrounding countryside assembles to watch the battle enacted by professional actors. Rama and his brother Lakshman mount their chariot and shoot arrows with lighted tips towards paper effigies of Ravana and his brother and son. Fireworks go up with blaze of the effigies. The climax comes when Golden Lanka, Ravana's city, goes up in flames to the accompaniment of a loud explosion.

There is great excitement, particularly among the children, and they learn at a tender age by visual instruction the ultimate conquest of good over evil. They burn their own effigies of Ravana and generally time their ceremony to coincide with that of the Ram Lila grounds.

The ten-day drama concludes with Bharat Milap, when Rama, returning from exile with Sita and Lakshman, meets his brother Bharat and is crowned King of Ayodhya. This scene is most dramatic, especially when Hanuman jumps from a high tree-top with the aid of a rope into Ayodhya. Small boys joyfully disguised as monkey battalions of Hanuman, their faces smeared with yellow powder, are seen during the Dussehra celebrations.

BURNING OF RAVANA'S EFFIGY

Ravana's effigy is burnt all over India at this traditional anniversary of the tyrant's defeat by Rama, ideal king and man. Every city and town, every big village, holds its Ram Lila. Amritsar, Allahabad, Indore, Rajasthan, Kashmir, Bombay and West India—everywhere these dramatic performances and tableaux of the Ramayana take place, although they go under different names.

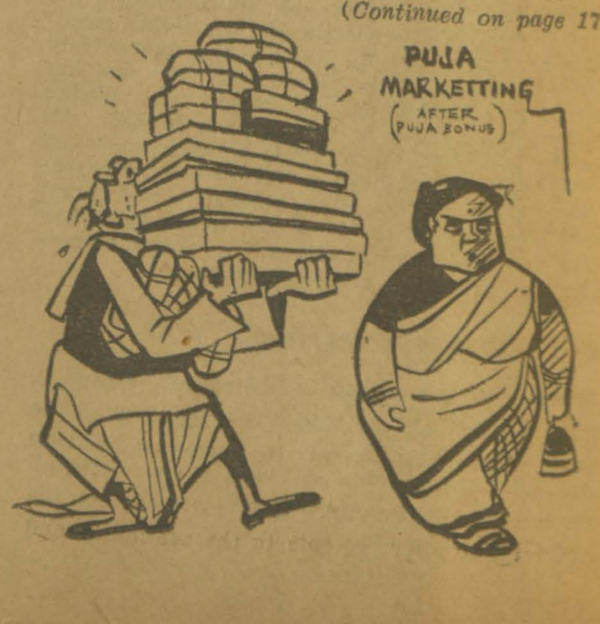
The Ram Lila, however, is connected with the Durga Puja only by the bonds of association. It does not form any part of the religious ceremony, for the two celebrations are held independently of each other. Thus the Puja assumes a dual aspect: the worship of Durga and the performance of the Ram Lila during Dussehra taking place simultaneously. But both festivals culminate in the spirit of relaxation after the rains, the burgeoning of the harvest, the completion of the fertility of Mother Earth and the rejoicing at achievement.

ELEPHANT PROCESSION IN MYSORE

The story of the old Puja in Mysore State reads like a fairy tale from Perrault. Until Independence, regal pomp attended the Maharajah's procession, the *Jaitra Yatra* (March of Conquest) to Banni Mantrap, the place where the *sami* trees grow. Large numbers of visitors even from abroad came to Mysore to watch the famous elephant procession.

The Dussehra in Mysore is probably connected with the worship of Indra (the Rain God) for good rain, abundance of harvest, prosperity and happiness.

(*Continued on page 172*)



Early Pujahs in Calcutta



By **MUKUL GUPTA**

IF the noisy projections of the present-day Puja celebrations have quite reasonably been a subject of pungent comments of the people, the sober section of the people, the unseemly excesses of the Puja festivities a century and a half ago also angered contemporary newspapers of Calcutta to come out with caustic editorials lamenting the loss of sense of propriety and proportions of the wealthier sections of the gentry, who let themselves loose in regrettable pomp and splendour.

One of these early editorials, draped in words of remorse and reproof, made a fervent appeal for sobriety to return and good sense to prevail.

"As far as we can judge," said the *Government Gazette* of October 9, 1826, "the Doorgah Poojah continues to be celebrated with undiminished pageantry, and expenditure, nothwithstanding the diffusion of liberal ideas amongst those especially of the more opulent classes, by whom it is observed. We have no objection to the contemplation of the religious rites of the Hindus, for the gratification of liberal curiosity, nor to a participation in their amusements, but the vague and undefined mobbing of the Doorgah Poojah can yield, we should fancy, neither information nor diversion, and the noise and confusion that prevail, allow those who are involved in them, to hear and see but little, and to understand still less."

"GRAND GENERAL FEAST"

The degeneration of the Puja celebrations into unrestrained festivities was due to more than one reason. But in spite of it, the Puja was the most significant social and religious event in the life of the people, who then lived in Calcutta. John Zephaniah Holwell, one of the earliest chroniclers of old Calcutta, classified the relative importance of the Hindu gods and goddesses and said that "Doorgah was the first in rank and dignity." Writing in 1766, he observed that "Doorgah Poojah was the grand general feast of the Gentoos, usually visited by all Europeans (by invitation) who were treated by the proprietor of the feast with flowers in seasons, and were entertained every evening while the feast lasted, with bands of singers and dancers." He claimed that the representation that he made in his book "Interesting Historical Events" of "the grand feast of the Durgah will no doubt appear genuine to many thousands now in England, as it is a sight that few who have visited Bengal have not indulged themselves with."

ENGLISH TUNES INTRODUCED

Europeans, more often designated as the "Gentlemen of the Settlement," had been associated with the celebrations from the earliest days that one could recollect. On September 18, 1792, the *Calcutta Chronicle* gave a list of the houses where the "customary annual ceremonies" would take place and commented that "the scarcity of amusements in Calcutta and the fineness of nights will, no doubt, cause the spectacle to attract, as usual, a number of Europeans." Raja Naba Kissen, Kesto Chandra Mitra, Ram Hurry Takoor, Banarasi Ghose, Durpanarain Takoor—who led the Calcutta social life—used to vie with one another in entertaining European guests with food and music lavishly served. But Raja Sookmoy Roy overtook his competitors that year by introducing a novelty, which others could not contemplate. "The only novelty," commented the *Chronicle*, "that rendered the entertainment different from those of last year was the introduction, or rather the attempt to introduce, some English tunes among the Hindostanee music. This was not attended, as might be supposed, with much success, owing to the indifferent skill of the musicians; but the favourite simple air of *Malbrook* was played so as to be immediately distinguished, and, being performed by the

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THE SPIRIT OF THE PUJA

(Continued from page 170)

The Puja offered to the State Horse, the State Elephant and the State Carriage represents. it is said, the respect due to Indra's horse *Uchhaisrava*, his elephant. the beautiful and victorious *Airavatha*, and his chariot commonly known as *Devaratha*. Likewise the Puja offered to the throne represents that offered to Indra's throne *Pushkaramalini*, which is said to drive away the weakness of old age, fatigue and fear Similar is the worship of State Arms and the State Cow.

5000-YEAR-OLD RITES

The ceremony in Mysore follows the injunctions laid down in the sacred *Puranas* about five thousand years ago In the inner sanctum of the palace special worship was offered to Chamundeswari (a different form of Kali) the Maharajah's family goddess, on all the nine days of the festival family rites that have been handed down through the centuries On the seventh day the Rajpramukh performed Saraswati Puja. On the ninth day he worshipped "Ayudhas" (Arms) During these nine days the Maharajah led an austere life observed a fast and did not appear in public. He then performed the State Rites.

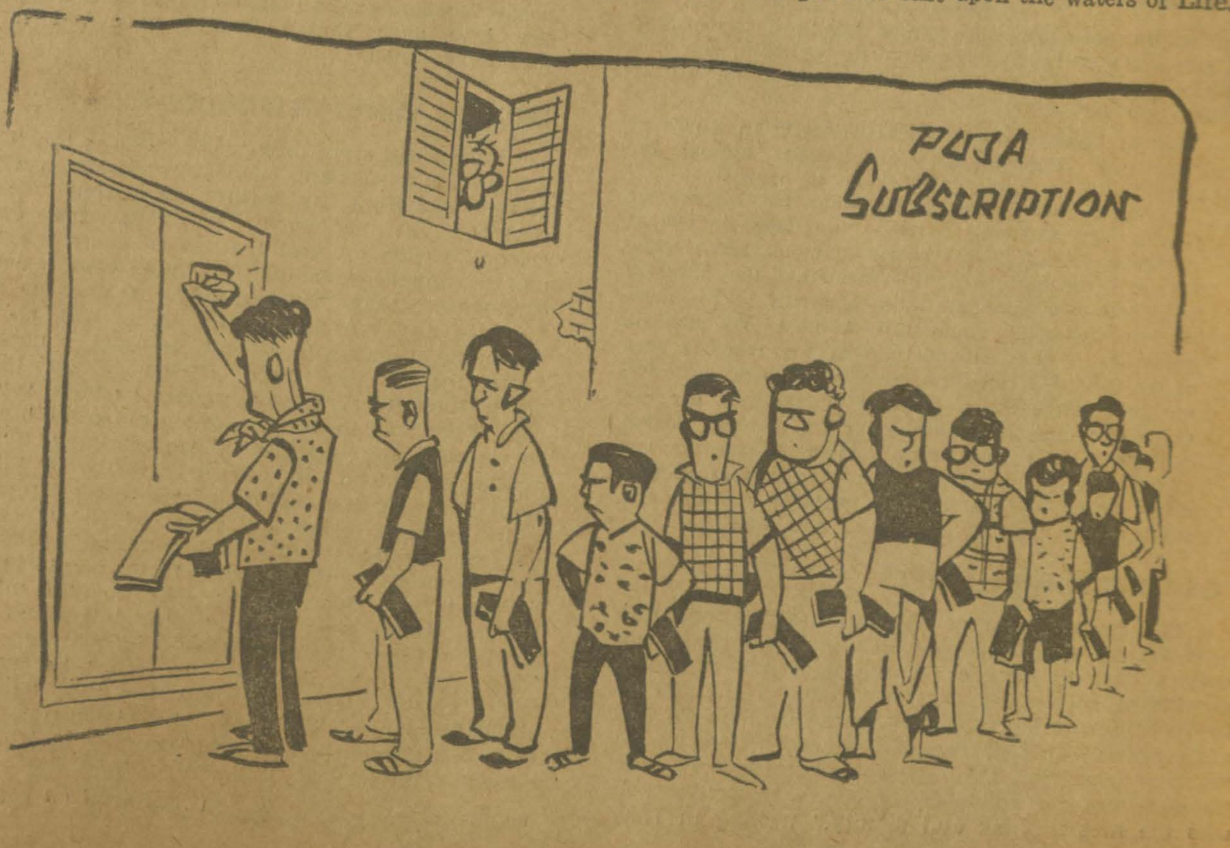
On the tenth day Vijayadashami (Day of Victory), the Maharajah went in procession to worship the *Sami* Tree The *Sami* Tree worshipped on Dussehra Day and its leaves supposed to be 'gold' on this day is 'looted after the worship A legend says that in the reign of Raghu Rama's famous ancestor, the leaves of all the *sami* trees that stood in the city of Ayodhya were turned into gold by the God Indra. Raghu. as the story goes promised to make a costly gift to a sage, but found himself short of money So he decided to raid Amaravati the wealthy city of Indra and made preparations for invasion. Indra learned of this and to avoid a battle with so powerful a king as Raghu showered gold on all the *sami* trees of Raghu's city of Ayodhya

Visitors came from all over, even from abroad, to witness the highlight of the Mysore Dussehra, the mile-long procession in all its pomp. The Maharajah dressed in royal robes bedecked with jewels, rode in a golden *howdah* on a richly-caparisoned elephant. The procession led by mounted aides, *sirdars*, *durbaris* and troops went from the palace through gaily-festooned and illuminated streets to Banni Mantrap. Here the Prince chopped off branches of the *sami* tree with a State sword encrusted with jewels He returned in a glittering torchlight procession illuminated by electric lights oil torches and fireworks

The last elephant procession took place in 1957, and nowadays the self-same Maharajah Jaya Chamarajendra Wadeyar who has been in office since 1940. is styled Governor Now although the religious rites. both public and family remain the vanished pomp and splendour has given way to greater development of the social side of the festival A big exhibition of industrial products described as the 'Show Window of Mysore is held with the two-fold purpose of encouraging trade and industries and making people swadeshi-conscious.

OLD-WORLD AIR IS GONE

The old-world atmosphere of the Puja all over the country seems to have vanished The paintings of the *avatars* behind the Durga images in the pandals, the scenes of homecoming for the vacation the joyful reunions the gaiety and simple devotion, domestic harmony the *agamani* that used to be sung of the homecoming of Parvati—all these are now often but memories of the past In their place the gaudy commercialised festivals of today speak perhaps of a crudeness in present-day outlook Like Christmas and the Id the modern Puja seems to emphasize a frantic spending and display. It would not hurt us to pause and try to recapture the spirit of the Puja, to pray to the Divine Mother, "Forgive me", as we hurtle to the river in our lorries with the images of Durga to be cast upon the waters of Life.



TERROR IN A PUJA NIGHT



By M.A.Mazmudar

It was a Puja night. I was in bed. I felt tired. Tired, did I say? That is not the word I want. I was fagged out and felt as limp as a wet sock Yes, sir. as limp as an old ragged wet sock I had left a very busy day behind me. One of those hectic Puja days which keep you running about here, there, and everywhere, and you don't know whether you are banging about on your head or on your feet. But now I was in my bed My roomy bed; my soft bed; my sweet bed And the whole big night lay stretched before me. Rest! Long merciful rest at last!

"Snake! Snake!" shot out a sudden cry. A tortured cry, a piercing cry, a cry that cracked the hard black shell of the night a cry that curdled your blood and made your hair stand up on your head I plugged up both my ears with my fingers, and lay curled into a ball in my bed. But my wife pressed her bed-switch sprang out of her bed. and was by the side of my cot. I lay as I was My eyes ached because of the sudden bright light.

"Get up!" came her sharp command to me, faintly. I tried to look as if I hadn't heard her and blocked my auditory appendages the tighter

"What are you plugging your ears for? Get up!"

I stuck to my guns

"Take those fingers out of your ears!"

I didn't take my fingers out of my ears. My lawfully wedded wife forced them out with her hands. She has strong hands

"What's the idea?" I yelped, uncoiling myself so as to lie flat on my back.

"Why were you digging your fingers so hard into your ears?" demanded my life-companion.

"Look here, woman Under our Constitution any citizen and every citizen is free to dig his fingers as hard as he deems proper into his personal ears."

"Don't try to be funny."

"Well, if you want to know the truth. I was doing it for the pleasure and the profit of it. The operation of plugging your ears fills you with a fine feeling of fun and at the same time enables you to concentrate your thoughts on the eternal and ultimate things. Happy physical sensation and high spiritual contemplation in one, if you know what I mean. I should strongly recommend this operation to you."

"Nonsense Get up."

"It isn't morning yet."

"There is a snake down below."

"Where?"

"Ground-floor."

"How do you know?"

"I heard a cry to that effect. A terrified cry."

"Imagination Pure imagination."

"I heard it I tell you"

"Then why didn't I hear it?"

"You did hear it And just therefore you stopped your ears I have known you for twenty married years. Are you getting up?"

"Snake! Snake?" the cry came knifing through the thick silence of the night. It seemed mad, hopeless this time

"There!" shrilled my wife.

"Who's that?" I asked, turning sideways and pillowing my head on my hand

"That girl," gurgled my wife, excitedly "I'm afraid her husband's out She's alone Alone with a poisonous snake in the room under this very floor. Perhaps it is a deadly cobra Our area is infested by hamadryads She'll be stung! Do you hear? She is crying out for help. You are a man You will get up and run down and save that poor helpless kid, won't you?"

"How could a cobra get into that room?"

"You know as well as I do that the ground-floor has been in a state of disuse for these six months past.

(Continued on page 176)

EARLY PUJAHS IN CALCUTTA



Dancing formed an integral part of the programme of celebrations.

(*Continued from* *page 171*)

natives of the country, excited peculiar sensations; for the association of ideas, the mind naturally recurring to further scenes at home where it has been heard."

DANCES OF NAUTCH WOMEN

Nautches, that is, dancings formed an integral part of the programme of celebrations. Calcutta had few amusements to offer in those days and, therefore, *Nautches* were an irresistible draw. How starving of amusements Calcutta was then, would be evident from the contemporary comment: "Call it diversion and the pill goes down." Fanny Parkes in her Indian Diary, famously known as "Wanderings of a Pilgrim", gave a pen-picture of her visit to the "house of a wealthy Baboo during the festival of the Doorgah Poojah", where a *Nautch* performance was arranged.

> "There were groups of Nautch women dancing and singing, and crowds of European and Indian gentlemen sitting on sofas or chairs were listening to Hindostanee airs. They dance, or rather move in a circle attitudinising and making the small brass bells fastened to their ankles sound in unison with their movements. Several men attend the women, playing in diverse curiously shaped native instruments. The style of singing was curious, at times the tones proceeded finely from the noses."

Of the dancers who fascinated the people, the most popular was a woman named Nik-hee whom Fanny Parkes described as "the Cataline of the East." Others who came in the second line were Ashroon, Zeenut and Fyz Boksh—all of whom were imported from Benares. It was only in 1820 that Calcutta Poojah festivals went without a *Nautch*. That was because no *Nautch* girls were available for performance as the Muharram festivals coincided with the Doorgah Poojah days.

ICES, WINES, BEEF & MUSLIM DANCERS

The wealthy people used to entertain the European guests not only with music and dances but also with suppers in European style. Ices, which were a rarity in those days, and French wines flowed freely on the supper tables. The services of Messrs Gunter and Hooper, the best and costliest caterers of the day, used to be much in demand.

The entertainments associated with the "usual concomitants of clamour, tinsel and glare", and the indulgence of the Europeans in dances and music obviously ran into excesses. Otherwise, there would have been no occasion for the contemporary newspapers to administer sharp rebukes through their columns. Characterising the celebrations as a very heterogeneous sort of business, an editorial strongly observed that:

> "The performance of the Mohammedan singers and dancers, with the appendages of cold beef and beer, for the grosser entertainment of European guests are little compatible with the adoration of the Deity. We confess we do not think the sort of association that takes place at this season, creditable to any of the parties. In the case of refreshments, the natives have certainly found out our weak side, although, we imagine, they are not likely to respect us the more from contemplating what must be, in their estimation, the indecorous indulgence of voracious appetite."

The *John Bull* sought to impress it on Europeans that they should refrain from joining the dances and music as they often lost control after generous indulgence in food and drinks.

> "It has been a question," wrote the *Government Gazette* in 1829, "we have heard not unfrequently discussed whether it is becoming in Europeans and



European gentlemen sitting on sofas listening to Hindostanee airs.

Christians to attend the *Nautches* held annually on this occasion. Of course, every one, according to inclination or conviction will decide for himself. Once in a way, on the principle of seeing everything that is to be seen in a foreign country, an European may derive amusements from a Nautch—but on the whole it is, at best, but an insipid and monotonous exhibition. Suppers and wines and bands of music—these, no doubt, have their effect, judging from the uproarious scenes which have been known to occur at them and which were calculated to give anything but a respectable impression of the European character."

It was perhaps in deference to these persistent comments that due restraints were observed when Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, and Lord Cumbermere, the Commander-in-Chief, visited the Puja celebrations in the house of the late Maharaja Nabkissen Bahadur in 1829.

INVITATIONS BY ADVERTISEMENT

Invitations to the Pujas used to be issued by letters or by personal requests. But Prankissen Holdar of Chinsurah inserted an advertisement in the *Government Gazette* of September 20, 1827, throwing out an open invitation to one and all. He begged to "inform the Ladies and Gentlemen and the Public in General that he has commenced giving Grand *Nautch* from this day, that it will continue till the 29th. instant. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have received Invitation Cards are respectfully solicited to favour him with their Company on the days mentioned above ; and those to whom Invitation Tickets have not been sent (strangers to the Baboo) are also respectfully solicited to favour him with their Company." He further begged to say that "every attention and respect will be paid to the Ladies and Gentlemen who will favour him with their Company, and that he will be happy to furnish them with Tiffin, Dinner Wines etc., during their stay there."

LOTTERY AND BAROWAREE

There was a peculiar type of Puja in 1820. It was made the occasion for drawing a lottery. The organizers issued 250 tickets of Rupee one each. Prizes were distributed and the surplus of the sale proceeds was utilised in meeting the expenses of the Pujas. Another form of celebration was what came to be called the *Barowaree*, the earliest version of the modern community worships. The *Friend of India* very appropriately called it Subscription Assemblies as the entire expenditure of the celebrations was to be met by collecting subscriptions. Twelve men usually formed a Committee, from which circumstance the Puja derived its name, and solicited subscriptions from one and all. The first collection amounted to Rs. 7,000 and the Committee "obtained the most excellent singers to be found in Bengal, entertained every Brahmin who arrived, and spent the week in intoxication of festivity and enjoyment." On the successful termination of the *scheme*, they determined to render the Pooja annual, and it has since been celebrated with undeviating regularity. The organizers implemented their *scheme* at some places with such vehemence that in one of the towns in the neighbourhood of Calcutta an unofficial law was passed that "any man who on these occasions refuse to entertain guests, shall be considered infamous and expelled from society."



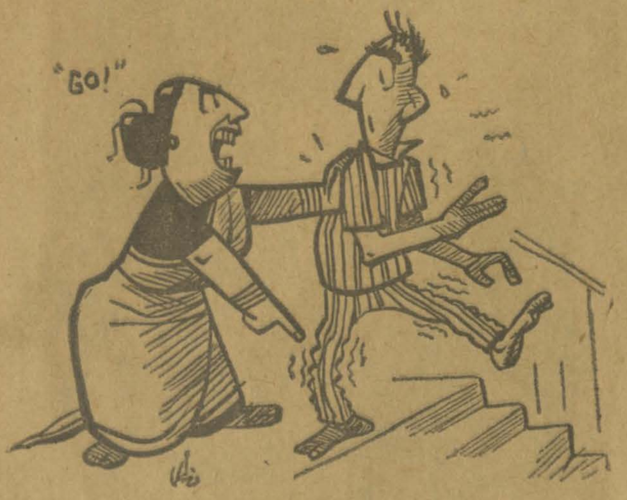
The wealthy people used to entertain European guests not only with music and dances but also with suppers in European style.

BLACKMAIL ON GANGES SIDE

A similar convention was also imposed on those who used to have their homes on both the banks of the Ganges. They must have the celebrations in their homes by installing the images. Those who were reluctant to comply, were put to an embarrassing position. Images were surreptitiously placed in their courtyards when they were fast asleep at night. When they woke in the morning and discovered, to their disgust, the mischief done overnight they had no alternative but to perform the celebrations. But one gentleman revolted and refused to be thus black-

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TERROR IN A PUJA NIGHT



(Continued from page 173)
Somewhere in it is a nest of cobras, I'm sure. The young couple moved in just last evening. They haven't had time to get it all cleaned up. Are you going?"

"I am not."

"Oh, my God!"

"You have a morbid imagination. For aught we know the husband is at home. The wife is entertaining him with the cry Snake! Snake! or she's just calling him a snake in a loving sort of way. You don't know these present-day newly-weds."

"What absolute rot."

"Besides, if I go, I shall in all probability disturb there conjugal bliss and they will resent my intrusion."

"Snake! Snake!" rang out the frightened shriek again.

"Oh, oh, oh! My God," followed a masculine groan of utter horror.

"That's the husband. Didn't I tell you?" I snapped at my wife as well as a supine man can snap. "Now be a good girl and go to bed."

"But that man cried out in a marrow-chilling horror!" the woman protested. She was out to ruin my rest.

"Imagination once more," I pointed out.

"The girl's been stung by the reptile That must be it. She's dying Or she's dead The husband has sustained a fatal shock He's breathing his last this moment, this very moment when you are lying there blathering. Be up for God's sake and do something about it. It's your duty as a human being."

"But if they are already no more ...."

"We don't know that for certain All we can guess is that the girl's had a snake-bite and that the young man's got a shock."

"What can we do?"

"We can rush the couple to a hospital. All's not lost yet. Go If there's any death I'll hold you responsible for it It will be tantamount to cold-blooded murder on your part. I shall hold you guilty of murder I shall never look at your face again."

"And if there's a king-cobra down there, and if it does me in it will be murder on your part."

"Chatter chatter chatter!"

"How can a wife ask her husband to walk into such a horrid fate?"

"Mad. meaningless chatter while the very blackest tragedy is in progress! Up and go! GO!!!"

I was up. But I did not go.

"Snake! Snake!"

"She's alive!" piped my partner. "Maybe she hasn't been stung yet. Providence is giving you chance to save her and prove yourself a man Go"

"Won't the husband see to it now?" I asked.

"Go!"

"As you please. But what shall I kill that co with?"

"This cane. Take it. What are you waiting now?"

"To give you your final chance of letting me l"

"What do you mean?"

"I may fail to kill the cobra, and the cobra m succeed in killing me."

"Go!"

"Alone?"

"Who else could come with you?"

"You."

"Why?"

"To see the last of me."

"You are in a blue funk. Your knees are sh ing. All right. I'm coming with you. I ne thought I had married a blob of jelly. Come on."

"Must it be?"

"It must."

I got out of my bed. My knees sagged stomach turned My spine became a cord of p ice. The cane kept slipping away from my swe fingers. I am not made to fight king cobras at n I fought my way through webs of dark fear arrived at the door at the foot of the stairs my at my heels, urging me on as Stevenson had urge his donkey Modestine 'Knock,' ordered the lady summoned up all my strength and knocked T was a quick patter of feet and the door flew o a stream of light flashing out I met the blank of the young man and behind him the blanker of the young woman

"Where's the snake?" I asked the young ma

"I told you!" the young man groaned to young woman

"Oh!" the young woman ejaculated, covering face with both her very shapely hands I stare this strange sort of reaction open-mouthed

"I had better explain sir," the young man p ceeded. "But first my sincerely felt regrets apologies to you and thanks for your noble rea to help us. Now the explanation sir. Fact is were just rehearsing a key-scene in a Puja entert ment programme we are having at ..."

"Good night sir," I tactfully terminated embarrassing interview. And my wife and I retur to the bed-room

"I told you!" I groaned to my wife as that yo man had groaned to his.





The GIRL ASCETIC

Rabindranath Tagore

VAISAKH was nearly over. It had been sultry during the first part of the night. Not even a bamboo leaf was stirring. The stars of the night were throbbing like an aching head. At three o'clock at night a faint breeze arose. Shorasi was lying on the bare floor at the foot of the open window, using a cloth-wrapped tin box as pillow. It was quite evident that she was practising austerities with much enthusiasm.

Every morning she got up at four, bathed, and went and sat in the prayer room. It was late by the time she finished her prayers. After that came Vidyaratna Masay. Sitting in the same room she studied the Gita with him. She had learnt a little Sanskrit. She was determined to read Sankar's Vedanta-Bhashya and Patanjala-Darsana from the original texts. She would be about twenty-three years old.

She stayed a good deal away from all house work. This story is about the circumstances which made this possible.

*   *   *

There was no similarity between Makhan Babu's name and his nature. It was very difficult to soften his heart. He had decided that until his son Barada passed at least his B.A. he should stay away from his daughter-in-law. But studies did not quite suit his nature, he was a pleasure-loving man. His tastes agreed with those of the bees in the matter of gathering honey from the bowers of life, but he could not bear at all the labour needed to maintain a hive. He had hoped very much that after marriage he would have quite an easy life, stroking his moustache, and at t e same time be free to smoke cigarettes openly in the outer apartments of the house. But unfortunately the desire for his son's welfare became even stronger in his father's mind after his marriage.

The Pandit Masay of his school had given the name of 'Gotam Muni' to Barada. Needless to say it was not because of Barada's spiritual radiance He called him Muni because he never answered any questions, and when he did reply, there was in his answers an element associated with cows that, according to the Pandit Masay, his title of Gotama was fully justified.

PHALANX OF TEACHERS

Makhan found out after enquiries from the head master that there would be some possibility of Barada's success only if two powerful engines such as a teacher from the school and a private tutor were attached to him in front and behind. Well-known teachers who made the dullest students cross successfully the sea of examinations stuck to Barada till ten and half past ten at night. During the Satya Yuga the severe austerities of the ascetics for attaining spiritual perfection were done alone, but this co-operative austerity of Barada in conjunction with the teachers was far more difficult. The heat in the austerities of those days came chiefly from the sacrificial fire, the main source of heat of the modern ascetics of today preparing for examinations is the temper of fiery men; they gave Barada a lot of trouble. So when after all this suffering he failed in the examination, his consolation was that he had made his reputed teachers lose face. But Makhan Babu did not give up hope even after such an extraordinary failure. Another group of teachers was employed for the second year; it was arranged with them that they would of course get their salary, and if besides Barada passed in the first division they would get a bonus. This time also Barada would have failed in due course, but to enliven this coming disaster with

a little variety he took a strong pill of laxative just on the night previous to the date of the examination, after consulting the apothecary of the neighbourhood. So through the grace of Dhanvantari, he did not even have to run to the Senate Hall to fail in the examination, he was able to accomplish it satisfactorily while sitting at home. The malady made its appearance on such a correct date and time like a high class periodical that Makhan understood for certain this could not have occurred without proper management. Not discussing this at all, he told Barada that he would have to prepare for the examination a third time, which meant that the term of his rigorous imprisonment was increased by another year.

STUMBLING BLOCK

In a fit of resentment, Barada refused with much fuss to eat his midday meal one day. The result was that he had to eat a bigger supper at night. He feared Makhan like a tiger. Still in desperation he went to him and said, "If I stay here, I won't be able to study."

Makhan asked, "By going to what place will that impossible thing become possible?"

He said, "To England."

Makhan tried to explain to him briefly that the difficulty regarding his education was not in the geographical distance of the place mentioned but in the confusion in his own brain. In support of his case Barada said that a class friend of his had managed to pass at one go a stiff examination in England after going there straight from the last bench of the Third class of the Entrance School here. Makhan said he had no objection to send Barada to England but before that he would have to pass his B.A.

Surely this was a nasty snag. Barada was born without passing his B.A., he could die even if he did not pass it, yet from where did this passing of the B.A. examination come and stand up like the Vindhyas between birth and death? In whatever he did or said, he went and stumbled against that. What was Agastya Muni doing in this Kali Yuga? Had he too shaved off his matted locks and was busy preparir– for the B.A. examination?

With a great big sigh Barada said, "Once, twice, thrice, but this will be the last time." Once more taking down the pencil-marked 'key' books from the shelf he was about to get ready for another struggle when he received a blow which he could not stand. When he asked for the carriage to go to school, he heard that Makhan had sold the carriage and horse. He said, "I have suffered loss for two years. How long more can I go on bearing these expenses?" It was not at all difficult for Barada to walk to school, but what explanation would he give to others for this humiliation?

At last after much thinking, this idea came to him one day early in the morning, that besides death there was another way of escape which was not blocked by the B.A. examination and for which wife, children, money or relations were quite unnecessary. It was nothing other than becoming a sanyasi. For some days he bestowed much cigarette smoke in secret on this idea. After that, o



At last after much thinking, this idea came to him one day, that besides death there was another way of escape . . . . . . It was nothing other than becoming a Sanyasi.

day the floor of his school room was seen littered with torn bits of his 'key' books like the crumbled ruins of the castle of examinations, but there was no sign of the examinee. On the table was a scrap of paper held in place by a broken glass. On it was written—

"I am a *sanyasi*. I will not need a carriage any more.

Sriyukta Baradananda Swami."

For some days Makhan Babu made no enquiries at all. He thought Barada would have to return in his own interest. No other preparations were needed except keeping the door of the cage open. The door remained open, only the torn bits of those 'key' books were swept clean. Everything else remained as before,—the glass with its broken rim resting upside down on the pitcher of water in a corner of the room, the cover of an old atlas placed on the seat of the chair grimy with oil as a protection against bites from bed bugs as also to cover its decayed appearance, a tin trunk with Barada's name painted on it, resting on an empty packing case on one side, an English-Bengali dictionary with a torn cover on a wall shelf, a few pages of Haraprasad Sastri's 'History of India' and several exercise books with Queen Victoria's face on the covers. If these exercise books were shaken, from most of them would shower down pictures of English actresses carried in the packages of cigarettes of Ogden and Co. That Barada had not taken these along to comfort him on the journey when renouncing the world as a *sanyasi* shows that he was not in his right mind.

* * *

This then was the state of our hero. The heroine, Shorasi, was then only thirteen. Till she got married everyone at home used to call her 'Khuki.' She brought along this reputation for eternal babyhood to her father-in-law's home as well. That was why even the maids said in her presence anything they liked about Barada. The mother-in-law was a chronic invalid. She could not say a thing against any direction of her husband, she was scared even to think of objecting. The father-in-law's sister had a sharp tongue. She said hard things about Barada with pointed harshness. There was some special reason behind this. It was the custom of this house to sacrifice the daughters of the family in marriage to the evil spirit of Kulinism. The one to whose share this aunt had been allotted was a terrible hemp-smoker. The only good thing about him was that he had not lived long. Therefore when she lovingly compared Shorasi with a rope of pearls the Omniscient knew that her regret at the waste of the rope of pearls was not regarding Shorasi alone.

In this case everyone had forgotten that the rope of pearls also had consciousness of pain. The aunt would say, "I don't know why elder brother spends so much money on teachers and pandits. I can put it down in writing that Barada will never be able to pass his examination." That he would not pass was also believed by Shorasi, but she prayed with heart and soul that Barada might somehow pass, only to check the sharpness of the aunt's tongue. When Barada failed the first time and Makhan tried again to set up a phalanx of teachers around him, the aunt said, "Elder brother is really impossible. People learn by their mistakes at least." Then Shorasi went on thinking day and night this impossible thought,—May Barada suddenly display his wonderful hidden capacity and amaze this unbelieving world, may he pass with much more credit even than the one who passes out as first in the first division, may he be so brilliant that the Governor himself will summon him through a cavalryman to an audience. At this time the infallible pill of the apothecary fell like a bomb in war time on the head of the examination day. That too would have been good in a way if people had not become suspicious. The aunt said, "The boy has no brains for some things but he has for others." No call came from the Governor. With head bowed in shame Shorasi bore the amused comments of every one. I cannot say that there was no suspicion in her mind either on the farce of the timely laxative.

SOLACE IN SORROWS

At this time Barada disappeared. Shorasi had hoped that the members of the family would repent and lament, considering at least this incident to be a great calamity. But the family did not attach full weight to Barada's going away. All said, "You will see he will be back now any day." Shorasi kept repeating in her heart, "No, never. Oh God! May their words prove untrue, may people in this house have occasion to be really sorry!"

Now the Almighty granted Shorasi a boon, her wish was fulfilled. A month went by, there was no sign of Barada. But still there was no trace of anxiety on any one's face. Two months went by. Then Makhan felt a little disturbed in his mind, but did not show it outside at all. Even if his face clouded with sorrow when he met his daughter-in-law face to face, the aunt's face was clear like the rainless sky of Jaistha. So, Shorasi got startled if she saw anyone near the front door, lest her husband might return. When the third month went by like this, the aunt started complaining that the boy was needlessly worrying the members of the family. Even this was better, anger was better than neglect. Slowly fear and sorrow began to gather like clouds over the family. Gradually when a year went by in search, then even the aunt began to say that Makhan had



Pandit Mashay of the School said, that was why he had named Ba. .la 'Gotam Muni.'

Neighbours began to say, Barada was not interested in his studies

The aunt began to say. "What need in fact had Barada for all this education?"

been unnecessarily harsh to Barada. When two years were past, then the neighbours too began to say, Barada was not interested in his studies, but as a man he was very good. As Barada's period of absence lengthened, the blind belief began to get rooted in the minds of the neighbourhood that Barada's nature was very saintly and he did not touch tobacco even. The Pandit Masay of the school himself said that was why he had named Barada "Gotam Muni"; from those early days Barada's heart was filled solidly with distaste for the world. The aunt began to say at least once a day blaming her obstinate elder brother's nature, "What need in fact had Barada for all this education? There is no want of money. Whatever you people may say, there was nothing bad in him. Oh, a boy like a piece of gold!" That her husband was the ideal of purity, and every one in the family had been unjust to him,—this solace and pride began to fill Shorasi's heart in the midst of all her sorrows.

At the same time the entire affection of the sorrowing father was bestowed with double intensity upon Shorasi. Makhan's only anxiety was to keep his daughter-in-law happy. He wanted very much that Shorasi should ask him for something that was rare. He would feel relieved if he could make her a little happy by undergoing much hardship and loss. He wanted to make sacrifices in such a way that it would be like an atonement for him.

* * *

Shorasi entered her fifteenth year. Sitting alone in the room her eyes filled every now and then with tears. The household she had always known seemed to press her down from all sides, she felt suffocated. Every single thing in her room, every railing in her verandah, those few pots of flower plants standing always on the parapet,—they all seemed to annoy her to her innermost heart. Each moment the bed, the clothes-horse, the wardrobe in her room expounded in detail the desolation of her lonely heart. She began to feel angry with all things.

In this home her only place of comfort was the place near that window. The world outside it was closest to her, for "her home became the world outside, and the world outside her home."

SEARCH FOR HUSBAND

One day when it was ten o'clock in the morning, when in the inner apartments the current of household work flowed in a fierce torrent with wooden bowls, wicker baskets of fish and vegetables, curry stones and *pan* boxes all jostling together, Shorasi stood by the window sending her melancholy heart out to the skies, detaching herself from all this hurry of the busy household. Suddenly with a shout of "Jai Visvesvar" a *sanyasi* came out from the foot of the banyan tree near their gate. Every nerve in Shorasi's body rang out in extreme tension like the taut wires of a Vina. She ran to the aunt and said, "Pisima, please make arrangements for offering food to the *Sanyasi Thakur*."

This was the beginning. The aim of Shorasi's life became service to the *sanyasis*. After many days at last a way was opened for the daughter-in-law to ask her father-in-law for something. Showing enthusiasm Makhan said,—a proper travellers' resting place should be opened in the house. For some time Makhan Babu's income was getting less. He borrowed money at an interest of twelve rupees per hundred and launched out on the good work.

Sanyasis too began to appear in plenty. Makhan

(Continued on Page 186)



By DHIRENDRA NARAYAN ROY

WE planned a trip to the historic places of Gour and Pandua, the ancient capitals of Bengal. Much had we read about their one-time prosperity and how had we reacted to their vicissitudes through victory or defeat! The once populous cities of Bengal, humming with activities, were now turned into vast wilderness by the eroding hand of the all-consuming Time. Where once temples resounded with the chanting of mantram, the mosques with the echo of ajans, where there was joy all around, where pomp and grandeur betokened the wealth of the people, there reigned now ominous silence—signs of life were scarcely visible in a vast territory mile after mile, which practically has now developed into a veritable forest. Here and there, a house could be seen in a hopelessly dilapidated condition, somewhere a temple in ruins or the surviving trace of a mosque, but all covered by jungles.

We set out with a two-fold object—travel and shooting excursions. Our itinerary therefore included halts at places where some kinds of game might be available. Adina was only two miles from Pandua. The road connecting them, though old, was about fifteen feet wide. On either side of it were dense jungles with one or two wrecked houses or stacks of old bricks noticeable here and there. Our camp was pitched near a sparsely populated village. We had started taking reports of probable shikars. Besides the cook and the servant, I had my friend and colleague, Tejendra with me. The party also included another dear friend the famous Patit Paban, of whose valour readers of my shikar stories are so well aware.

Animated talks about shikar adventures and hazards went on around our tea-table. Though not addicted to tea, I was present to encourage them, specially when I was the host.

The challenge, so to say, went from me when I rather emphatically said, "Why should one talk of thrill in reference to hunting?"

Patit Paban, who sharply reacted to this remark, gave a frowning look.—his face-muscles danced, so to say.

QUEER SENSE OF HORROR

I noticed it and asked: What, you don't agree? Where is the thrill really in hunting? In fact, we try to hide our shame of incompetence under the cover of the word 'thrill' and then couching it in magic language at our command we present it in a fashion that people in general are seized by a queer sense of horror. They tend to look for something fantastic in it and are readily in the grip of a thrilling sensation.

Tejendra, as his name implies, should have been a bold fellow but instead he had a feminine voice. Moreover, he used eyeglasses without power. The story went round that once a lady remarked that Tejen looked splendid with spectacles on, which led him to procure a pair of zero-power rimless glasses and wear it on his nose on the plea of short-sight. He did not miss the opportunity and commented in a low voice: Well, you have thrilled me indeed.

—Why?

—Because in your opinion there is no thrill in Shikar.

—Your comment is so worthy of you! you have never fired a gun, nor have you any knowledge of the hunting procedures. Naturally everything would seem to thrill you.

Patit Paban would not take the argument lying down. His rolling eyes bespoke no-confidence. His whole body assumed the shape of a bow and with renewed exhilaration, he went on—No, no, never to be.

A song to that effect became eloquent, as it were in the movement of his body. In high excite-

ment, he thumped the tea-table so heavily that the cups and dishes began to dance. He exclaimed, 'What do you say—there is no thrill? How absurd you are.' Yes, I say, there is thrill and there must be thrill. If there is no thrill in shooting a tiger, where else can it be?

I retorted: Let me refresh your memory. That tiger-shooting excursion of yours at Lalgola —I am sure, you still remember all that was done by way of preparation, how the stage was set. The bait was fastened all right; the platform was constructed with exact precision. Every arrangement was perfect. Also perfect was your memorable sleep on the occasion! Nothing, not even the tiger that came and feasted on the bait and triumphantly left the scene, could disturb that sleep. Then you quietly returned home next morning. So the thrill you mean consists in an event like this!

We all rose from the tea-table. Tejen and Patit Paban went to rest on their beds after their wearisome vociferation. Patit Paban was half-inclined, Tejen lay at full length and I, till then the chairman, was performing the last rites of a dead discussion.

MAN-EATER MAKING HAVOC

At this stage our Piru Chacha made his appearance. He looked as if struck by some fear. He had his matchlock gun in hand which he inherited from his ancestors. He was nervously fingering the tips of his pin-pointed beard. He said:—The veritable rogue of a man-eater has been causing havoc here for the last few months, sir,—today in this village, tomorrow, in another. The depredations have been so frequent and we are almost finished. Even, yesterday, we had the terrible experience of his onslaught in the evening when Amjad and Maina Bibi were returning from the weekly market. With them was their only son, aged about sixteen. Somehow or other the evil-starred boy had lagged behind: the beast which was lurking nearby pounced upon him and carried him off in the jungle.



Pounced upon him and carried him off in the jungle.

It was a good start for me. I rose at once and called upon Patit Paban and Tejen to get ready for the impending encounter.

Tejen grinned and pleaded: Do please spare me today—well, Patit Paban will be a better companion. I have been suffering from a hell of headache.

Patit Paban sprang up on the bed and taunted:

—What? Headache? Well, that is the most ordinary thing with one who possesses a head. But, brother, you will have to excuse me. I am not prepared to go out tiger-hunting on foot; I have had bitter experience of it. Well, come forward with elephants, horses, a horde of beaters and attendants; construct the platform,—arrange for the bait, and then if I say 'no,' you may call me a coward.

Knowing it was no use arguing with them I proceeded to drag them out to get ready.

Finding no escape, Patit Paban grumbled: What of that, we are already ready.

Tejen ejaculated: When go we must, just show the way.

We came out of the tent when, someone on horse-back was seen at a distance speeding his way

towards us: I thought I should shout asking him to stop.

But there was hardly any time, for the gentleman with thick raven-black beard reached us in no time. Behind him was another jewel, although on a second horse, but the animal could hardly claim the dignity of a noble horse. It was so emaciated and so weak.

The first man wore a felt cap and a well-ironed khaki coat. He had shoes on a rustic pair of feet without socks. Getting down from the wretched horse he said: I am told you have come here on a hunting excursion and I hear that just now a tiger has carried off a boy of sixteen.

DESCENDANT OF ADISUR

He released the double-barrelled rifle that was hanging on his back from his shoulder and again started his harangue:

Do you know, sir, that I am a descendant of the Great King Adisur. We also had better days—to be precise, we were also kings, but now-a-days a bit of, eh, what shall I call it.........

Tejen displayed wonderful courage for the first time when he suggested: Yes, not a bit only, but considerably overturned. Then turning his face aside he commented, perhaps, not even full meals are available now.

—What do you say?—the gentleman asked excitedly.

—Nothing in particular. Well, of what make is that rifle?

—Look here, it is a very costly one. Shikar is my most favourite hobby or rather my profession. I have killed a lot of crocodiles and sent their skins to the market. Is it not a profitable business?

Encouraged by our attitude the gentleman continued: If a tiger is ever bagged, you know what a huge profit it would fetch from the skin, the fat and even the nails! I still have to do something with hogs and pigs—that is also good business.

Suddenly he made a digression and threw a sort of challenge. "Do you know," he asked, "what the word 'Sur' really means? Oh, it means a hero, yes, a chivalrous hero."

And then ludicrously he tried to give a show of his prowess by straining his biceps to the limit, but they were too small to evoke admiration. But that did not matter much with him. He went on: We belong to that family of heroes who scoffed at death. And this my assistant, he is in fact my bodyguard. He is Srinath but to me he is my dear Chhiru. They have a family history; for generations they are able officials, even now they enjoy the lands given by us in lieu of their service. Do you follow?

Then he made an offer. He said he had come there with the news of a tiger. "I may take you with me on condition that whoever may kill the tiger, I shall be the owner of its entire body," he suggested. A fantastic offer!

After a brief pause he said, "What, you are still silent! But I have very little time to spare. Make up your mind immediately."

I was fumbling for a suitable answer when Patit Paban acting as our mouthpiece commented:

It appears everything is already settled! Either the tiger has been smoothly killed, or that we shall have its sure *darsan* if we accompany you. Did the obliging fellow send you a notice beforehand?

—Oh, you mean that,—but sir, please note that we are no ordinary people. Believe it or not, we spend our days practically on horse-back in search of games.

Patit Paban was extraordinarily curious and stepped forward to ask: Then you mean that eating, drinking, and all other things of your daily life are also done on horse-back?

THE WONDERFUL HORSE

—Oh, every thing, sir, every thing. I had a wonderful horse purchased from the mela of Hariharchatra. It was really graceful and sturdy. Never had I to use whip for a good ride. The moment I mounted it, it would start running so fast that I found it difficult to bring the beast under control. It would not obey me and that necessitated replacing it by the one now standing before you.

Tejen who had been patiently listening to him so long remarked: We have read that Mr. Shiffelly covered a distance of ten thousand miles from New York to Argentina within two and a half years, but it seems you have beaten his record with this damned horse. That is no mean achievement for you. Certainly, you are not a man to be laughed at.

—A hundred times so, I say. The blood of Adisur flows in my veins. And the horse also is just like me. Like its master it has also a remarkably quick understanding. It stops as I command, hardly do I use the bridle.

—Then, please bridle your tongue.

—I could no longer stand this nonsense specially when the news of a tiger had reached us.

—So, it comes to this that if we can bag the tiger we shall have to transfer the whole right over it to you. In that event, I do not agree to your terms at all. If, of course, you yourself can bag it, it is a different proposition altogether.

—In that case, I cannot take you along with me.

Though disgusted with his audacity, I liked to pull his legs for sometime more and said:

—How is that possible? Indeed, we are here on your reference, but still............

—There's no alternative. Come along Chhiru, I am a host in myself; I am hundred times stronger than people take me to be. Moreover, when you are with me, I care a fig for others. Good bye, dear friends.

Patit Paban cheerfully reacted, saying—Oh, yes, spare us all.

The brave gentleman was still on the horse. At once he made some queer sound like 'chak chak' and give signal to the horse to start. No sooner had he proceeded ten or twelve yards than he returned and pleaded for reconsideration of his proposal.

We did not think there was need for a reply. So, as we turned our faces, he attempted to say something more but his lips quivered under a heavy emotion. His wrath fell upon Piru who had the audacity of coming to us with the news of the tiger instead of going to him first. "All right", said he, "you will have to feel the consequences of this disloyalty."

The self-styled hero then left the place.

Piru Chacha remarked: Oh, the noisy cloud that does not give a drop of water! What have I got from him for the titbits I gave him from time to time?

I don't like to be a miser's pensioner. Who cares for one who orders but does not pay?

This time Tejen too was irritated. He shouted, "Away with him, uncle, no more of that topic." Then he gave a few significant strokes on his own head to indicate that the gentleman had a loose screw somewhere in his brain.

The lively prologue introduced by this scion of Adisur's family thus came to a close.

We immediately got ready and started with Piru Chacha as our guide. A stretch of land lay before the tent and through it a zigzag trodden path resembling a moving serpent. On both sides were small shrubs of thorny thickets.

At the other end of the field, there was a big jungle which was very dense in the interior. Through the small openings, we could see a few deserted houses, dilapidated temples and a very old tank covered with various kinds of weeds and fern-like plants so as to give its surface the appearance of a masonic platform, which, too, was surrounded by jungles on all sides. One could hear a jackal's cry even in day-time.

BLOOD MARKS ON EARTH

The way to the village Haat lay by it. It was gathered that from here Maina Bibi's son had been taken away by the tiger. Piru pointed out the blood marks still visible on the earth. A few steps ahead, there were no signs of it.

Now was the real difficulty—how to find out the track of the tiger!

Looking back I was amused to discover that Patit Paban and Tejen had disappeared—but, where could they go?

—Piru Chacha, where are they?

How can I tell you that, they requested me not to divulge it. They are perhaps back in their tents by now.

—What a grand idea! Well, Piru Chacha, let us further reconnoitre the place and stop for the day. From to-morrow we shall start our 'beat.' You are in charge of that, do you follow?

A few steps forward and—ah, the pug-marks of our dear lord? The bark of a tree still bore the scratching marks done by a tiger's claws from which white milky juice was trickling down.

I was seized by an uncanny feeling. Is it then that our target was somewhere very near awaiting the chance of an attack on us? Naturally I was very cautious but nothing could be detected.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. My steps forward were noiseless, slow and steady. Piru Chacha was advised to keep a vigilant eye all around.

Under the shade of a tree, as I leaned against its trunk just to rest a while, a bird flew over me with a blast of the wings that caused a beautifully constructed nest of red ants fall upon me covering the whole body with the damned pests whose bites unnerved and puzzled me simultaneously. Unbearable as it was, I placed the loaded gun on the ground rather carefully and began fruitless efforts at thrashing them off the body but they were perhaps in love with me and clung to the skin with avidity. Even half-torn, they would not leave their posts but would instead drive the nails right into the pores of the skin in order to make the grip tight leaving bruises and burning sensation all but to enjoy. They tried even to enter further. I, therefore, quickly put off my shirt. Piru Chacha also had to perform an



The remedy was far worse than the disease.

extra duty. He put down his gun on the ground and began to rub my body with the rugged palms of his hairy hands which reminded me that the remedy was far worse than the disease.

It was not possible to don the shirt again. Bare-bodied I had to hold the rifle not for a march forward but to retrace!

In front there was a desolated house. I would bypass it but lo, what was there, in the cosy nook of the arched room ahead! Two glittering objects to attract my eyes!

Piru Chacha warmed up and said with a swing of his beard, "Look here, two pieces of valuable gems

sparkling inside! Our luck indeed." Only a few days ago, two pitcherfuls of gold mohurs were discovered here while digging the earth.

I too believed it for these places were the ancient capitals of Bengal.

TWO GLEAMING OBJECTS

More curious to know what they were, we attempted an inside search. As we stepped in, a few bats whirled over us on extended wings, some so low as to touch the ends of my ears fanning my face with their pads. It appeared that they too wanted to resist us against an intrusion into their dwelling. A puzzling situation indeed. But the greatest wonder that lay still before me was that the two gleaming objects, instead of being steady, were variable entities. Then, they are no gems but the glaring green eyes of the jewel of our hunting life!

I stood there motionless like the unwavering flame of a taper. Instantaneously, there was a low groaning sound. But nothing could be seen in that



They dragged the old mangy brute.

darkness, neither the rifle nor even my own body. So I retreated and came out of the arch. A streak of the rays of the sun had made its way through the trees and lighted only a small portion. I raised the gun and aimed at the centre of the two dazzling eyes and drew the trigger. The shining spots at once melted away. From the shout that I heard, it was clear that the animal was a tiger indeed! A deafening roar and then all was silent.

Piru began to throw brickbats in order to ascertain if the beast was really dead. When there was no further sign or sound, we ventured to go in. But it was all pitch-dark and nothing could be seen inside the room from outside.

I asked Piru what arrangements he would make to carry the dead tiger. We two could not do it.

Just at this time, that hero on horse-back reappeared there. Behind him was his bodyguard in rags. He had indeed come on hearing the sound of the gunfire. Credulous as he was, he quaintly put in a remark: What is that sir, a blank fire? Then the tiger must have left this area even if he had been hereabout.

CONTEMPT IN HIS GAIT

Showing a bit of contempt in his gait, but with a veiled appeal in his tone, he went on saying that he had in the meantime gone to villages to call for a gang that would serve the purpose of beaters. Even those who were absent, would certainly muster strong as he had left instructions with the female members of their families. He ended with a sigh of relief: My arrangements are all complete, you will see just now.

—Arrangements for what, for the skin or the fat of the tiger?

—Ah, you are mistaken, sir, don't you know that beating forms a major function in hunting?

—No. It is just a new thing that I hear from you.

—Ay, then take it from me that you should never come for shooting in bare body. What have you done indeed? It is a primary thing to be a bit acquainted with the hunting procedures.

—That I admit, no doubt, but one can shoot a tiger even without following the rules.

—What do you mean?

—Piru Chacha, just explain with reference to the context.

Chacha narrated the story—from the point when I had to put off my shirt, then how we searched for the gems and all that subsequently happened.

There was immediately a magic change in the voice of the descendant of Adisur. His eyes wore the look of dismay. He said, "What you say, sir, is really incredible. Can anybody bag a tiger simply by a touch of the trigger? There are no beaters, no rounding the jungle, no beat, and still the tiger fell down and died! Oh, I am not a man to believe it so easily.

—Why, did you not hear the report of the gun?

—I do not believe in such blank fires. I want clear proof and must see it with my own eyes.

In the meantime, a number of local people had collected there. Piru procured a torchlight from the able bodyguard Chhiru and went inside the building accompanied by those who had come. They dragged the old mangy brute and we saw that it was a decrepit panther, gigantic in size with the round black spots on its body.

Adisur's descendant implored me:

—Do please hand over to me the carcass of the tiger. What will you do with this beast without a shred of hair? God will bless you.

It was still a subject for research as to to what extent the heroic blood of his ancestors had suffered a delusion, but it was impossible for me not to accede to his importunities.

Clasping him in close embrace I granted his request saying: Yes brother, none but you shall have it.

THE GIRL ASCETIC

(Continued from Page 180)

had not the least doubt that most of them were not genuine *sanyasis*. But was it possible even to hint at this before his daughter-in-law? Specially when the matted locks started abusing, finding fault with some unavoidable deficiency in the arrangements for their diet or comforts, and were about to utter curses, then sometimes he wished to drive them out by the scruffs of their necks. Yet for the sake of his daughter-in-law he had to beg forgiveness at their feet. This was his severe atonement.

Whenever a *sanyasi* arrived, first of all he was summoned once to the women's apartments. The aunt sat down with him. Shorasi observed from behind a door. The reason for this precaution was lest the *sanyasi* might on first seeing her address her as 'mother,' for, after all, the photograph of Barada which Shorasi had was of his boyhood days. It was hard to say how that boyish face would look if beard, moustache, matted locks and ashes were added to it. Often enough had she thought on seeing so many faces,—perhaps there was some resemblance. Blood flowed racing to her heart, then it appeared that there was not exact similarity in the voice, the tip of the nose was different.

Thus though staying in a corner of her own room Shorasi seemed to have set out on a search in the wide world outside through meeting newer and newer *sanyasis*. Her happiness lay in this search. This search was for her husband, the fulfilment of her life and youth. Her entire household was arranged round this search. It was for this that her work of service started on getting up in the morning. Before this she had never worked in the kitchen, now she found real pleasure in this work. The flame of expectation was kept burning all the time in her heart. On going to bed at night her last thought was,—'Maybe tomorrow that longed for guest of mine will come.' As this search went on, Shorasi made Barada's picture brighter in her heart, making it up with the best attributes of different *sanyasis*, as the Creator had made up Tilottoma. His being was pure, his body radiant with spiritual power, his knowledge profound, the task he had vowed to accomplish extremely severe. Who would dare disrespect such a *sanyasi?* It was this one *sanyasi* who was being worshipped in the many *sanyasis*. Even her father-in-law himself was the chief priest in this worship. Nothing could bring greater glory to Shorasi.

LIFE OF AUSTERITY

But *sanyasis* did not come every day. Those empty days were most unbearable. Gradually that void too was filled up. Shorasi took up a *sanyasi's* life, though living at home. She slept on the bare floor on a rough woollen blanket, the one meal she had in a day consisted mostly of fruits and roots. She wore a saffron sari of coarse silk, but with a wide red border to emphasise her married state, and spread over half the parting of her hair was a thick line of vermilion. On top of this she started taking Sanskrit lessons, requesting her father-in-law's assistance. It did not take her long to memorise the Mugdhabodha. The Pandit Masay said, "This is what is known as knowledge acquired in one's previous birth."

She had decided in her heart that the more she advanced in purity the more complete would be her spiritual union with her ascetic husband. Outsiders began to sing her glory. Increasing crowds came to touch the feet of this virtuous wife of a virtuous *sanyasi* and receive her blessings. Even the aunt was silent before her in fear and reverence.

But unfortunately Shorasi knew her own heart. The colour of her heart had not become entirely saffron like the colour of the coarse silk she wore on her body. That rustling cool breeze which blew that morning reached her entire body and soul like the words whispered by some one. She did not feel like getting up. She forced herself to get up, forced herself to go and work. She longed to sit near the window and listen quietly to the music of that flute which floated from the distant horizon of her own heart. On some days her entire mind seemed to become super-sensitive. The coconut leaves which shimmered in the sunlight seemed to speak in her heart. The Pandit Masay sat reading and explaining the Gita, it became fruitless. Yet when at that time a squirrel went scurrying past with a rustling noise over dry leaves in the garden outside, the shrill cry of a kite came penetrating the heart of the distant sky, the tired sound of the bullock carts going now and then winding along the road past the pond intoxicated the breeze, all these touched her heart and made her restless without reason. Surely this could not be called a sign of distaste for the world. The wide world which is a world of warm life, whose primeval mist coming out of the heat of Grandfather Brahma's blood was overcasting the skies,—what had been created long before he recited the Vedas and Vedanta from his four mouths,—with whose colour, sound and smell there had been an understanding in the very veins of every living being—thousands of messengers, big and small, of that world knew the secret path leading to the personal abode of the heart of all created life. But Shorasi could not block that path even to-day by planting in it thorns of austerity.

So the saffron colour would have to be dyed a shade deeper. Shorasi entreated the Pandit Masay, "Teach me the methods of practising Yoga."

The Pandit said, "Mother, you do not need these methods. Spiritual realization has of its own reached your hand like a ripe *amalaki*."

INTOXICATION FOR PRAISE

People all around were full of wonder at the force of her piety. At this an intoxication for praise had gathered in her mind. There had been a time when even the servants of the house used to treat her with condescension. So now when all praised her to the skies for her piety her very old thirst for glory found an opportunity of being fulfilled. Her lips could not deny that she had attained self-realization. So she sat silent before the Pandit.

Shorasi came to Makhan and said, "Father, can you tell me from whom I can learn to practise *Pranayama?*"

Makhan said, "I see no harm even if you do not learn it. How many reach the stage of spiritual progress which you have already made?"

Nonetheless, *Pranayama* had to be practised. It was so unfortunate that an instructor too was found. Makhan believed that most Bengalis of the present times were like him, that is—they ate, slept, and did not believe in any impossible things except in the matter of a scandal about someone else. But pressed by necessity when he went to make enquiries he found that there were also such people in Bengal as had discovered an authentic Naimisharanya by the river Bhairab in the district of Khulna. The chief proof of the truth of this discovery was that it was revealed in a dream at dawn on the day following the full moon. Sarasvati herself had exposed the secret. Had she appeared in her own form, then possibly there might have been cause for doubt, but by her wonderful divine glory she appeared as a magpie. There were only three feathers in the bird's tail, one white, one green and the centre one tawny. There was not the least doubt that these three feathers represented the world composed of the magic play of the number 'three,'—the three qualities of Sattva, Rajah and Tamah, the three Vedas, Rik, Sama, and Yajuh, or creation, preservation and destruction, or today, tomorrow and the day after, and so on. Since then *Yogis* were being manufactured in this Naimisharanya. Two M.Sc. students had left college to practise yoga here. A subordinate judge had donated his entire pension to this Naimisharanya fund and found wonderful peace of mind by employing his sister's son, who had no father or mother, to serve the *Yogi Brahmacharis* of this place.

From this Naimisharanya a teacher was found to instruct Shorasi in the practice of yoga. So Makhan had to become a lay member of the Naimisharanya committee. The duty of a lay member was to contribute one-sixth of his income for the maintenance of the *sanyasi* members. This one-sixth rose above or fell below the actual amount like the mercury in a thermometer according to the degree of devotion of the lay members. Makhan too made mistakes in calculating the portion due from him. The general trend of this mistake was towards making the figure less. But whatever loss Naimisharanya suffered on account of this was made up by Shorasi. There was very little left of her jewellery, and every month her allowance followed in the footsteps of the vanished jewellery.

The family physician, Anadi, came and said to Makhan, "Brother, what are you doing? It looks as if the girl will kill herself."

Makhan said with worried face, "That is true. What can I do?"

He had no courage before Shorasi any more. Once he approached her and said in a very soft voice, "Mother, how can you keep your health with so much irregularity?"



"Father, can you tell me from whom I can learn to practise Pranayama ?"

Shorasi smiled a little. Its meaning was this,—that such useless anxiety befitted only a wordly family man.

* * *

Twelve years had passed since Barada went away. Now Shorasi was twentyfive years old. One day Shorasi asked her teacher of yoga, "Father, how shall I know whether my husband is alive or not?"

The *yogi* sat silently with eyes shut for ten minutes, then opening his eyes said, "He is alive."

"How do you know ?"

"You won't understand that now. But know this for certain, though born a woman, you have advanced so far in this yogic path only through the extraordinary powers of your husband obtained by austerities. He has made you his companion in spirituality even from afar."

Shorasi's body and mind thrilled with joy. About herself she felt exactly as if Siva was in meditation and Parvati was waiting for him, while repeating her rosary of lotus seeds.

Shorasi again asked, "May I know where he is now?"

The *yogi* smiled a little, then said, "Bring me a mirror."

Shorasi brought a mirror and according to his instructions remained staring at it.



When half an hour was over, the Yogi asked, 'Can you see anything ?' 'Yes, there seems to be something, but I can't make out clearly what it is !'

When half an hour was over, the *yogi* asked, "Can you see anything?"

Shorasi said in a hesitant voice, "Yes, there seems to be something, but I can't make out clearly what it is."

"Do you see something white?"

"Yes, it does look white."

"Like snow on mountain peaks?"

"Certainly it is snow! I had never seen a mountain before. That is why it seemed hazy so long."

In this miraculous way gradually it was seen that Barada sat with bare body in an inaccessible region of the Himalayas on top of the snows of Longchu peak. From there the radiance of his spiritual exercises reached out to touch her. This was extraordinary indeed.

Sitting alone in her room that day, Shorasi's entire body shook from time to time. Her heart filled with joy to think that her husband's meditation encircled her day and night; even when he had been with her there was separation at times, but now he was with her always. She felt that her austerities had to be much more severe. She threw away the rough blanket with which she covered herself so long and in the month of Paus. At once her body tingled with cold. Shorasi felt that the icy wind from that Longchu mountain was coming down to blow over her. She sat with folded hands. Profuse tears streamed down from the corners of her eyes.

The same day after midday meals Makhan sent for her to come to his room, and said with embarrassed hesitation, "Mother, so long I did not say anything to you I thought maybe it would not be necessary, but I can't carry on any longer. My debts have increased much beyond the value of my properties. No one knows when my property will be seized by my creditors."

Shorasi's face became bright with joy. She had no doubt in her mind that all this was her husband's doing. He was making her his companion in the fullest sense. The little barrier of property between them seemed about to be removed now. Not the north wind only, this debt too had come down from the Longchu mountain, this was the touch of her husband's benign right hand.

She said with smiling face, "What is there to be afraid of, father?"

Makhan said, "Where shall we stay now?"

Shorasi said, "We will put up a hut in Naimisharanya and live there."

Makhan understood that it was useless to discuss financial affairs with her. He sat in the outer room smoking his *hooka* in silence.

At this time a motor car came and stood at the gate. A young man dressed in western clothes leapt down and came into Makhan's room. He made a very incomplete attempt at an Indian greeting with folded hands and said, "Don't you recognise me?"

"Goodness gracious! Isn't this Barada?"

Barada had gone to America as a sailor in a ship. After twelve years he had returned today as travelling agent of some company making washing machines. He said to his father, "If you want a washing machine, I can arrange to let you have one very cheap."

Saying this he brought out an illustrated catalogue from his pocket.

—Rendered into English
By Sheila Chatterjee



The Price

By PROBODH KUMAR SANYAL

HARIBILASH CHOWDHURY had a coterie of blind adherents. I happened to be one of that lucky set. At his feet, I received my political training. I suffered imprisonment on two occasions in obedience to his command. As he dropped the hint, I bought the pistol and became involved in a [illegible] the recent war, he was in internment for three years. I, too, was with him. Haribilash was a Socialist leader of firm reputation.

Recently—I am talking of the month of July of this year—there was a conference of the Socialist Party at a certain town in the United Provinces. After passing two hectic days there, we started for Calcutta. Our journey by the mail train commenced at mid-day. Several Socialist members in our compartment were deeply engrossed in chit-chats till the evening. Many of them belonged to the old anarchist party. I cannot recall when the evening passed over me as I listened to their personal anecdotes so full of romance. Many of their stories were left incomplete when in a body they got down at the Patna Railway junction.

Haribilash and I were left in our second class compartment. There was another passenger—a Muslim gentleman hailing from the western region of our country. He was to get down at Asansol during the last watch of the night. On this occasion after a long time, I got Haribilash in my grip. I could not let him go easily.

At one time I asked, "Well, Harida! How did you like the story of Badri Pandey?"

He answered, "The yarn is nice, no doubt, but many such dacoities were once committed for the sheer greed of money. They do not strictly fall within the cult of political anarchism."

Haribilash kept silent. He was senior to me by ten years. It would not be becoming to engage in argument with him. I said, "That fellow frankly confessed everything. Very open-hearte· man. What do you say, Harida?"

There was an abrupt laughter by Haribilash. "Wicked fellow! I fairly guess where you are pushing me. You are very clever—Are you not?"

I replied, "Harida, the other day you cooled off as soon as you started to talk. If you are free from guilt, what gags your mouth?"

Haribilash hesitatingly replied, "You are aware that the people are apt to misunderstand easily any matter where a female is involved. Besides what has come out in print in the paper is malice against me."

"But I am not one of that common-folk to misunderstand you easily. Besides both of you are known to me."

"How much did you know? Your knowledge is limited—confined to the paper only?"

I was a bit flabbergasted. I continued, "As much as it is possible for me to know! At least it was known to me that there was no questionable relationship between you two."

SUGANDHA ROY

Haribilash said, "Sudhir Gupta of the paper is up against me to prove that our relationship was a contaminated one. You must have observed that the popular mind is apt to take in any scandal about the leaders before anything else. Over and above, none has come forward to tell the truth. I knew Sugandha Roy from her childhood. Any distorted picture can be presented simply on the basis that there existed ever lasting friendship between the two families. But do you know where the danger lies?"

I raised my face and gazed at him. Haribilash went on, "It is a gross error to assert that the enemy of the female is the male. Her own natural weakness is her enemy."

I replied, "But in your remark there is a mixture of truth and falsehood, Harida! Iron is harder than stone. Still if iron melts, the stony-hearted one will not melt—she would rather burst!"

Our train was running at a speed. There was heavy down-pour on two sides of the Railway. Rains came down from the sky in copious torrents, we lifted

the window sash. The outside world looked blurred and dimmed to our eyes through darkness. I perceived that Haribilash felt a home-thrust somewhere at my words. Was it not his weakness that his name should be associated with that of Sugandha Roy for a pretty long time!

"It is not calf-love. If you think so, you err at the very start. The two families were almost identical. They will understand me who are trained up in the rural area. We did not know that we did not



Buri, I myself move about clandestinely, avoid vigilance. Just tell me what manner of help you want.

belong to the same house. Both our families had a regular troop of boys and girls. No aberration did ever appear in the outward department of any of them. Just bear in mind, in the rural environment the boys and girls do not take to spooning at the slightest pretext. In addition, Buri had a serious drawback—She was very quarrelsome."

"WHO IS BURI?"

"The cognomen of Sugandha was Buri. Though she was quarrelsome, she paid great attention to music and learning. They were well off. Their estate yielded an annual income between forty to fifty thousand rupees. But we were over head and ears in debt. I had to struggle hard for education. The total strength of ladies in both the families ranged at least between thirty-five to forty. Besides, there were many aunts by village courtesy. One day in the gazette of that female circle it was talked about that Sugandha was a lovely and healthy girl and was therefore a perfect bride for me. The bridal ceremony would come off in due time."

I asked, "How old were you then?"

"Take it, some twenty years? Do you know what followed in the wake of that idle gossip? I failed to meet Buri. I always passed my time among the boys and girls but she kept aloof avoiding our company."

I said, "Was there any consent to that proposal on your sides?"

"I did not know her mind but I was startled."

"What next".

"That was the time of Civil Disobedience movement. I was then moving about through the back-door of politics. There was a gymnasium in our village and I was its boss. Outwardly I wore the mask of the Congress but inwardly in reality I was—" He completed the sense by showing how a pistol was fired.

I replied, "Yes, I understand."

Haribilash repeated, "You know perfectly well that Bengal has never accepted the creed of non-violence at any time with heart and soul! Writers, artists, literary men, poets—those who reveal and discover the inner soul of a country—they have never created any literature of a high order on Gandhism. The worshippers of Strength have found their nourishing interest in the cult of strength. They have wanted to do away with the evil and the wicked repeatedly by mortal hatred. The mind of Bengal has never erred on the ideal of politics. The erroneous accusation was heaped on the Bengalees from the outside. Even the Britishers never misunderstood Bengal. Neither could they put them on the wrong track. They have again and again killed the Bengalees—killed them before all!

"Be that as it may, I selected my line in secrecy avoiding the vigilant eye of the Police.

"Just at that time, Subhas Bose was brought to our village. Our saline blood was inflamed by his oration. I found out that he could talk excellently, worked more and laboured day and night. In the meeting Buri regaled the audience with her song. It maddened thousands and thousands of people. Subhas Chandra called her to his side and thanked her. It is difficult to say what incantation he distilled into her ear. On the next day, Subhas Chandra left that place but Buri was completely changed. She approached me and told me that she had taken upon herself the task of training up the girls of that locality and that I should assist her.

"I replied, 'Buri! I myself move about clandestinely, avoid vigilance. Just tell me what manner of help you want?'

"Buri replied, 'Just raise a structure, a thatch in the courtyard, and purchase necessary articles. In addition, raise subscription for me. When the time will come, you are to stand by my side too.'"

As soon as he stopped I asked him, "What did you say by way of reply?" "I had nothing to add. When she suddenly appeared, it struck me that by some unaccountable touch she changed overnight into

glorified figure of the mother of Protection! She looked magnificent."

I laughed, "That is to say, both of you joined hands for the work."

"Are you frenzied? It is required of the revolutionary that there should be sharp-edged cruelty in his nature. There was an apprehension that it might suffer softness by association with the female. The poison of loveliness is very dangerous."

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL

"I presume, your marriage proposal was advanced by that time?"

Haribilash giggled, "Just the opposite."

"What is that?"

"At one time it was talked out in the gazette of the female circle that I belonged to the party of the swadeshi dacoits, there was no provision for food and raiment in my house and that any day I might be hanged or be sent to transportation for life. That it would not behove them to throw Buri, bound hand and foot, straight into the water. The marriage with me meant no security for her life. You should not forget that they were rich."

I interrogated, "Could you fathom her mind at this turn of the event?"

Haribilash replied, "At that time the magical incantation of Subhas Chandra led her on a different path. All of a sudden she got the wonderful taste of life."

"About you?"

"I could not join in any of her work. Before my flight, during a night I handed over several thousand rupees to Buri."

I replied, "It seems to me, it is the beginning of a novel, Harida."

"There you are. But the novel ended there."

"What next?"

BURI'S MARRIAGE

"Next—I was in underground for six months after which I was arrested. The money that I gave away to Buri was obtained by dacoity. Through the grace of the police I entered the gate of the jail for a term of five years. After the lapse of three years when I was in the jail at Rungpur, I got two pieces of information at a time. The first one was that Buri was married to that Sub-Inspector of Police who arrested me and the other that the said Sub-Inspector was shot dead by the bullet of an anarchist within the month of his marriage. Since then I did not get any information."

"Buri?"

"I returned to my village after my release. I came to know that she did not live either in the house of her father or of her father-in-law. She was reported to have gone to a certain village in the district of Mymensingh on her mission of work. The trouble was that her social influence was damaged as her husband served under the British as a Sub-Inspector. She had to conceal her identity."

I asked, "Why did you not marry her?"

"There was no time at my disposal."

"Harida, you are suppressing your feelings. This time I get the scent of a love story. At that time you had a burning feeling in the corner of your heart."

ENEMY OF FEMALE-FOLK

Haribilash laughed "Fie! Fie! It is not the cult of the revolutionary. We are taught not to think of ourselves. Besides, there was another matter. Whenever I thought of her, a sense of reverence rushed in my mind." I replied, "Why did you state then that the enemy of the female-folk is their natural weakness? Wherefrom did you derive this belief?"

"I am coming to it." So saying he leaned against the back of the bench. There was a slight cessation of the heavy down-pour outside. I brought down one of the sashes in front of me. The Muslim gentleman on the other side was then fast asleep. The mail train was speeding on with whizzing sound tearing away the air. I could not guess the exact time but certainly the night was far advanced.

"I did not precisely know what Buri was doing in the village in Mymensingh. This much I came to know that she was teaching several boys and girls. That she raised subscription from the rural cultivators. She stopped communication with the civil society. She just entered into the very life of the rural side.

"After a long time I met her in Calcutta. At that time the oppression of the Government on the revolutionaries was on the increase. They had broken up our party and secured many false approvers. Several good boys were hanged and several innocent ones were beaten up. So we were plotting to punish some high-ranking Britishers. I was startled to catch the sight of Buri."

"'She said, 'Harida, I have come to Calcutta to inquire about you.'

"'Why?'

"'I require you badly. I want to talk with you aside.'

"The set-up of our mind was then terrible at the distressful state of the country. The Government planned to deal out the final blow by stirring up our feelings of revenge. In many places they put up Muslim officers in place of Britishers. That is to say, on the one hand, they would kill us and on the other they would foment communal riots. Bengal nationalism was a danger to the English people. So the Government thought that the thorn of nationalism required to be pulled out by the thorn of communalism. At the exhibition of this stupidity we were up and doing to organise a new party. When I was in such a state of mind, her presence did not please me at all. With almost an angry tone I told her that there was little time at my disposal to spare. 'You need me for money only? You will have it. We are playing with fire. Your hands will be singed if you come nearer to us.'

"Buri replied that she did not come for money."

"Then".

"'I have come on business.'

"You can do it without me."



Suddenly she wept aloud. 'You do not like to listen to any word of mine. . . . Is this the cult of the revolutionary to heap indignity on the female sex ?

"She blurted out, "Is this meeting not after your liking?'

"I raised my face and said, 'What do you mean?'

CULT OF REVOLUTIONARY?

"She stopped for a trice. Suddenly she wept aloud. 'You do not like to listen to any word of mine? Have I not got anything to say to you? Is this the cult of the revolutionary to heap indignity on the female sex?'

"After a long spell I gazed at the widow of the Sub-Inspector. She had a sari on with a blouse to match. No vermilion point on her forehead. She was just in the dress of her maidenhood. In a stiffened manner I addressed her respectfully, 'Madam, why are you shedding tears? I have not done any harm to you?'"

Haribilash said smilingly, "I well remember how on hearing the word 'madam' she abruptly raised her face and once looked at me and then left me turning away the face. She never looked back. I thought within myself, 'Did she come to me to talk business really? What a grave injustice have I meted out to a helpless woman? Would the cult of terrorism have suffered so much by carrying on a lonely conversation for a while?'

"On that day I was busy with a highly secret conspiracy. But without turning my step in that direction, straightway I turned towards the Calcutta maidan where I passed the whole evening in mooning about. On that day, the polar forces of my mind went on writing words after words on the scroll of emptiness to emptiness!"

I said laughingly, "The poison was at work, at last."

Haribilash replied, "No, no. Nothing of that sort what you call love. This is the principle of our party—If under the impact of your conduct, an emotional furrow is activated in the mind of a female, then you are a coward. You are not a soldier! The penance of the coward is suicide. In that night under cover of darkness I took the solemn oath in one corner of the maidan that I would never see Buri, would never announce myself before her and that if there was any chance meeting I would at once slip away turning my face."

I rejoined, "Was there not weakness of mind at the back when you took the oath?"

"Perhaps there was, perhaps there was not. The mysterious world of the human mind is enveloped in great darkness."

WEAKNESS IN NATURE OF MALE

"Why did you fail to look upon the female-folk in the natural way? If the sense of the male in the man is awakened by the near approach of a female, it is nothing but the weakness in the nature of the male."

"This is also applicable to the famale. But do you know the truth? The simile may sound rather vulgar but I cannot help it. In the temperament of the female folk, you will find dominance of the digestive juice. In other words it is a chiaroscuro of variegated juices. The long and short of it is this—The uncut shaddock has got a rough rind. You can check your temptation even if it is brought very near to your mouth but if pickled lemon is presented before your mouth, your temptation is excited, your tongue is watered. You will detect the scattered drop of that digestive juice in the countenance of

(Continued on Page 21



The Sister-in-law

By DEBESH DAS

SUCH strange things do not usually happen in our country.

But the Hampstead Heath of London is full of magic. The Heath is also beautifully laid out with gardens, bushes and paths likely to take you into a land of magic. In summer, swans play on its lake and in winter young men and women skate on its iced surface. "True that I was not born with the good fortune of seeing heaven in this life, but Hampstead Heath is quite enough for me"—said Dada with a heavy sigh.

We don't understand why Dada has stayed on in England year after year. He has acquired very high qualifications. He has had enough experience of accounting work in a big British firm to be snapped up by any European firm if he only went back to India. He has not taken any root in England either. He is a very friendly type, full of bonhomie. The word 'dada' means an elder brother.

But I have a suspicion that Dada is a secretive about himself. Not to speak of anything about his family, he has never given as much as even a hint regarding the existence of any family at all.

Take, for instance, the Indian mail which is delivered every Saturday evening. The postman delivers his usual bunch of letters and we all shout out. "Hallo Dada, what news of the sister-in-law?" Dada puts on his Sunday smiles though it is only the Saturday evening and says, "She is suffering a lot on account of this long separation. That's why it is so hot in India this summer."

We would make a generous offer immediately,

(It is a far cry from the freedom to love in Europe to the die-hard hurdles that stood in the way of love in the India of even yesterday. The German Editorial Board while giving Shri Das's story 'From ROME TO RAMNA' published in the Patrika Puja annual in 1953, the first place of honour in a leading German literary magazine commended him as a writer whose writings are widening the horizon of Indian literature and bringing the world to her doorsteps. Does this story unfold the pathetic past of an Indian student exiled in London, where the author himself was a university student, as somebody's reminiscence or just a story of romance of India revealed in the European background?)

"Then, why delay? In London it's so nice and cheerful in May but sad to be alone. Why don't you ask her to come over quickly? We shall give up the adjacent double room for you. You will be happy and so shall we because if she comes we shall escape from this daily round of roast mutton and potatoes." Dada makes a compromise immediately by inviting us to an Indian meal in a restaurant behind Piccadilly. But he does not lift the veil over the existence of the sister-in-law any way.

'WE HAVE SPIES AFTER YOU'

The workshop was closed for the summer vacation and Dada was going to the Continent for a holiday. We would not let the occasion pass unnoticed.

We enquired, "Are you going to the Continent alone and leaving the 'bowdy' i.e. sister-in-law back in India? Or, do you want to have a nice time on the sly? But beware, we have got spies after you."

Dada laughed as he put in a brief reply. "You know, our Indian scriptures have advised that women should not be taken out as companion during journeys. Whether they belong to you or to somebody else. This holy injunction applies to both varieties."

Our blood was hot and speech without any restraint. We lustily enquired whether he had a girl in every port.

Dada was an adventurous young man from the flooded areas of East Bengal. He gave a pointed reply, "It's a lot to have a boat in every port. But I don't require even as much as a canoe, as I am an expert in swimming under the water."

To heighten the effect of his reply he sent a slanting glance through the window. We had no doubt that he was an expert lady killer.

To tell the truth we never got any indication about Dada's personal life. He had come to England at least ten years back. But his ways and manners were as youthful as our own. There was this much difference that while we all looked forward to returning home and counted time, he seemed to have completely forgotten that he has a country of his own. Whether the sister-in-law is an absolute myth or an Indian wife in flesh and blood, counting the days for his return nobody could tell. But this much was clear that he gave women a wide berth.

Maybe that we could trace the creation of the 'bowdy' to this fact. Maybe that his friends might in the past have tried hard to take him out with them for a fling and he resisted their invitation on the pretext of having a dev^ted wife back at home. Maybe that his young friends have attributed his aversion to feminine company to his intense loyalty to the wife waiting for him in India.

AFFAIR WITH A WOMAN

Such a Dada has now got involved in an affair with a woman.

It was about 10 o'clock at night and the height of summer madness. I could not concentrate on studies at all even with the examination at the door. The summer was peeping in constantly through the window. The long evenings were full of light and it was heart-breaking to think of drawing the curtains to make the room dark and to sit down to study. Actually, I got fed up and started writing my home mail. This might produce the necessary incentive for studies. But the telephone rang up.

It was a shocking message indeed. We were informed that Dada was caught making love to a woman in a quiet corner of the Hamstead Heath at night when her husband appeared on the scene. Dada was trying to escape and a scuffle was going on when the police came up on the spot. The police took all concerned to the station house from where this telephone message came.

We were completely taken aback. If Dada gets involved in a scandal it will be splashed in all Sunday newspapers. In England people relish such stories immensely. It won't be Dada alone who will be noticed by people on streets. Indeed, everybody would look at us with interest after this affair and think that here was another Indian of the same variety.

We knew that Dada was not guilty, but innocence will have to be proved. He will have to be brought back without a blot on character. So we went to the station house in force. We would all give evidence about his spotless character. We would even try to remove the case from police records before it could be submitted to higher officers. The police rules and regulations in England are so good that surely no report would be submitted without making a thorough enquiry. We found Dada being interrogated in a room. Searching questions were being put up to him regarding all possible details of his life. It was clear that the other party also was under similar interrogation in an adjoining room.

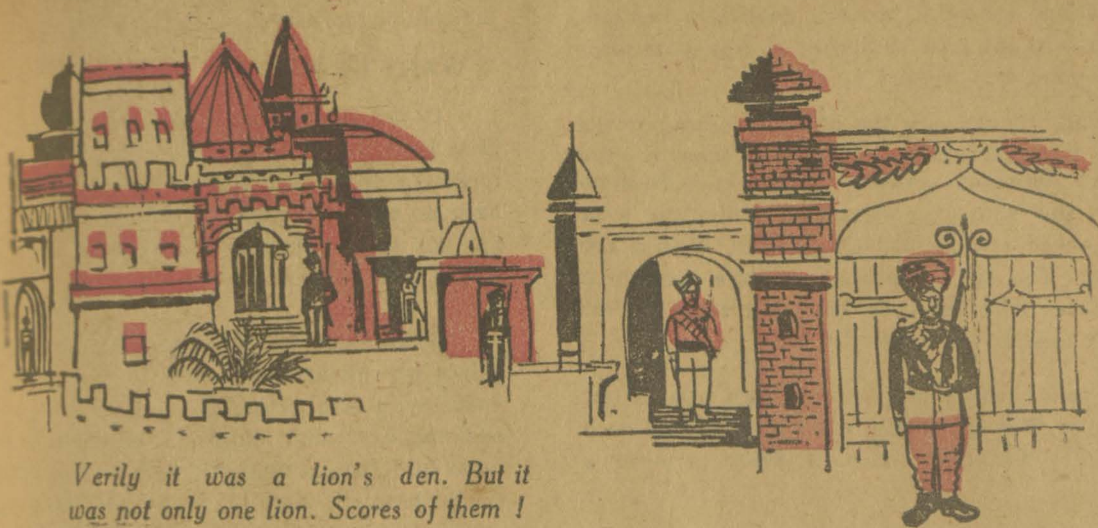
We were shown Dada's statement. He was having his usual after-dinner walk in the dark in the Hampstead Heath. Just before finishing his round, he sat down on a bench and lighted a cigarette when a young woman came and sat by his side. Indeed she was so polite as to ask for his permission to sit there. Thereafter, she showed further politeness by offering him a cigarette. Gradually she drew near him and became friendly in her conversation. Thereafter, she suddenly embraced him and began to kiss him when somebody took a snap by the flashlight and two hefty men appeared on the scene.

DADA'S STATEMENT

It was not difficult to imagine what followed. They complained to the police that Dada was trying to seduce the girl for quite a long time. The gist of Dada's statement was that these people must have kept watch on his movements for sometime and had arranged the scene. They were trying to blackmail him for a heavy amount. They had also threatened him with a report to the police with all sorts of evidence and the despatch of the photograph to his home in India.

The woman was bursting into occasional sobs in the next room while under interrogation. Dada's statement was over and we did not know what line of action to take.

We whispered to him, "What a scandal you



Verily it was a lion's den. But it was not only one lion. Scores of them !

have been involved in ! What would 'bowdy' think ?" The police officer pricked up his ears and leaned on the table to ask us. "What are you talking about ?" What's *baddy?* Does it mean something bad ?"

We understood that he had noted the similarity of pronunciation of the word *bowdy* and *baddy* and has become interested. We told him the jokes about the sister-in-law. The officer looked more concerned and began to enquire into the Indian part of Dada's antecedents.

But the officer was neither formal nor formidable and had hot coffee brought in. We sat round a table comfortably while Dada was face to face with the officer. The stub of the pencil was stuck in his enquiring mouth.

JOB OF COACHING PRINCESS

Dada was at that time a student in a small district town in India. He had Honours in his University course and was expecting to stand first in the examination. His manner and behaviour were spotless though his looks were completely unsuited to giving private tuition to girl students. But he had reputation as a good tutor and was offered the job of coaching a princess whose parents stayed in that town. Dada was a poor man's son and welcomed the higher fees he got for coaching the princess.

Dada warmed up as he was reminiscing. We were surprised to find so much emotion in a man who had been doing chartered accountancy in London. He asked the officer feelingly, "You people in this cold country won't understand what your poet Shelley ha actually meant when he wrote of 'the desire of the moth for the star' ". The eyes of the six footer police officer twinkled as he replied, "We too know how to make calf love, but generally it doesn't continue for long."

Dada was pained, "No, this wasn't the type of calf love you know of in the West. This was a desperate situation. Just think of it. I was an undergraduate with no resources at home nor any well-to-do guardian. My only hope was the possibility of getting a state scholarship for British education. A student of mathematics hardly out of his teens, I fell in love with the daughter of a powerful baron while giving her private tuition. You don't know what it means even to cross one courtyard after another in his palace to get inside the sanctorum of the princess.

LOVE 'INSIDE LION S DEN'

The police officer also had plenty of humour and commented, "Of course you can fall in love with a girl anywhere from China to Peru. But inside the lion's den.........."

Dada cut in and said, "Verily it was a lion's den. But it was not only one lion. Scores of them. Even the sepoys in each gate were Gurkhas with the surname of Singha which means lion. Notwithstanding all of them I did a desperately foolish thing."

Fresh coffee was poured into our cups again. While stirring the sugar, the six-footer confessed, "Of course in our country love doesn't encounter much difficulty or such dangers. If a commoner loses his head over a Lord's daughter there's no risk of losing the neck as well."

But in India there is. Particularly if this takes place in the household of Rajas and Feudal barons. It is true that the love between the princess and the tutor was not detected by others. The princess also was very discreet. Neither party expected too much from this love. But the difficulty arose when marriage proposals for the princess began to come in and she took courage in both hands to inform her mother that she did not want to get married until she became a graduate.

The police officer interrupted to remind Dada

that in India a girl is not asked her views about her own marriage except in modern anglicised families. Dada loosened the knot of his tie. It was quite clear that his mind was worked up.

He said, "That's how the difficulty arose. If the princess had kept mum until the time of the marriage probably there would have been no difficulty. But without consulting him she went straight ahead and notified her mother. Women are like this. You can imprison a girl's body in a country like India but even there her mind is free and won't tolerate any slavery."

The police officer commented, "It's true of our country also. But our women don't have to face such difficulties. We know how to respect a person's wishes."

Dada flared up, "That is why when love sprouts in the heart of our women behind the purdah, the value of that love is much greater. That's exactly why I ceased to think of any risks and of my future and responded to her love. I knew that sometime we should have to separate and she might be able to fit herself in with her surroundings. But that won't belittle by any means the truth and the value of her young love. My own mind was made up. I calculated all possibilities and accepted her love.

PROBLEMS SOLVED

"One day I warned her that since disclosing her intentions regarding the marriage, people have started eaves-dropping and therefore we must be careful. She became furious and said, 'I have committed enough offence by being born as the daughter of a Prince. A prisoner has hopes of coming out of this palace some day and walk into your hut hand in hand with you. I am going to make a clean breast of everything to my mother to-day. But you must come with me. Everything, must be settled at a personal level. Let me see who can stop me."

"My heart trembled within me. Not that I was afraid of the guards at the gates. But I was taken aback at the courage of a lion's daughter determined to build her nest in the hole of a jackal. I clasped her hands forcefully and asked her to wait for a day and think whether it would be proper to notify her mother in this fashion. I asked her to consider whether this affair should be kept a secret till my University results were out. If I could get a state scholarship probably the problem would be automatically solved.

"It was solved indeed, and that very day."

"Hoorah, Hoorah", the six-footer cried out in joy. There was no doubt about the genuineness of his happiness. Dada was very pensive. He did not react to this expression of cheer. The six-footer realised the position and handsomely apologized, "Very sorry, sir, I didn't understand correctly. Nor do I want to go into the details of your personal life. Let's stop here."

'I WANT TO DIE'

It was Dada himself who resumed the story a little later. He went on, "All those past events long forgotten are crowding in my memory now. I shall have no peace of mind if I cannot unburden myself nor will these young friends of mine be satisfied. I would therefore rather tell the whole story.

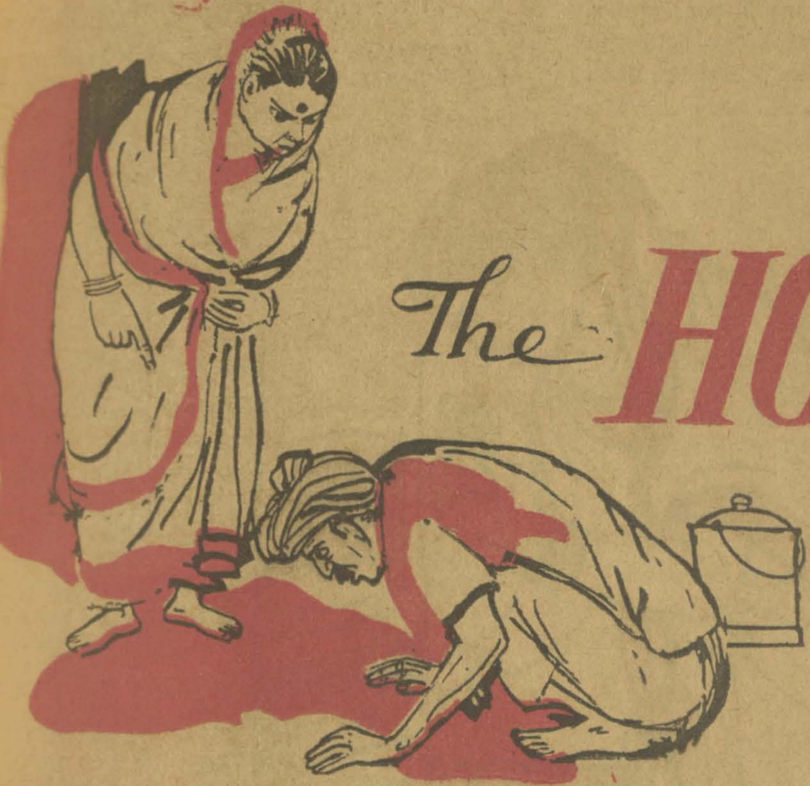
"That night too the Brougham carriage of the palace was giving me a lift to my digs as usual. Suddenly, a man sitting by the side of the coachman and another man standing behind the attendant came into the carriage with daggers in hand. They caught hold of me by the neck and shoved cloth into my mouth to stop shouting. In any case resistance was out of the question. They brought me to the crematorium and asked me whether I wanted to save my life or to die.

"I went on looking at them without realising the situation. I could not utter anything. Once I tried

(Continued on page 200)



I was taken aback at the courage of a lion's daughter determined to build her nest in the hole of a jackal.



The HOME

By SHEILA CHATTERJEE

IN the heat of the fire before which she was cooking Hira's pink rose-petal face turned brick red. The enormous coin-like *sindur* she wore on her forehead every day after bath started to melt with her sweat and trickle down in a line towards her nose. Hira was big and fat, her face Mongoloid, but she had been renowned as a beauty due to her lovely complexion. Now at fortyfive she already had the slack figure of a mother of many children. Hira never cared to dress well. Her unusual pink complexion needed only a red-bordered white sari to glow. There was also the contrast of jet black hair and slightly dull slanting brown eyes.

"Yes, have I not heard the complaint of the milkman from the morning? He is innocent, he never mixes any water with the milk. Only I have a suspicious nature and get angry with him for no reason!" Hira said as she stirred the vegetables she was cooking on a shiny iron pan.

Jadu Pishi, the person whom she addressed, was at once house-keeper and distant relative in the well-to-do family of the Guins. Jadu Pishi was a hard-working thrifty widow, mild by nature. She knew how to flatter people in a quiet way. Also she knew how to listen attentively when the mistress of the house, red-faced, complained fiercely about anyone. Jadu Pishi, dark, thin and wizened, hair cropped short, front teeth missing, was then cutting into fine shreds a fistful of spinach. There was a soft swish-swish as one hand brought the clump of spinach against the sharp curved big knife, fixed to a long wooden board. Jadu Pishi sat on the board to steady the knife.

"Yes, that milkman is very cunning, a rascal", murmured Jadu Pishi.

"And last year I lent him fifty rupees when his red cow died, I took pity on him. The master of the house was so angry. He said, 'Will you waste everything in charity?' But I did not listen."

"You have a kind heart, the neighbourhood knows it", said Jadu Pishi, gathering another bunch of green spinach in her hand.

Further talk was interrupted, for Hira's husband came along. "Now, Bara Bou, I have warned you so often, don't get angry like that. You will get ill. Look at that red face. Why don't you keep a cook and take some rest? It is not as if I can't afford it". Hira's husband, Kartik Babu, was a small thin bald man. Big ears stuck out of his head like a listening elephant's. He had a drooping double chin. He was very fond of his wife and liked to come in on the slightest pretext possible to see her while she was cooking.

"Now I will leave this home of chaos and retire to holy Banaras. Then you can keep ten cooks. I can't stand the bad food hired people prepare. Why should they care? It is not their husband or children who are eating. On the other hand they have a mind to steal."

"That is so", murmured Jadu Pishi. She had col-

lected a heap of finely shreded spinach on a brass *thali* before her.

"Why have you come here now?" Hira asked, wiping her sweating face.

"There! See what you have done to your *sindur*. It is smudged all over your forehead, — suits you though — against that pink colour", Kartik Babu



Hira looked at it and put it a way in a drawer. "I am not a washerwoman to wear such stuff. I wear gold only."

chuckled, rubbing his hands. "I shall have to go to Ranchi on some work for two or three days. Would you like to come also?"

"As it is, the milkman is robbing me in broad daylight. If I leave this house even for a day, everything will be looted. Then we shall have to go and stay under the trees on the open road". Hira's face was redder than before.

Kartik Babu retreated quietly.

* * *

Hira had no rest all day, trying to find another milkman to replace the one who had annoyed her. She had no time to pack her husband's clothes, scarcely time to sit by him while he had his meal before going to the station. In the evening the milkman came crying to fall at Hira's feet and say he was sorry. That was not enough. Hira made him rub his nose in the dust as punishment before she forgave him.

"Cheating me is not so easy", she said as she gathered a pleated sari over one arm with time at last to go and wash herself for the evening. It was nearly nine then. Jadu Pishi went behind carrying her crotched-edged petticoat and muslin blouse, a soap case with Himani Glycerine soap and a soft red checked *gamcha* for wiping the body. Hira was not satisfied with the work her personal maid did. So Jadu Pishi did these little odd jobs so that Hira might not lose her temper again.

"No one is so fond of the home as you are, Bauma. Indeed you are the Lakshmi of this house," Jadu Pishi said as she hooked the pleated sari on a wooden post in the bathroom wall.

There was a cockroach on the wall. Very angry, Hira dashed a mug full of water in its direction. She slipped and fell. There was a lot of bad temper then. Till late at night Jadu Pishi had to massage her back and legs to relieve the pain.

* *

Kartik Babu was a week late in returning from Ranchi. Busy with her household Hira scarcely noticed this. She found fault with the maid who cleaned and scrubbed in the kitchen. She had a new one to replace her. She was enthusiastically teaching her the proper method of scrubbing with ash and earth. Kartik Babu brought for her a silver flower to wear in the hair. He had seen Santhal women wear these. Hira looked at it absent-mindedly and put it away in a drawer. "I am not a washerwoman to wear such stuff. I wear gold only".

So in the evening Kartik Babu bought her a gold ornamental crescent to pin in her hair. Hira turned it this way and that. "The new maid in the kitchen has stolen a brass *thali*. I counted so many times, one is missing. I never liked her face; too cunning, I

told Jadu Pishi. She is a fool, told me to keep her".

"I will buy you another *thali* tomorrow, Bara Bau. Why one? A dozen."

"That isn't what I want. Where is the lost *thali*? Soon we shall be living under the trees if you are as extravagant as this." She locked the gold ornament in her heavy old iron safe.

"Won't you wear it? It is of gold", anxiously asked Kartik Babu.

"Don't you see, I am the mother of many children? Do you want the neighbours to make fun of me when they see me dressed up like a young girl? Tell your sister to find another kitchen maid for me. In that Tollygunge area they get good servants, I have heard."

Kartik Babu went to sleep hearing the accumulated grievances of the ten days that he had been away. He was used to her angry voice and complaining, and this was a sort of lullaby to which he had got accustomed with the years.

"What shall I do with a gold hair pin? Couldn't you have the sense to buy something useful for the house?" she kept grumbling.

* * *

On the day of their wedding anniversary Kartik Babu brought his wife a small Frigidaire. She was quite overwhelmed at the gift, kept wiping it with the end of her *zari*-bordered sari. The Frigidaire was installed in her bedroom, just by her bed, to make sure no one stole anything. In the Frigidaire only water was kept in clean bottles and a *thali* of spices ground into paste meant to start cooking early next morning.

"Yes, this is a useful thing you have bought", Hira told her husband full of smiles. "Now I can begin cooking an hour earlier. I don't have to depend on the lazy maid to grind the spices in the morning. So I can make fancy sweets for tea time".

"But Bara Bau, can't you once, even in your own bed room wear that gold ornament I bought for your hair? You are not so old really, and you are such a beauty." Kartik Babu's eyes shone with adoration.

"Stop talking nonsense. The milkman is again mixing water in the milk. I watch him milk the cow, it is true, but still I am not sure. Khenti Didi was telling me they buy milk in bottles, but that must be quite unclean, touched by — goodness knows what—people of thirtysix different castes. Have you tasted this bottled milk anywhere? Look at that dust there under the almirah. Ganesh is so careless when he sweeps the floors. I have told him to clean under the furniture. Wait. Tomorrow I will give him such a scolding, he will forget the name of his own father."

"Bara Bau, why don't you leave this home of yours and the children and go on a holiday with me somewhere, just the two of us?"

"Are you mad? The neighbours will laugh. Who will look after the household? Have I any time to breathe that I will go out on a holiday with you? The elder Khoka's School Final exam. will start soon. The baby had a slight temperature yesterday, teething probably. Jadu Pishi has become so old. The other day she cut some brinjal stalks with the brinjal. She needs glasses, I think."

"I am going to Madras, and I am going by air. Last time I flew I thought of you. I was sure you would come. That is why I made arrangement to go by air. I am never happy doing anything without you. Only for a week, Bara Bau. Couldn't you come?"

"No, no, impossible. I am making some new mango pickles. Who will look after those?"

* * *

Hira was used to her husband going away on these business trips. Fully occupied with the house she had little time to spare to feel his absense much except at night when there was an empty space by her bed. She wanted to cook some *Koi-jhal* for her husband before he left to catch the morning plane. She was in a furious temper, for the mustard was not ground to the fine paste she wanted. She had no time to say goodbye to her husband. "Is this the way spices are ground? Have I not taught you with my own hands? What ill luck brought a maid like you to my home?"

"I am going, Bara Bau", shouted Kartik Babu above the noise of her shouting. Hira was too incensed to look at him even. "I will not tolerate such bad work in my own home. I will rather do all the work myself. The neighbourhood knows I am not idle. I should have driven you away with a broom the day you showed your ugly face in my home".

"I will send you news of my safe arrival in Madras, like I always do", Kartik Babu said in the direction of his wife, as his servants gathered his luggage up.

* * *

It was evening. The children were reading. The big old house had been scrubbed and cleaned and scrutinised that it was clean. Jadu Pishi was in the prayer room telling her beads. After the evening wash Hira was going to the kitchen to prepare the meal for the night. She did not believe in saving labour by keeping most of the things cooked in the morning. The rolling pin did not seem as it should have been. Jadu Pishi should have looked to that. She would definitely get rid of the new kitchen maid.

The telephone rang. Her elder son came out of his study room to answer it. He stood near the telephone for some time. Hira had put the pan on the fire to make potato *chenchki*. The five different spices splattered and crackled in mustard oil. "Can't you speak? What has happened? Who is it that rings up when my children are studying? Don't they know that the master is not at home?"

"The plane in which father was travelling crashed. He is not among the survivors." The boy fainted, dragging the telephone off its stand.

Hira looked with unbelief at the spices splattering in the mustard oil. A scorched smell arose as the spices burnt black in the oil.

(All the characters and scenes are fictitious).

THE SISTER-IN-LAW

(Continued from page 196)

to recollect the face of my beloved. But even that I did not want to do while I was dying at the hands of her father's hired assassins. I simply whispered, 'I want to die'.

"The manager of the estate, in the garb of a highwayman with false beard and moustaches and the whole body covered with black shawl, said, 'No it isn't easy to let you die. The princess might take that to heart seriously. Of course, we people of the palace are not afraid of the British Government.'



No it isn't easy to let you die. The princess might take that to h e a r t seriously.

"I still pleaded for an early murder on the spot.

'But listen here, fool. Here's a ticket for you to go to England. You go straight from here to Bombay and from there to London. Here is a bank account for you with Thomas Cook & Son. There is enough money for four years' expenses. European clothing and other requirements have all been purchased for you and a man is waiting with them at the railway station. This coach will carry you straight to the station now and put you in a reserved railway compartment. Write here and now to your mother that you have suddenly decided to go to England for higher studies with the help of the money you have won in a lottery today, and that you do not want to meet her before departure lest she should stand in the way of a widow's only son going abroad. In addition, be careful not to forget that two daggers are travelling incognito with you until the ship sails away from Bombay.'

"Since then I have been in England. I have not gone back to my country. Why should I return to a country where my sweetheart was not born to belong to me? What shall I do with a country like that? These young friends often ask me about 'Bowdy.' It's enough for their pleasantries so long as they have a sister-in-law whether Indian or foreign. But how could there be one when the sacred blessings of marriage cannot be uttered on our love."

The telephone rang and a lively conversation started. From this end too we could hear many questions regarding old reported cases of blackmail, innocent foreigners who were victims of the game and the hush money paid by them. We could guess from the talk that the police had no doubt about the spotless past of the accused.

The officer went on writing his report. He also went to the next room for further interrogation. And then he came back with smiles on his face and addressed Dada. "All right, sir, we are sincerely sorry you got involved in this affair and we had to detain you in the station house for interrogations. We have recorded that we do not believe in the charges brought against you. You and your friends can now go. Good-bye, Indian friends, good-bye."

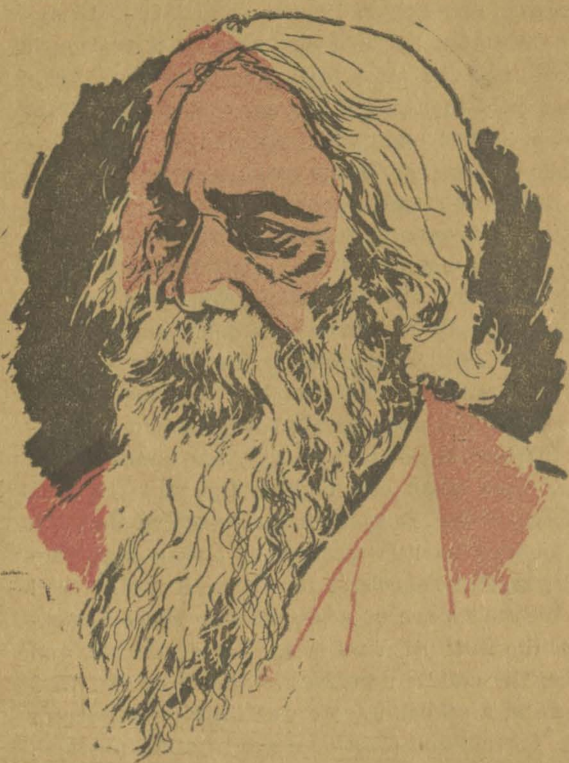
As we were coming out, the six-footer pressed his right hand on Dada's shoulder. With all the sincerity in the world he said, "Hope you will sleep well to-night. Happy dreams for you. I wish best luck to you and to your princess. Go back to her."

It was an intoxicating summer night. Its loneliness seemed to be pregnant with infinite tenderness for the princess we have not met. Still the curiosity of youth had its way and we asked. "Dada, we hope that the princess is not as non-existent as our sister-in-law."

Dada looked at us squarely in the face and asked, "Does it matter to you whether she exists or not? The story of my love with her has discharged the responsibilities of your 'Bowdy.' Isn't that enough?"

Tagore THE GREAT EDUCATIONIST

By Usha Biswas M.A. B.T.



WE just celebrated the ninety-ninth birthday anniversary of Tagore all over India. The celebration of his birthday centenary, which comes off next year, is in the offing. Countrywide preparations for celebrating the occasion in a befitting manner are already afoot. Although we are very proud of the fact that Tagore was a Bengali poet, the major portion of his literary output being also in Bengali, great men belong to all ages and all countries. His immortal contributions to Bengali literature—specially Bengali poetry—entitle him to rank among the world poets. He has been rightly acclaimed as the greatest poet of the present age. His countrymen are naturally very anxious to pay homage to his memory as a great poet, whose colossal contributions have immensely enriched Bengali literature, as also, to acknowledge the incalculable debt of gratitude they owe to his versatile and many-sided genius, on the occasion of his birthday centenary. They will be doing a great injustice to him if they fail to recognize how deeply his country is indebted to him as a great educationist and educational reformer. He was not merely a visionary, carried away by his idealism, but, like Wordsworth's "Skylark," he was also "true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home." He was not only a great educational thinker, but he also gave a concrete shape to his educational ideas and carried out experiments in the practical field of educational reform. The Viswa Bharati, which is his notable achievement in this direction bears ample testimony to his greatness as an educational thinker and reformer. Now that nearly twenty years have elapsed after his death, we shall be in a position to take a balanced view of things, and adjudge the extent of his invaluable contributions to the educational thoughts of the country, nay, of the world. That he was a profound educational thinker will be borne out by his articles on education as also by his famous contribution entitled "Letters from Russia".

What led Tagore, an absolutely inexperienced and unpractical poet, who himself was not a product of the school education of his time, to experiment with education, and set up a school, with this end in view, on entirely novel lines, is a question that is likely to arise in the minds of many. He had no definite theory of education to start with. Nor did he try to put into practice any particular educational plan or project. He had no previous experience to fall back upon too, except the bitter memory of his short school life, which persisted even all through his advanced years, and which ultimately impelled him to undertake the educational reform. The experience of his own school days, short-lived though it was, constantly preyed upon the intensely sensitive mind of the poet in such a manner that he was determined to put a stop to that kind of thing and do all he could to make the education of children much more enjoyable.

BITTER MEMORY OF SCHOOL

The bitterness of the memory of his short school days finds expression in his own words —"My mind had to accept the tight-fitting encasement of the school, which, being like the shoes of a mandarin woman, pinched and bruised my nature on all sides and at every movement." The regular schools of the time were thus entirely cut off from the every-day life of children and lacked the "completeness of the world." The free and unfettered mind of the young Tagore naturally beat against the bars of the prison-house that seemed to close in upon it, and the very idea of his being imprisoned within its four walls throughout the school hours was abhorrent to him. He says that the schools are only the places, where lessons are given with the object of cramming the youthful mind of children with some meaningless information. A traditional type of

schools of his time is termed by him "a manufactory specially designed for grinding out uniform results." Their aim was not to develop the personality of children, but to turn out a uniform type of students by imposing upon them numerous artificial restrictions, necessitated by rigid discipline. It is too much to expect that the amateurish efforts of an inexperienced poet to run a school on entirely new lines will not be looked upon with suspicion by the educated public of the time. So its founder, who refused to follow the beaten track, naturally subjected himself to endless derision and scathing criticism for striking out an untrodden path, from which nothing could swerve him. His indomitable will and determination to carry his resolve through never failed him. He was bent upon undoing the wrong that he himself suffered from, as a child. The experiment that he embarked upon entailed a tremendous sacrifice of his invaluable time, energy, and money. His resources were small and limited. But still he remained undaunted. It is needless to observe that the school founded by him marked a daring departure from the regular schools of his time. In fact, it had hardly the semblance of a school. The whole atmosphere of the institution being so simple, natural, and homelike, the children were never made to feel that they were in a school. Tagore was a great believer in freedom for children—both mental and physical. According to him, "our childhood should be given its full measure of life's draught, for which it has an endless thirst". So in his school he made no attempt to curb the joyous freedom of children—the very breath of their life. Nor did he like to wean them away from nature and to deprive them of her bounties. So instead of locating his school in the congested city of Calcutta or any urban area, he thought fit to set up his school or 'asram', as it was called, in a lonely spot amid the quiet, peaceful, and natural surroundings of Bolpur, a small village in the district of Birbhum. The place was specially selected by his father, Maharsi Devendra Nath Tagore, as one suitable for a life of prayer and meditation. All around the 'asram', there were vast stretches of open land with small shrubs and trees of stunted growth, appearing here and there. The location of the poet's school in this quiet place at Santiniketan was quite in keeping with his idea of 'Tapovanas,' the great forest schools of ancient India, which was at the back of his mind. Here the children had plenty of open space to move about and play in, and enjoyed perfect freedom of body and mind. Instead of being cooped up within the four walls of the class room, they were made to sit on the ground in the open air in the cool shades of trees and take lessons from their teachers. Their body as well as their mind were allowed to come in contact with nature as much as possible. The place abounded in natural beauty. Here the children were afforded plenty of sunlight and fresh air, essential for their physical health. Their mind, also, drew ample sustenance from nature. The sights and sounds of nature could not but be a perennial source of exhilarating joy and pleasure to the youthful minds, thirsting for the exuberance of life. Tagore introduced co-education, too, in his school, which was also another innovation at the time. For many years to come his was the only co-educational institution, and the first of its kind in the whole of Bengal.

LIFE OF AUSTERITY

At first Tagore's school went by the name of Brahmacharyya Asram. He himself believed in "plain living and high thinking", and was of the opinion that the students should observe the strict principles of "Brahmacharyya" i.e. live the life of an ascetic. So in his 'asram' all the luxury of expensive furniture, such as chairs, tables, desks, benches, cupboards and the like, was dispensed with. Both the teachers and the taught had to squat on the ground in the Indian fashion. The poet wanted the pupils to adopt a plain and simple mode of living. In ancient India, too, "Brahmacharyya" or a life of austerity was strictly enjoined upon the students during the period of their training. Tagore was profoundly influenced by the spirit of this ancient tradition. According to him, the children of both the rich and the poor are born alike—nude and utterly divested of all the finery and pretty dresses that money can buy and fashion insists upon. In his opinion, "Poverty brings us into complete touch with life and the world" and poverty is the school in which all children should be trained during the years of their childhood. Consonant with this spirit of "Brahmacharyya", the inmates of his 'asram' discarded all luxurious habits of living, simplicity being the motto of the institution. They went about bare-footed, without socks, shoes, and slippers on. They had to be on plain and simple vegetarian diet like the "Brahmacharis" of old. This sort of plain living has got a disciplinary value of its own, and cannot but exert a healthy and salutary influence on the life and character of the pupils, inasmuch as it calls for a good deal of self-restraint and self-discipline on their part. The inmates of the 'asram' were also trained in the habits of self-help and self-reliance, being made to do all the menial jobs of the household, too. They had to leave their beds very early in the morning before sunrise, and take their bath, drawing water from the well. Besides, they had to make up their own beds and do all the washing up.

NO RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS

No provision was made for formal religious instruction at Tagore's school. The heterogeneity of creeds and dogmas also made it rather difficult. In the opinion of Tagore, "teaching of religion can never be imparted in the form of lessons, it is there where there is religion in living". So the inmates of his 'asram' had very little to do with the conventional forms of religious worship—religious convictions, rites and practices. They were made to feel that religion was "the truth of their complete being" and "the consciousness of their personal relationship with the infinite." With this end in view, every endeavour was made to call into being the right sort of atmosphere amid the beauty and profound peace of nature. The children unconsciously imbibed the spirit of an ideal atmosphere of truth, simplicity, and a faith in an eternal life to come, and aspired to attain its spiritual ideals. Twice daily during the morning and evening prayer time the children had to sit still in meditation for fifteen minutes and observe perfect silence. They were not made to say their prayers or to listen to any during this time

But this sort of perfect silence was enjoined for the sake of discipline and self-control only, which the practice involved. This also constituted a good training for the children in the powers of concentration and self-control.

SELF-GOVT. IN SCHOOL

At the present time it is admitted on all hands that self-government is indispensable to the maintenance of discipline in educational institutions. Modern educationists, all the world over, are appreciating the need of it. Tagore, with the unerring insight of a true educationist, realised the necessity and importance of introducing self-government in his school long before it was done in other Indian schools. The best means of maintaining discipline among the students is to entrust them with the responsibility of the partial management of the institutions. The children are thus made to feel that no discipline is imposed upon them from outside by the autocratic heads of schools, and that they are free agents in the world of their own, empowered to act as they like. The students of Tagore's school were thus allowed to participate actively in the administration of the institution. The teachers were there only to see that they were keeping to the right line of action. The children had their own court of justice for the purpose of administering justice, in which all minor offences were dealt with, without the intervention of teachers, and punishments were meted out to the juvenile offenders concerned.

Tagore did not set much store by book lore and book learning at the early stage of child education. Books are entirely new things to small children, who have not yet learnt to appreciate their value in terms of practical utility as the store-house of knowledge. Tagore has rightly observed, "During the early period of education children should come to their lesson of truths through natural processes—directly through persons and things". The value of what has been termed object lessons and observation lessons in the education of small children can hardly be underrated. Tagore wanted the minds of children to be kept open and receptive, so that they could acquire much information direct from nature, persons, and things. They learnt the elements of botany, nature study, biology, zoology, and the like, not by reading books, but by studying at first-hand the lives of plants, trees, birds, beasts, and insects. Instead of teaching astronomy from books, the pupils of Santiniketan were made to observe the stars at night and collect many interesting facts concerning them. Attempts were thus made to rouse the natural curiosity of the children and stimulate their interest, so as to let them discover truths for themselves. This is also one of the fundamental principles of education, the importance of which cannot be stressed too strongly. That Tagore hit upon this fundamental truth is surely indicative of his profound psychological insight.

ROLE OF TEACHER

According to Tagore, it is the teachers who count for more in education than any formal methods of teaching. He was no stickler for the modern methods of teaching. However sound a method of teaching may be, it will prove abortive unless the teacher can infuse life into it and unless he or she knows how to apply it. Such a teacher should be a living source of knowledge and inspiration to children. It is life alone that can beget life, and it is light only that enkindles light. So the crux of the problem is to secure the right type of teachers who, by force of their living example and dynamic personality, can wield a tremendous power over the youthful lives, committed to their care. Such teachers must needs be students too. To quote Tagore, "a teacher can never truly teach unless he is still learning himself. A lamp can never light another lamp unless it continues to burn its own flame". That a bond of personal love and sympathy should spontaneously grow between teachers and students is the fundamental principle underlying the present "house system" in the educational institutions of the day. Tagore, a wonderful educationist, did not fail to realise the truth that unless this close relationship and personal contact could be established between the teachers and the taught, a teacher would hardly be able to act as a 'friend, philosopher, and guide' to his pupils. He was highly impressed with the idea of close relationship that subsisted between an Indian 'guru' of ancient times and his disciples. He wanted the students of his school to share the corporate life of the 'asram' with their teachers. The fact that "in the ancient India the school was there where was the life itself" greatly appealed to him. So his aim was not to dissociate the pupils from their day to day life.

JUVENILE BOOKS

At Tagore's school he himself took an active part in teaching. As a teacher he was wonderful, although he had no previous experience of teaching to his credit. Nor did he possess any knowledge of the formal methods of teaching and the principles of pedagogy. His methods were entirely based on his own "experience of children's minds." He used to read out select pieces of English poetry from the works of eminent English poets and rendered them into beautiful Bengali. He made it a point to teach and explain things through the medium of Bengali and achieved excellent results. His pupils remained spell-bound when he taught, and had no difficulty in following the lessons which they immensely enjoyed. He could perfectly bring home to them the beauty as well as the spirit of the passages read, without caring to explain those, word for word. He himself being a poet he could completely identify himself with the moods of the poets he represented. This is what made his teaching all the more impressive to his pupils. In those days there was a great dearth of good books, suitable for juvenile readers. Tagore himself undertook the task of writing books with a view to meeting the needs of his students. Many of the books written by him for such purposes have proved a great success. Some of these deserve special mention here. "Sahaj Path"—a series of graded Bengali Primers, written by Tagore with the object of teaching reading to small children by means of easy simple and compound words commonly used in their every-day vocabulary, has met a real need of Bengali juvenile literature. He also wrote a series of articles on

scientific subjects, compiled in his famous collection entitled "Viswa Parichaya" for the purpose of teaching elementary science to the students. "Path Sanchaya", another collection of selected pieces from his works, was used as a school text-book for several years. Tagore wanted to impart an all-round education to his students. He was not only keen on the development of their intellect, but, also, on meeting their social and emotional needs. He did not lose sight of the cultural side of education, which admirably lends itself to the development of children's personality. So an important place was assigned to the teaching of the fine arts, such as drawing, painting, music and the like, on the educational programme chalked out by him.

TEACHING OF FINE ARTS

Most of Tagore's "Geetanjali" songs were composed at Santiniketan. Those were set to music, and were often sung to the pupils of his school, who were very eager to learn them. At first no music teacher was appointed. The children were only made to listen to plenty of good music. Their ears were thus unconsciously trained, and such as had a taste for music and were really talented could cultivate it, later on. This necessitated the subsequent appointment of a regular music teacher in his school. The students were encouraged to take part in dramatic performances too. Tagore composed lyrical dramas, suitable for the different season festivals that were observed at Santiniketan. The students did not at all find it hard to enter into the spirit of the plays that they were called upon to dramatise. Some of them wrote dramas and improvised the staging of those. Subsequently Tagore introduced dancing at Santiniketan, and arranged for regular lessons on it. Even the girls were assigned suitable roles in the dramatic performances that were organised from time to time in aid of his institution, and gave public demonstrations of music and dancing. This was quite a new thing at the time, and occasioned a good deal of public criticism at the beginning. In Tagore's school such students as were specially gifted went in for drawing and painting too. They were afforded ample scope for specialising in those arts. The opening of a separate section by itself, devoted entirely to the cultivation of the fine arts, and designated as the "Kala Bhawan" was a comparatively later development. The "Kala Bhawan" has turned out many eminent artists of the day and attracted pupils from all over India and outside. In Tagore's school the children's attempts at self-expression were encouraged by all means. Three different groups of students ran separate literary clubs and published illustrated magazines. The physical education of the students was not also neglected. The football players of Santinekatan beat the players of other renowned football teams on several occasions.

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Handicapped as Tagore was by the paucity of funds, sometimes he had to face grave financial crises, which he was hard put to to tide over. But his meagre financial resources did not prevent him from carrying on one experiment after another in education. As the years advanced, his institution underwent several changes before its final shape was decided upon. Still the growth of the institution was quite natural. He himself likened its growth and development to "a ripening fruit that not only grows in its bulk and deepens in its colour, but undergoes change in the very quality of its inner pulp." If education is to be a dynamic force in life, it can never be static. As has been stated before, Tagore originally started with the idea of setting up a "Brahmacharyya Asram," modelled on the ancient "Tapovanas." Subsequently in later years the idea gave place to that of an international Eastern University, built up on the lines of Indian Universities, like Nalanda, Vikramsila and Taxila, where the unity of the cultures of the world could be effected. Tagore's conception of an indigenous University growing naturally round the nucleus of his school has been beautifully embodied in his famous article entitled "An Eastern University." He says that it will be "a university, which will help India's mind to concentrate and to be fully conscious of itself; free to seek the truth and make this truth its own, wherever found, to judge by its own standard, give expression to its own creative genius, and offer its wisdom to the guests who came from other parts of the world."

SYNTHESIS OF CULTURES

It deeply pained Tagore to find that the educational institutions of our country, which should justly pride itself upon its cultural heritage of the past, were only "India's alms-bowl of knowledge", and that we were apt to think that Western culture was the only source of our enlightenment. This sort of mentality cannot but undermine "our intellectual self-respect." In his opinion India should not only borrow her educational plans from European institutions and universities, but in the present age she has also "an equally important contribution to make to the culture of the New World, which is emerging from the wreckage of the old." He aimed at bringing about a synthesis of the different cultures of the East—Vedic, Puranic, Buddhist, Jain, Islamic, Sikh, Zoroastrian, Chinese, Japanese, and Tibetan. He wanted the Western culture, also, to be accepted and assimilated, side by side with these Eastern cultures, for the proper sustenance and enrichment of our mind. He opined that such a unity of the cultures of the World would help promote international understanding essential for world peace. The International University, as conceived by him, was to have attracted and invited scholars from all over the world "to study the different systems of Indian philosophy, literature, art and music in their proper environment, encouraging them to carry on research work in collaboration with the scholars already engaged in this task." Such was the ideal that prompted Tagore to start an international university at Santinekatan, which is known as "Viswa Bharati" today. By the grace of God, he lived long enough to see the realization of his long-cherished dream and hopes. It is for posterity to assess the magnitude of the formidable legacy left behind by him not only in the field of literature, but also in the field of education.

VEDIC CULTURE AND THE TAGORES

By Dr. BANI CHATTERJI,

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IT was at a Unitarian Church in Hull, Councillor Mr. George Harrison of Mexborough was addressing one of those crowded meetings of the World Congress of Faiths. The subject of his discourse was the Upanishadic Philosophy as propounded by Dr. Radhakrishnan. What struck me most in that deeply engrossed assemblage was that the Upanishads with their sublime message of 'the soul of things beyond' do yet speak to the hearts of men, lay and intellectual, and irrespective of East or West. The obvious appeal of the Upanishads lies in their own merits as preceptors of the eternal, universal and transcendental spiritual truths,—all of which are as true today as they were ages ago, when the Vedic sages first formulated them.

The Vedas, whose period provisionally extends to about 2000 B.C., are hymns or songs of praise to God, originating from a highly cultured people with a civilization that evidently continued from pre-Vedic times. These hymns are composed in a great variety of metres, several of which are peculiar to the Vedas, and the variety and richness of which evince an extraordinary cultivation of rhythmical contrivance. It may be almost superfluous to mention that the oldest and nominally the most weighty authorities of the Hindus, for their culture or religion, art or science, manners, customs and institutions, are these Vedas, of which four are usually enumerated: The Rig-Veda; the Yajur-Veda; the Sama-Veda; and the Atharva-Veda.

OLDEST HINDU SCRIPTURE

The Rig-Veda, the oldest Hindu scripture compiled as early as 2000 B.C., reveals a knowledge of the awakening of the human soul and its eternal inquiries into the mysteries of the universe. It consists of metrical prayers, or hymns, termed Suktas—addressed to different divinities,—each of which is ascribed to a Rishi, a holy or inspired author, or a scientist, — for, connected with, and dependent upon, the Vedas generally, also are treatises on science. The Yajur-Veda differs from the Rik in being, more particularly, a ritual, or a collection of liturgical formulae. The prayers, or invocations, when not borrowed from the Rik, are, mostly, brief and in prose. The Sama-Veda is little else than a recast of the Rik, being made up, with very few exceptions, of the very same hymns, broken into parts, and arranged anew for the purpose of being chanted on different ceremonial occasions. These hymns of the Rik and Sama Vedas are the earliest examples we have of words set to music, except the Zendavesta which may have been chanted. Incidentally, the Sama-Veda points to possible connexions with the Psalms (or sacred songs) of the Old Testament in the distant past.

The hymns of the Sama-Veda, which probably goes back to the Indo-Iranian age are apparently songs with well-defined science of music behind them, and we may well surmise that about this time, perhaps, there developed those ideas in respect of music, which became determinative of the Indian outlook on music in the period following. That the art and science of music and more particularly, vocal music, had in this period made considerable advance may be concluded, along with other signs of the times, from the somewhat complicated method of chanting the Sama-Veda. This Sama-Veda was sung according to very strict rules and present day Samagahs-temple singers of the Saman — claim that the oral tradition which they have received goes back to those ancient times. The singing of the Sama-Veda is mentioned by the Chhandogya and the Brihadaranyaka Upanishads C. 600 B.C.

CHERISHED TREASURE OF INDIA

Among the Vedas, the Upanishads are the chiefest and the most cherished treasure of India, past and present. In the world of contemplation, the Vedic people rose to great heights, and in their fruits of labour,—the Upanishads,—in a masterly way, they analyse the divinity and the destiny of the soul, its evolution through a process of searching towards the ultimate reality and the merging into it of life and death, of energy and substance. From the cosmic-philosophy so universally preached almost throughout the entire metaphysical and mystical treatises of the Vedas, termed Upanishads, has risen the conception of cosmic rhythm in Hindu music. As Mr. Leopold Stokowski rightly remarks: "Hindu musical rhythm is part of their conception of cosmic rhythm."

In the long history of man's endeavour to grasp the fundamental truths of being, the Upanishads, as the metaphysical treatises are known, hold an honoured place. Over a century ago, before the great advance in modern Sanskrit scholarship, their importance had been recognised no less in the West and were being actually mediated there: These famous works, immediately upon their appearance in Europe filled the greatest thinkers of the Occident with admiration and enthusiasm. It was with reference to their mere indirect Latin translation through a mediaeval Persian translation, that the pessimistic German philosopher Schopenhauer had expressed an appreciation which has been oft quoted: "It has been the most rewarding and the most elevating reading which (with the exception of the original text) there can possibly be in the world. It has been the solace of my life, and will be of my death".

VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY

In truth, on the tree of Indian wisdom there is no fairer flower than the Upanishads, and no finer fruit than the Vedanta philosophy. The system of Vedanta grew out of the teachings of the Upanishads

and was brought to its consummate form by the great Shankara. The Vedanta in its unfalsified form is the strongest support of pure morality, is the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death. Indians, keep to it! Thus advises Professor Deussen of Germany. He further continues: The great Upanishads are the deep, still mountain tarns, fed from the pure waters of the everlasting snows, lit by clear sunshine, or by night mirroring the high serenity of the stars......And now, in this our day, when the ancient waters are somewhat clogged by time, and their old course hidden and choked, you come as the Restorer, tracing the old holy streams, clearing the reservoir, making the primal waters of life potable for our own people and our own day.... May the sunlit waters once more flow in life-restoring streams, bringing to the world the benediction of spiritual light.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the pioneer Hindu reformer, and perhaps, one of the greatest and most enlightened of the world's reformers, Raja Rammohun Roy directed his efforts to restore Hindu culture and religion to its pristine purity and superiority through a resuscitation of Upanishadic philosophy with an infusion of certain eclectic elements. Indeed, he gained his success as a theistic reformer partly by appealing to, and actually disseminating, the ancient sacred Upanishads. The philosophy of the Upanishads has for its central concept "Brahma," and has been justly characterized by Goldstucker as the basis of the enlightened faith of India. The direct outcome of this was that remarkable reform movement of the century,—the Renaissance of India,—under the able leadership of its exponent, Raja Rammohun Roy of revered memory.

DIVINE ANSWER

The directness with which the Upanishads speak to the Indian heart is finely illustrated in the Autobiography of my revered great-grandfather, and the father of the Poet, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore. He had long been seeking inner peace in vain, when one day a page of the Isa Upanishad blew past him. He had never read any of the Upanishads before, and the effect of this one page was the transformation of his whole life and the new-directing of all his energies. The message from the ancient book came to him as a divine answer specially sent for his salvation......"Oh, what a blessed day that was for me!" These lofty and ennobling texts from the Upanishads, "the Philosophy of Life," so to say, we now use in our daily worship.

We shall, however, never rightly appreciate such majestical Mantras of the aspiring Spirit until we strive to render them into verse and appropriate music. In the peak period of the Vedic Civilization thus did our forefathers, the musician- sages of yore. This would be apparent from the celestial music of the Sama-Veda and Gita, the Song of Songs, which aptly describes this brightest gem of them all. Across the wide gulf of Time and Space, in their exultation, the Tagores headed by Raja Rammohun Roy once more set the hearts of men vibrating to the lofty and sublime strains of the Upanishadic Mantras, as based on the Raga-Music. And in the process was evolved a distinct class of songs, the soul-stirring Vedic Hymns.

The Upanishads have indubitably exercised, and in the revival of Sanskrit learning and of the Indian national consciousness will continue to exercise, a considerable influence, more particularly on the culture, religion and philosophy of India. In the role of the Vedic Hymns or Songs, the Upanishads have made and will make their influence felt the better. Admittedly, the Vedic Hymns or Songs, old and new, have contributed a glorious chapter in the annals of the Vedic culture and religion, and are historic monuments to the age that gave them birth, and a lasting glory to those famous stalwarts of the reform movement, notably the Tagores, who revived them, beautified with new and glorious strains of sublime music.

VEDIC HYMNS

In this festive season when "the dark of night has fled," and all hearts are rejoicing in Him, let us sing in tune with the Tagores the Vedic Hymns:

১। অসতোমা সদ্গময় তমসোমা জ্যোতির্গময় মৃত্যোর্মামৃতং গময়।
আবিরাবীর্ম্মএধি। রুদ্র যত্তেদক্ষিণং মুখং তেন মাং পাহি নিত্যম্।

Rig-Veda.

Lead us to Thee, O Thou True One, from
untruth and unreal illusion.

Onward, forward, lead us ever, out of
darkness to Light that Thou art,

Lead us to Thee, O Life Immortal, from
th'encircling gloom of Death.

Self-Revealed reveal Thyself, at Thy Feet
suffer us all to rest.

Bless us with Thy mercy O Lord, guide us
guard us safe from all harm,

Keep us always free from all harm, shower
Thou Peace, oh, Peace on earth.

২। যদেমি প্রস্ফুরন্নিব দৃতির্ন ধ্মাতো অদ্রিবঃ, মৃড়া সুক্ষত্র মৃড়য়।

O'er the storm-toss'd waves of passion when
I ride,
With my heart unsteady cloud-like,
Lord Thy mercy I crave, Thy mercy I crave,
In Thy mercy save me, oh, save,
Lord Thy mercy I crave.

ক্রত্বঃ সমহ দীনতা প্রতীপং জগমা শুচে মৃড়া সুক্ষত্র মৃড়য়।

Ah! poor and exhausted I've reach'd the
shore of sin,
O Pure and Sinless Being,
Lord Thy mercy I crave, Thy mercy I crave,
In Thy mercy raise me, oh, raise,
Lord Thy mercy I crave.

অপাং মধ্যে তস্থিবাংসং তৃষ্ণাবিদজ্জরিতারং মৃড়া সুক্ষত্র মৃড়য়।

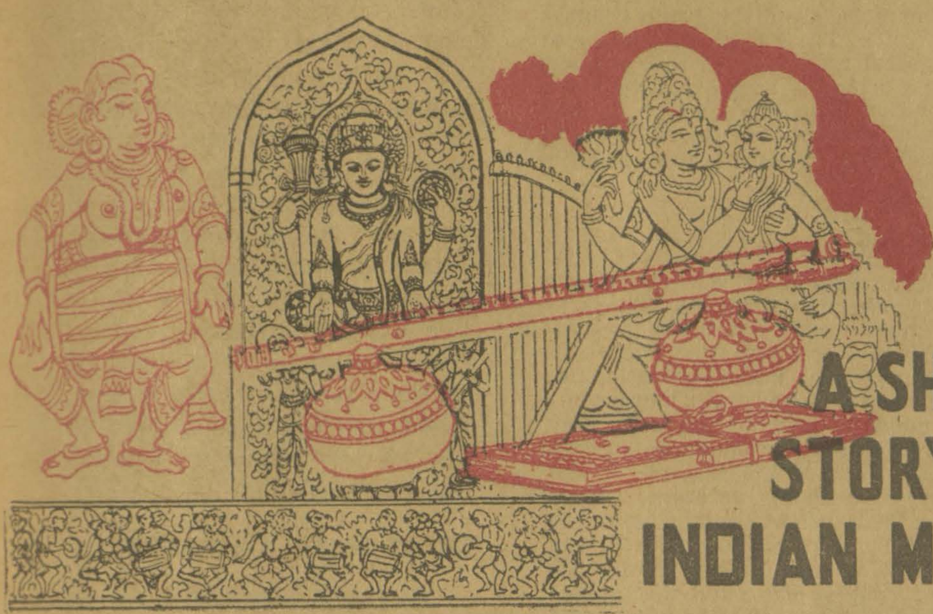
In water immers'd though do I live,
Yet parch'd and thirsty I die,
Lord Thy mercy I crave, Thy mercy I crave,
In Thy mercy show'r grace, oh, grace,
Lord Thy mercy I crave.

Rig-Veda.

৩। সংগচ্ছধ্বং সংবদধ্বং সংবোমনাংসি জানতাং।
সমানো মন্ত্রঃ, সমিতিঃ সমানী, সমানং মনঃ সহ চিত্তমেষাং।
সমানীব আকূতিঃ, সমানা হৃদয়ানি বঃ। সমানমস্তু বো মনো
যথা বঃ সুসহাসতি।

Rig-Veda.

Be united, speak united, one another's mind
ye know, united forward march on.
One in motto, one in achievement, one in
mind all united,
One front, united stana, united forward
march on,
One in effort, one in heart, all one body
onward march,
One front, united stand, united forward
march on.



A SHORT STORY OF INDIAN MUSIC

By SWAMI PRAJNANANANDA

THE mythico-historical epics disclose that music evolved either from Siva and Sakti, or from Narayana and Laxmi. As the two main religious sects, Saiva and Vaishnava, were predominant in India, so it was possible for the evolution of the two religious ideas. Though we generally do not find any historical value in these two mythological conceptions, yet there lies some inner significance behind them, and that, to our mind, is the religious and spiritual background of Indian music. While defining the origin of musical sound *alias* the tones and tunes, musicology states that they come out from the friction of vital air or *prana* and subtle will-to-create, which is known as energy or *agni*. The air and the fire or energy have been symbolized as Siva and Sakti, or Vishnu and Laxmi. Just as Siva and Sakti, or Narayana-Vishnu and Laxmi are considered as the primordial cause of the creation of this vast universe, so too the vital air and the energy. The sound first evolves in a very subtle form, and gradually it becomes materialised, and at last comes out as the musical sound through the medium of the vocal chord. This is the interesting story of the creation or birth of the musical sound of the world.

THE BASIC SEVEN TONES

The seven tones are the real basis or the epitome of music of all nations of the world. The tones are the products of the dynamic sound that vibrate all the time, and so they are known as *svaras*, i.e., 'which sounds'. The synonym of *svara* is also *svanana* i.e. sound. It vibrates all the time, and so produces degrees of sound at different fixed units. The music of India is known by its two main phases, urban and classical. Before the beginning of the Christian era, music was divided into *marga* and *desi*. The real import of the term *marga* is 'to chase' or 'to follow', i.e., the music designed after some primal ideal music, and that music is known as the Vedic music, the *samagana*. The practice of the Vedic music became obsolete in the classical period that begins at about 600 B.C. The *marga* type of music is also known as the *gandharva*. It is said that the *gandharva* type of music was very favourite with the semi-divine people, the Gandharvas, who lived on the border of the North-Western Province of India, the *Gandhara-desa*. Prof. Rawlinson says that the Greek historian Herodotus called it the *Sindhu-Gandhara*, as it was situated upon the Upper Indus. The *desi* music is known as the tribal or regional one. The present system of the Hindusthani classical music is known as the reformed *desi* music. As it is the music of the common people, it is also known as *laukika*. But the word *laukika* was not used in this sense before the Christian era. It was then known as the music other than the Vedic music. In this sense the classical type of music may also be classed as *laukika*. But the modern Hindusthani classical music is not suitable for the common people, as it requires proper training of the ears in music, to become proficient, and they are wanting in this virtue.

Now, though the tones of music are seven in number, yet some of them are displaced or undergo variation, and they are known as the flat or *komala* notes. The seven notes without variation or displacement are called the sharp ones. In the beginning of the Christian era, the number of the displaced notes were only two, *antara* and *kakali*. During the time of Sarangadeva (early 13th century A.D.), the number of the flat notes were raised upto twelve, and the total number of notes were nineteen (7 sharp +12 flat=19). During Ramamatya's time (1550 A.D.),

flat notes were seven and the total number of notes were fourteen (7 sharp + 7 flat = 14) and during Somanath's time (1609 A.D.), flat notes were limited to five only, and then the total number of notes were twelve only (7 sharp + 5 flat = 12), and still this method is prevalent.

The seven tones or notes are divided into twenty-two microtones or *shrutis*. These microtones are also recognised as the musical notes, but as they are not fit for producing the complete sound, befitting the melodic forms or *ragas*, they are classed as the auxiliary notes. They produce the ingredients of aesthetic lustre which the tones of the melodies possess.

EVOLUTION OF RAGAS

The melodic forms or *ragas* are of vital importance in Indian music, rather they are the music themselves. Now, how did the *ragas* evolve, and what are their real significance? Musicology states that the *ragas* are born of the combinations and permutations of notes, and as they produce sweet and soft impressions (*samskaras*) in the minds of men and animals, they are termed as *ragas*. The authors on music observe that as they contribute towards the pleasure of the sentient beings, they are known as *ragas: ranjayati iti ragah*. In the Vedic period, music used to be elaborately cultured by men, residing both in the forests and villages, and as such they generally became known as the *aranyageya-gana* and the *gramegeya-gana*. There were also some mystic *ganas*, and they were known as *uhas* and *uhyas*. But we do not come across the name of any *raga* in the Vedic period, and yet the music of the time used to create pleasing sensations.

RAGAS IN THE EPIC AGE

In the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* (400-300 B.C.), we find the uses of the *jatiragas* and the *gramaragas*, which were meant for the social and religious dramas. There were many kinds of social entertainments, in which music with *jatiragas* and *gramaragas* were used. The *Sutas*, *Bhatas* and the wandering Bards used to culture the classical type of music.

In the *Natyasastra* of the 2nd century A.D., Muni Bharata has described eighteen kinds of *jatiragas*, and they possessed all the characteristics of the *ragas*. The *gramaragas* evolved from the *jatis* or *jatiragas*. Gradually, the regional tunes were adopted for the classical type of music, by characterising them with the determining qualities of the classical *ragas*. They were named after the places and races, where they were nurtured and cultured since remote period. It will be of interest to mention that the classical *ragas* like *malava, saindhavi, gauda, gauri, pulindika, savari, sauratri, bharavi, bharava* etc. were included in that regional stock. Some of the *ragas* were named after the seasons, deities, etc.

MURCCHANAS, MELAS, ETC.

Some are of opinion that *ragas* were prevalent in the form of *murcchanas*, in ancient time, and from the *murcchanas*, *melas* or *thatas* came into being. There are some controversies regarding it. The series of the ascents and descents form the structures of *murcchanas, melas* and *ragas*, but still the *murcchanas, melas* and *ragas* differ from one another, in their respective specific nature and application. Some opine that Muni Bharata used the ascents and descents only in the case of the *murcchanas*, and not in that of the *ragas*, and so the ascents and descents should not be regarded as the determining factors of the *ragas*. Further, they argue that the division of the *jatis* like heptatonic, hexatonic and pentatonic were exclusively meant for the *murcchanas*, and not for the *ragas*. But that is not the fact. Because Muni Bharata has observed the *varnas, alamkaras, dasa-laksmanas* and *gramas* to be the indispensable parts of the *ragas*, i.e. *jatiragas*. The ascents and descents, and the *jatis* like heptatonic, etc. have been discussed in the *Natyasastra* for the purpose of the *jatiragas*, pure (*shuddha*) and mixed (*vikrita*). And Bharata has also admitted that the *jatiragas* are the forerunner of all kinds of *ragas* that evolved in the later period.

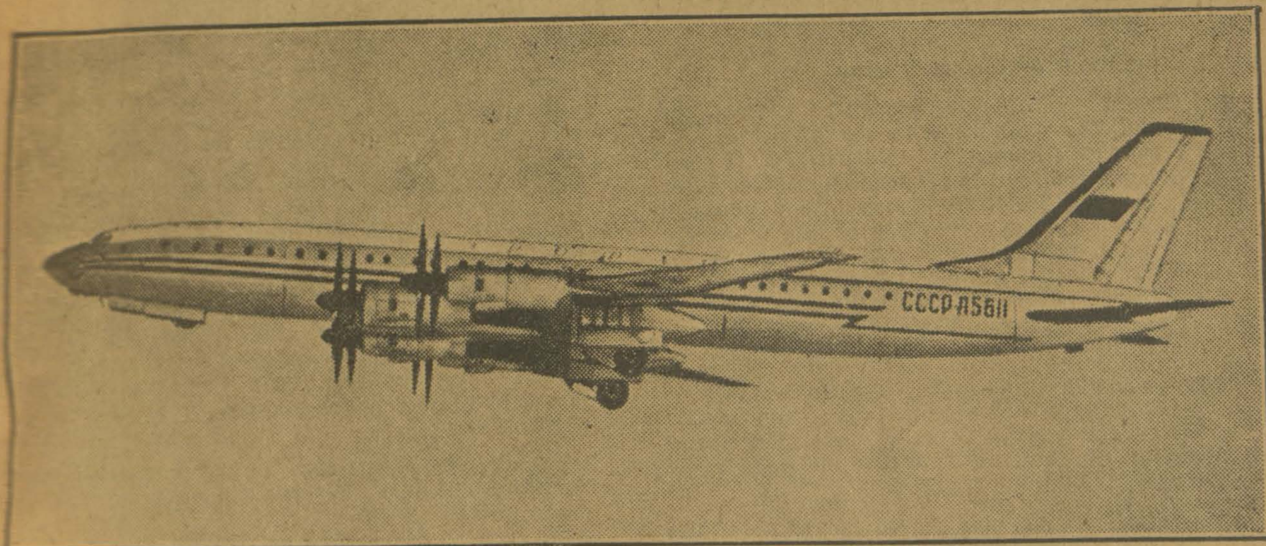
GREAT MUSIC LITERATURE

Sarangadeva composed an encyclopaedic work, *Sangita-Ratnakara*, in the early 13th century A.D. Before him, Matanga (5th-7th century A.D.) and Parshadeva (7th-9th or 7th-11th century A.D.) composed the *Brihaddeshi* and the *Sangita-samayasara*, which are very important for the history of Indian music. Sarangadeva dealt systematically with the topics of the origin of the notes, *varnas, jatis, alamkaras, tanas, ragas, prabandhas, vadyas* and *nritya*. Specially the chapters on the *raga* and the *prabandha* are very interesting. Matanga and Parshadeva have also discussed about them in their respective treatises. Matanga, Parshadeva and Sarangadeva are of opinion that all the classical *gitis* are included in the stock of the *prabandhas* like *suda, ali* and *viprakirna*. The *prabandhas* are so-called, because they are beautifully construed (*nibaddha*) with *svara, tala, pada, varna, dhatu*, etc. The classical *dhruvapada* type of music, commonly known as *dhrupada*, is included in the *salaga-suda prabandha* (vide SR. IV. 311). Sarangadeva has mentioned sixteen types of *dhruva-prabandhas* (Vide SR. IV. 318-328). Matanga and Parshadeva are of the same opinion.

DHRUVAPADA, RAJA MANA & AKBAR

Some erroneously ascribe the authorship of the *dhruva - prabandha* > *dhruvapada* > *dhrupada* to Raja Mana Singh Tomara of Gwalior (16th century A.D.). But that is not correct, as the *dhruva-prabandha* or *dhruvapada* type of *nibaddha* music was in practice, even before Matanga of the *Brihaddeshi* and Parshadeva of the *Sangita-samayasara*. It is probable that during Raja Mana Singh's time the

(*Continued On Page 220*)



Soviet TU-114 turbo-prop plane in the air.

FROM ARTIFICIAL WINGS OF ICARUS TO PHOTON ROCKET

By TARUN CHATTERJEE, M.Sc.

REALITY is interwoven with dream. Man is on the threshold of conquering the heavens, a dream which he cherished through the ages. Imagine the discoveries that had to be made, the victories that had to be won, to enable man to vanquish the classical force of gravity, to overcome the unusual condition of weightlessness and to attain the cosmic speed (3-fold the force of gravitation) necessary for interplanetary flights. Here we have a qualitatively new phenomenon :—extension of the boundaries of man's direct influence on nature by tens of thousands of times in space and thousands of millions of time in volume.

Recently from the forum of the International Astronomical Congress held in Moscow, it was declared that hundreds of millions of astral births occur every thousand million years. Science so far has illumined a mere edge of the mysterious processes which give origin to the explosions in the Sun, affecting our radio communications and to ever new luminaries. New broader confines of cognition are emerging with the launching of 3 artificial earth satellites and the 10th eternal planet [illegible] the solar system the [illegible] rocket. Before going into the prospects of interplanetary travels we shall trace the bare outlines of different stages of man's effort to conquer sky.

A PRISONER OF THE EARTH

When the pre-historic man tried to pass through the impassable jungles, he cast an envying glance to the bird who soared so easily in the [illegible] depths of the sky.

In the Greek legend, Icarus stuck to his body a pair of artificial wings made of feathers and soared so near the sun that he was burnt to death.

Indrajit of our Ramayana used to command the expanses of the heavens from his flying chariot.

Ages passed [illegible] knowledge of man about nature grew by leaps and bounds. But still man remained and still remains a prisoner of the Earth. He has scaled [illegible] ocean, reached the poles but he failed to reach the top of the greatest of all oceans—the [illegible]

The most formidable obstacle in man's way to outer space has been the force of gravitation. Balloons and airships were worthless because in order to fly they need air which is absent in outer space.

For overcoming the force of gravity, speed is necessary. The greater the initial speed of thrust, the higher goes a [illegible] [illegible] has been calculated that, provided the force of gravity is the same at all heights, a machine of 1500 horse power is needed to send a load of 1 kilogramme to the moon. But the smallest space ship carrying man must weigh tons. A machine powerful enough to lift such a heavy load to the moon, is beyond possibility. But as the force of gravity decreases with the altitude, much less powerful machines will do to perform the task. Actually an initial force equal to 1/6 of 1500 h.p. will be sufficient to lift a weight of 1 kilogramme to the moon. Scientists have calculated that an escape speed of 11.2 kilometres a second is necessary for an interplanetary ship to break the armour of gravitation. This is called the *second cosmic speed* which was attained by the Soviet Space Rocket, now revolving round the Sun.

AVIATION AND THE FUEL PROBLEM

Balloons gave way to liquid fuel motor engines. But another type of flying device had appeared in the world much earlier. Rocket fire-arrows appeared in China much earlier than the 10th century.

However, it seems that later the rockets were

forgotten. Their second birth dates back to the 18th century. Rocket-like weapons were widely used in India of the late 18th century when an Indian rocket detachment fought the invading British Army. This is admitted by Mr. Congreve, who describes the Indian weapons as iron tubes with stabilising bamboo poles. The rockets weighed about 5 seers and could be hurled at a distance of 5 furlongs.

During the First Great War, the belligerent Powers never used any rocket weapon.

The third birth of rocket projectiles during the Second World War culminated in the Soviet "Guards mortar" popularly known as "Katyusha". It was powered by dry fuel, fed in its reaction motor. After ignition, the fuel was transformed into a powerful gas which escaped with a velocity of 500 miles per hour, through a nozzle behind, just like our "Diwali Hawei". The reaction of ejecting gas with such a force backwards, drove the projectile forward with equal speed. The German V-weapons were of the same order.

Could man use dry fuel rockets for interplanetary flights? No, because they work as long as the powder burns. And the powder is burnt up within a few seconds. But in future atomic dry fuel may come into the arena.

Liquid fuel motors also proved incapable of the task. Such engines are known as internal combustion piston engines. When a projectile or plane flies higher and higher it has to develop more and more power. But these engines can develop only the same amount of power irrespective of the flight velocity. If it can develop 2000 h.p. at the time of take off, it can never exceed this power level whatever the speed and altitude. Its constant companion, the propeller, gradually loses its effectiveness with the gaining in speed because much of its energy is lost in revolving.

In order to create much more speedy flying machines, the scientists again looked towards the reaction principle. As dry fuel is consumed very quickly, they began to think about liquid fuel which can set in motion the reaction engine.

In 1924, Bazarov, a Russian engineer designed a reaction flying machine which he called a turbo-propeller engine (as we see in the Viscount planes flying the Delhi-Calcutta route). These machines move forward by the thrust of a propeller operated by a turbine.

MODERN JET-PROPELLED MACHINE

The modern jet-propelled flying machine is a further improvement of the liquid fuel reaction motor. The guiding principle of this type of jet engines was first formulated by the Russian scientist Zhukovsky, in 1882, in his book "The Force of Reaction of an Outflowing and Inflowing Liquid." Zhukovsky's theory was further developed by another Russian scientist, Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who predicted that, "Man will not remain eternally a prisoner of the earth".

The formula of Zhukovsky is used today all over the world. And everybody will admit that in the field of jet-aviation and rocketry, the USSR leads the world.

The modern jet engine has a turbo-reaction motor with an air-compressor. The incoming flow of air is compressed there. The fuel, ordinary kerosene, is injected into the combustion chamber. There it mixes with the compressed air and forms heated gases which turn the turbine blades developing upto 50,000 h. p. The force of reaction of the stream of gases which is ejected backwards by the rotating turbines, makes jet plane fly. Today jet-aircraft like the Soviet TU-104A fly at a velocity, approximately the velocity of sound. It will take less time for us to reach Delhi by that plane from Dum Dum, than the time required to reach Dum Dum from South Calcutta by a motor car.

But can such jet machines be used to explore outer space, to undertake interplanetary flights? No, they cannot because they need air. K. Tsiolkovsky, some 25 years ago, outlined a design for a space ship which does not require oxygen. It operates on liquid fuel which can be supplied to the combustion chamber from tanks. But one liquid will not do. Two liquids combine to form the fuel. One of them known as "combustible" may be petrol, kerosene, alcohol, aniline etc. which have the properties of hydrocarbon. In another tank will be the "oxidiser" which will supply oxygen to the combustible. Strong nitric acid, hydrogen peroxide or even liquid oxygen can be used as oxidiser. Both the liquids meet at the combustion chamber to produce heat upto 3000° C from chemical reaction. The heated gases escape via nozzle at a tremendous velocity, thus thrusting the plane forward.

During the 4th decade of the present century, Valentine Glushko, Mikhail Tikhonravov, V. Fyodorov and some other Soviet [illegible] and pilots built such rockets using as fuel nitrogen tetroxide and toluene and launched them successfully. The last named person himself flew on a glider, equipped with such a motor.

But even such liquid fuel engines cannot cope with the task of interplanetary flight because they drink too much of fuel. The stock cannot last more than 20-30 minutes. Such engines can, of course, be used in military missiles but they are useless for scientific investigation into outer space. One cannot go on increasing the size of the fuel tanks indefinitely.

On what does the final victory of a rocket depend? The velocity does not depend either on the size of the rocket or on the quantity of fuel, or on the length of the time the motor operates. The velocity depends on two conditions: the jet velocity and the relative supply of fuel on the rocket, i.e. the ratio of the weight of the rocket and the fuel at the time of take off. Let us take as an example, a rocket weighing 13 tons, of which 9 tons account for the fuel. The ratio will be 9: 13 or about 0.7. If the ratio is increased to 0.8, the speed would be increased by 43%. In order to reach the escape velocity equal to the second cosmic speed of 11.2 kilometres per second, the weight of the fuel must be 99% of the rocket, leaving only 1% for the rocket itself. But it is impossible to build such a rocket.

MULTI-STAGE ROCKETS

It was Tsiolkovsky who suggested the way out. He proposed the idea of rocket trains, i.e. multi-stage rockets. Such rockets contain a number of autonomous self-sufficient compartments. The engine of the hindmost rocket operates first and pushes the whole train up. When all its fuel is consumed, it automatically separates itself and falls on the earth. That very instant the second one starts operation, so on and so forth. The frontmost rocket containing scientific instruments will add with its own speed, the speeds of all the units which have detached themselves. In practice rocket trains of more than 5 compartments are not feasible.

Only by using multi-stage rockets man has been able to create artificial satellites of the earth and the Sun because in such rockets only, for every kilogramme of rocket weight, which the rocket will have

after all the fuel is consumed, there will be many tens of kilogrammes of fuel at the take-off, a condition necessary for cosmic fight. There is another idea of using parts of the rocket itself as fuel.

Anyway the key to space flight at the present stage of astronautics is the fuel. Prospective fuels include compounds of phosphorus and silicon, boron and hydrogen, hydrogen and fluorine etc.

Just as one cannot steer a ship without a chart of the seas with their underwater reefs and shallows, one cannot conquer space, without knowing what the space around the Earth is like.



In the Moscow Planetarium a demonstrator explaining the course of the Sputniks.

The first two artificial earth satellites have provided answers to some questions. The instruments aboard the 1st and 2nd Sputniks which attained the first cosmic speed of about 8 kilometres per second and the dog "Laika" informed us that an animal organism can withstand acceleration and dynamic weightlessness for days together. The 3rd Sputnik, a flying laboratory, revolving round the earth and transmitting radio signals from its 'Mayak' radio station has given us extremely valuable information about the outer layers of the terrestrial atmosphere. It has proved that the highest boundary of terrestrial atmosphere is not located at an altitude of 1000 kilometres, as thought by the scientists so far, but 2-3 thousand kilometres above the earth. The density and temperature of the upper parts of the atmosphere also proved to be much greater than were assumed up till now. The third official satellite has shown that the halo, seen at an altitude above 500-1000 kilometres originates from the ions, which are rapidly moving particles, charged with hundreds of thousands of electron-volts. The flying laboratory recorded the presence of nitrous oxide, a compound of oxygen at an altitude of [illegible]0 kilometres! The instruments of the 3rd Sputnik have found in the ionosphere, radio-wave-conducting channels, encircling the globe, which phenomenon opens up tremendous prospects for radio and T. V. We have come to know that due to rarity of air in the upper atmosphere, temperature there cannot be very high.

The Sputniks, particularly the third one and the rocket have rewarded us with information on two of the obstacles to interplanetary flight, so far regarded highly dangerous for living beings. They are the meteors and the cosmic ray. We can now assure ourselves that only a gramme of meteorite particles can be met after 14000 hours of flight. If we take into account that the space rocket took only 34 hours to reach the nearest point from the moon we can safely say that a space ship can fly for many months, even years without meeting a large meteorite.

The third Sputnik and the space rocket have given us some knowledge about the primary sources of the cosmic radiation, permeating interplanetary space. It is the discovery of the activities of the nuclear showers of the cosmic ray, which is now known as the "Cherenkov Effect". The 3rd Sputnik has instruments to study this Effect. They have established that at great distances from the earth, the intensity of cosmic rays is so low that, excepting the occurrences of mighty explosions on the Sun, living beings, flying to other planets, will not be threatened with deadly radiation.

ROCKET LAUNCHED IN JANUARY

The space rocket launched in January this year with 400 kilogrammes of investigating instruments, had as its aim to explore the properties of space much farther away from the earth and at the same time, some of the properties of the moon. The rocket exceeded the 2nd cosmic speed, required to overcome the earth's gravitation, when the engine of its last stage was switched off. At an altitude of 1500 kilometres, it began to lose its velocity and at 100,000 k.m. the velocity was only 3.5 k.m./sec. It entered the celestial sphere of the Constellation Coma Berenices and then in the sphere of the Constellation Virgo it drew near the moon. There the triangular vault formed by the bright alphas of the Bootes, Virgo and Libra Constellations, the new planet looked back and greeted the astronomers during their nocturnal strolls of the earth, with a tremendous flash of its sodium tail, the artificial comet. The rocket, bypassing the moon at a distance of 5000—6000 kilometres, defeated the attraction of this satellite of the earth and moved higher under the influence of the Sun's attraction. It ultimately found its orbit around the Sun and charted its eternal course along its orbit, governed by the laws of our solar system. It will revolve round the Sun in 450 days because its orbit is greater than that of the earth. The speed of the planet in relation to the earth in motion, is 2 k.m./sec. The speed of the earth around the sun is 30 k.m./sec. Therefore the speed of the rocket around the sun is 32 k.m./sec. The nearest distance of the earth from the sun is 150 million k.m. whereas in case of the rocket, it is a few million less. It will reach the point closest to the Sun in

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THE PRICE

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many a docile and gentle girl. It is not that they are intrinsically bad. They are just so."

I rejoined, "It is equally applicable to the men-folk, Harida ?"

Haribilash replied "Let it be so applicable to man but it does not apply to the terrorist. We were born in an age when everything was inert. Men then lived in caves and got frightened at the sight of light. The country was then reeling under the sorrowful death of Swamiji. We were born out of the spark of his funeral fire. Our design was to extirpate the British. We aimed at revolution against the current rule. Those who would weep will die. So also the backsliders. We will lead the country to a new life through the path of death."

"But you had Gandhism in front of you ?"

Haribilash turned his face and said, "Do you like to hear the unpleasant thing ? The toll of death by mutual slaughter during the period of non-violence far exceeded the toll of life levied by the war and the bomb. What did you see in the year of the famine ? There was enough food in the country ! Still as the people failed to snatch away the food, fifty millions of them died. The revolution is just imminent. Non-violence cannot stem its tide. Through it, history will build itself. The main principle of the State should be non-violence and not aggressiveness. But the administration of the State becomes perfect only when it is strict. Even the Emperor Asoka knew it. Let us discuss it on another day."

I stated, "Harida, the story is losing the clue."

Haribilash checked himself. Under the sway of his own discussion, anger was collected in his own mind. He just kept silent for a while to reconcile the matter in his mind. He said afterwards, "When we were thinking where to strike at, just at that time the disastrous flood of that year appeared. All the rivers were in spate and the lives of millions of people were threatened. Epidemic allied itself with it. We settled that we would help the flood-stricken people. We must save our countrymen first of all. The populace means the country !"

AT FLOOD RELIEF CENTRE

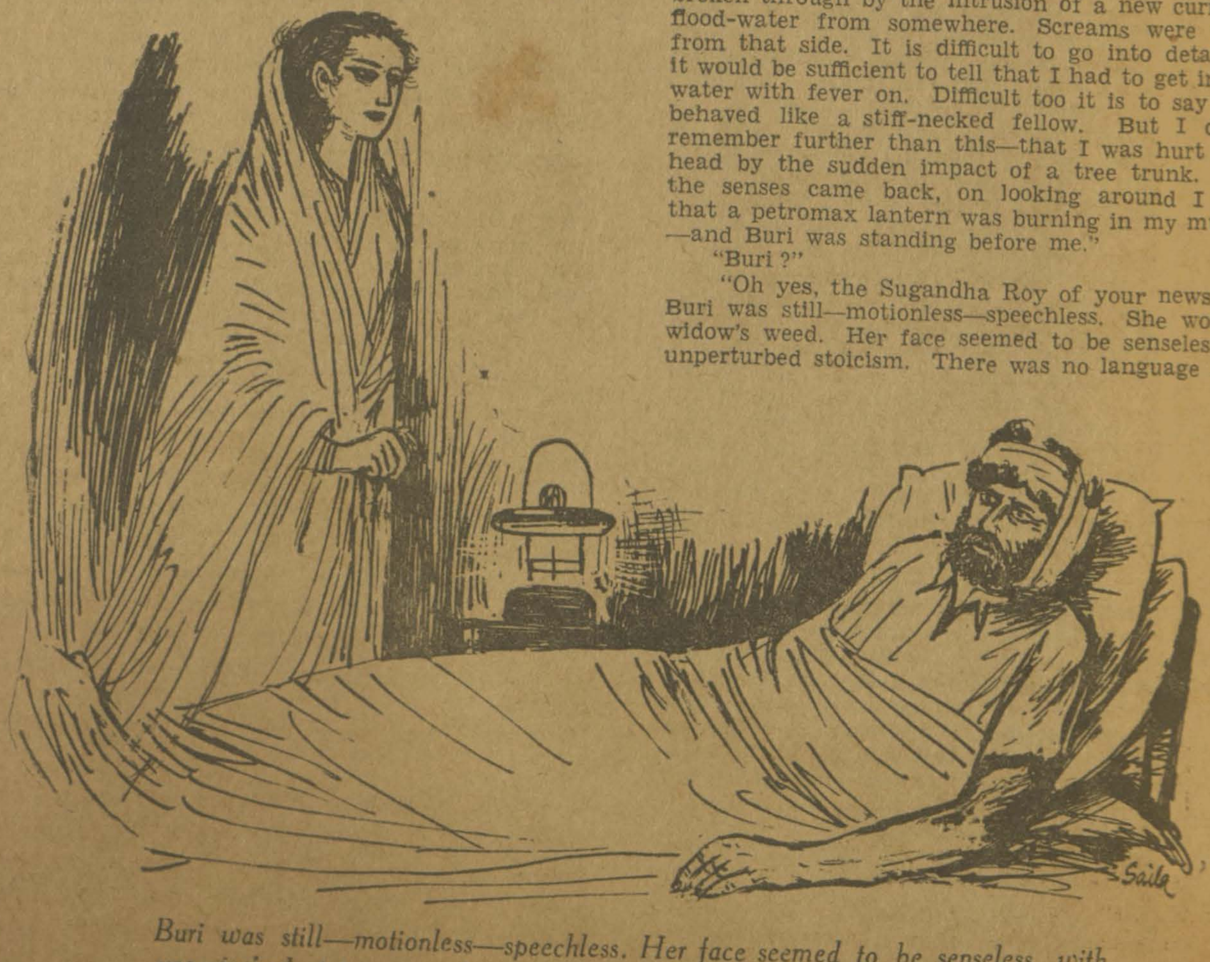
"Acharya Prafulla Chandra helped us in our task. Subhas Chandra arranged the principle of the work. One hundred of us scattered ourselves in different centres. I was fixed up at Tangail. On this side, the flood assumed a terrible mien—banks had given way, bunds were breached and hundreds of villages had gone under water. The flood-water was rushing out clamorously. Amongst millions of helpless and hungry people, we had to work day and night. It seemed that there would be no cessation of the rains in that year. To tell you the truth, I had to undergo great suffering when I was out with the mission. There was no food, no sleep. Daily there was slight fever. A spasmodic pain in the back was persistent. I felt very uneasy. I lost my faith in my own physical body."

"You became bed-ridden ?"

"Not so, rather I faced a sudden emergency. Our relief centre was pitched up on a bund. The Tipperah Relief Committee was on the other bank, a little way off from our bund. Their bund was broken through by the intrusion of a new current of flood-water from somewhere. Screams were wafted from that side. It is difficult to go into details but it would be sufficient to tell that I had to get into the water with fever on. Difficult too it is to say how I behaved like a stiff-necked fellow. But I do not remember further than this—that I was hurt in my head by the sudden impact of a tree trunk. When the senses came back, on looking around I found that a petromax lantern was burning in my mud hut —and Buri was standing before me."

"Buri ?"

"Oh yes, the Sugandha Roy of your newspaper. Buri was still—motionless—speechless. She wore the widow's weed. Her face seemed to be senseless with unperturbed stoicism. There was no language in her



Buri was still—motionless—speechless. Her face seemed to be senseless with unperturbed stoicism — there was no language in her big black eyes.

big black eyes. It looked like the first gaze at her after my birth. There was none other in the room. The flood water was roaring in the outside, the earth seemed to be immersed in darkness, the distant shrieks from the throats of thousands and thousands of men were piercing into the ear. In the midst of that surrounding, we two were alone. Buri stood motionless like the sculptured stone. Just see, what an awkward position it was?"

I simply uttered, "Humph", Haribilash went on, "Sometime passed in that way. Buri slowly spoke, 'There is hot milk, shall I give it?'"

"I recalled my pledge taken in the Calcutta maidan. I turned my face on the other side and shook my neck to tell her that I did not require hot milk or in other words that I would not speak.

"Buri again said in a calm tone, 'Am I further required?'"

"Again I shook my neck meaning thereby that there was no necessity.

"When I turned back, she was already gone. To tell you frankly I felt a suffocating sensation due to her presence. I sighed a sigh of relief when she was gone. On the next day, as you understand, I made myself scarce from that locality—came straightway to Calcutta. That sort of thing does not suit us?

"It is a case of long-standing acquaintship. I had to keep some sort of touch. Meanwhile I was in jail for spanking a spy. The Government was on the *qui vive* to throttle us at the slightest pretext. The relationship was just like the relationship between the snake and the mongoose.

"When I came out of the jail I learnt that Buri had taken to begging."

"Begging?"

"Yes, begging! The family condition of her father and of her father-in-law was quite solvent but she was reported to have felt that her self-respect would be wounded if she stretched out her hand there, Subhas Babu was then in internment. It was with great difficulty that she was running her school and meeting the expenses of feeding the orphans under her care. They wove cloths and made dolls. She begged hither and thither for their sake. She would make men of them and she had no other desire of her life.

"One day when I attended the party meeting, Hemanta Mitter called me to his side and said, 'Have you heard anything about Sugandha Roy? She has just come out of the jail after 3 months as she tried her sleight of hand in a jewellery shop.'"

SUGANDHA ROY—A THIEF?

"I said, 'Is that so? Sugandha Roy—a thief? Very funny!'

"Hemanta answered, 'Sometime ago, she seemed to be on her wings. She used to hobnob with Ratin Sarkar, Binoo Sen, Debi Dutt, walked with them, frequented their pleasure gardens and looted their money! She was what is called a 'merry widow.'"

I excitedly asked Harida, "Do you believe it?" Haribilash replied, "Perhaps it is true, perhaps it is not true. But, brother, I believed one piece of news with my heart and soul."

I eagerly asked him, "What is that, just tell me? Which news?"

Haribilash replied, "This news I got some months ago. When the people of East Bengal were fleeing away on this side for fear of riots, at that time Bhupati Chatterjee of our party one day told me if I knew anything about Sugandha Roy."

I answered in the negative.

"Bhupati said, 'In her appearance she looked like a piece of singed log, she had breathing difficulty and her eyes and face were like those of a female ghost—'

"I asked him where he met her.

"Bhupati said, 'She fell on her face on a bench in the Kalighat Park profusely bleeding from her mouth: She was surrounded by a batch of sight-seers. The Sub-Inspector of Police called in an ambulance car. A case of pulmonary consumption!'

"Why did she come in Calcutta?"

"Bhupati answered, 'To purchase books for the boys of the school. Whatever you might say, she was a wonderful girl. She wasted herself inch by inch keeping an ideal before her.'

"Bhupati would perhaps have gone on but I had no time. I quickly moved out. You may ask why I believed the story. Because it was of a piece with her nature."

"What next?"

"You know what ocurred afterwards."

"No, you did not tell me the last part of the story."

DIVISION OF BENGAL

"It is a recent matter, you must have seen what an agitation went on to divide Bengal in two parts. Bengal was divided in the month of June. Now we are at the end of July. I suddenly received after a long time a letter from Buri on the second day of July. It reached me after twenty days as it passed through different addresses. It was all delirium. The gist was that she wanted to throw her mantle on my shoulder before her death. I would have to go to her once. After much cogitation, I started for her place on the eighth July."

I replied, "Then you broke your oath?"

"Yes, brother. My plea was—this time she pitched her wagon to a star. We were arranging for a revolution. But she? She carried on life-long revolt against the established practices of the day. It is the most difficult task of all. Through storm and stress, humiliation and oppression, she recanted only one mystic mantra got from Subhas Chandra. How many of her self-sacrificing type you meet in the country? With this thought in my mind I started."

I said, "You made for the village where Buri lived?"

"Yes", Haribilash continued, "I reached the place in the afternoon. The sky of the month of Sraban came down with heavy showers. My boat failed to retain its balance under that heavy impact. The over-flowing water of the river and the marshy fields surrounded all sides. The hamlet was under water due to the rains. Still my boatman found out

her house. He was a Muslim. He said, 'Master, all the Hindus in a body have fled away for fear of Pakistan. There is one Didimoni here. She has not left.' "

I asked him, "Are there no Hindus here?" The boatman said, 'Master, there were only three Hindu houses. The rest of the villagers is Muslims.' "

"The boatman landed me and left the place.

I anxiously put in, "Did you find out the hut?"

BURI'S SCHOOL

Suddenly Haribilash seemed to be indifferent. But he recovered himself within a twinkle of the eye and laughingly said, "I thought she must have built a big school where children from twenty to thirty surrounding villages must come to read and write, there must be a playground, a boarding and what not! Perhaps even the Government helped it with monetary aid. What a pity it would be, if the school raised by Buri with so much difficulty be stopped for ever?"

I queried, "What did you see?"

"What I saw disillusioned me even at my age. Very little ground is needed to sit for austerity in a grove of penance. Just the apology of a mud hut with wicker walls. One of its sides had already crumbled down. It was cluttered up with jungle and scruby growth. In the forest of the areca-nut trees, snakes and other reptiles moved freely. On the one hand, it was dark, there was heavy down-pour in addition—there was no trace of light anywhere. Where would I stand for protection then?"

Haribilash looked at my face and said, "I startlingly stood in darkness suddenly hearing the sound of a broken voice. The forest reverberated with the clap of thunder. Simultaneously there was the flash of lightning. In that fleeting gleam I surveyed the hut, my eyes were puzzled. Under the impact of the storm that worn-out thatch was tottering. There was no knowing when it would come down. What a windy scuffle was going on in that forest of areca-nut trees under the stress of the storm!"

"I was thoroughly drenched. It was difficult to stand there. I was in knee-deep water. Perforce despite my reluctance I had to open the torch light. I was caught with a shudder as I again heard the scream with that broken voice."

LAST RESTING PLACE

"I entered the hut. In the inside too, in one part, rain was falling on the ground through an aperture of the roof. Buri was raving in delirium. She spread out her last resting place on a torn-out mattress. By her side, a boy of ten was sitting. There was vomitted blood on that mattress.

'Take me up—Take up—Lift me higher—hurl me—throw me down—Break me—Break me to shreds and pieces—'

"Buri was raving, one cannot focus the torch-light on her. That scene would be terrible. It is a hard thing to endure such an end for such a girl. I did not bring the pistol with me otherwise I would have finished her then and there.

"I asked the boy his name."

'Fakir Sheik.'

"So saying he raised his face. He was blind of one eye but tears rolled down through the other eye. He wept and said, 'Master, would not our Didimoni survive?' "

"I sternly said, 'No. She won't live.

"The boy said weepingly with broken voice, 'Where would we go?'

"You will go to the dogs?"

"Fakir began to weep aloud," Haribilash continued, "There was nothing to do on my part. On the outside there was the roar of the rains. Inside the hut there was the heart-breaking screams of Buri—'You come—you return—you break me—consign me to the flame—Let the sparks of fire fly about in all directions—Fakir, Fakir—Keep the door open—He will come—Certainly he will come, Fakir—' "

I queried, "Who will come, Harida? You?"

Harida sat in a reminiscent mood, "I did not know that a consumptive patient suffers so much. Not even did I know—"

"What did you not know?"

"How could Buri speak in such chaste language under the paroxysm of delirium. I sat by the side of her head and waited for her last hour. She could not see me neither did she recognise me. She was senseless. Though she was bereft of her senses, she had vitality in profusion. She went on shrieking. 'Light it up—Light it up—stand before me with a burning torch—Save from indignity—Redress injustice—You come back!—Netaji—You come back!—Netaji—Netaji—' "

"Netaji," I was startled by this time.

"Brother, I won't be able to make you comprehend the quiddity of those piteous wailings mingled with the clamorous din of the storm. She was crying, 'Netaji, you come back—the heart of the mother is breaking—breaking into bits—you comeback—Netaji, vouchsafe to us magical spells, beat your *Damaru* drum, blow your horn—whirl your disc!'

"As if Buri wept her last cry 'Fakir, you too tell him—tell him to return—oh, the days are very critical—oh—Shout to him—'

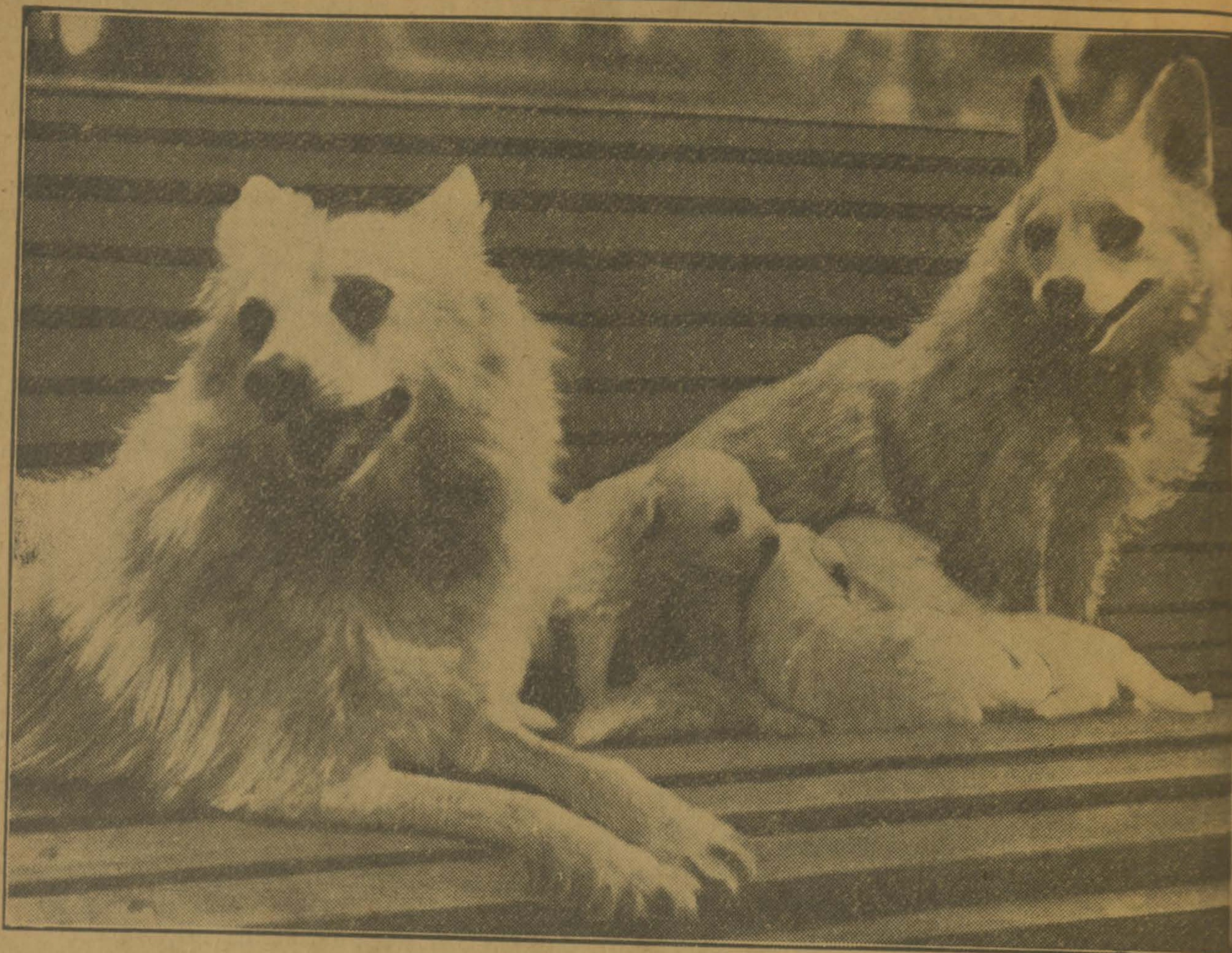
"Fakir shouted, 'Didimoni, he has come, just look! he has come—He is by the side of your head—Look at him!' "

FINAL FLICKER

"All of a sudden, Buri stopped and looked around. I turned the torch and focussed it towards her face. I caught the glimpse of her last faint smile playing on her face. Well, that was the final flicker. By degrees, her end came on. To-day is the nineteenth day of her death. At long last ended the corpse-cult of the denizen of the funeral ground."

When we passed by Asansol, when the day dawned or when we were nearing Howrah by the Chord line—all these matters were blank to me. Alighting at Howrah, Haribilash, the cruel revolutionary, made for the office of the Socialist. I took a different route, tired with vigil as I was. No question was uppermost in my mind.

Rendered into English by
Satyendra Mohun Mookerjee



A new Soviet one-stage geophysical ballistic rocket was launched into the upper layers of the atmosphere on July 10. It contained two dogs, one of which, Otvazhnaya, went up to a great height for the fourth time, while the other, Zhemchuzhnaya, travelled in a rocket for the first time. When the dogs were freed from the container after it landed they began to run about and came up when their names were called. Both Otvazhnaya and Zhemchuzhnaya were in good condition. Photo above shows Otvazhnaya (left and Zhemchuzhnaya with her cubs enjoying a blissful time.

FROM ARTIFICIAL WINGS OF ICARUS TO PHOTON ROCKET

(Continued from page 211)

September this year. When in 1970 the rocket will approach the nearest point from the earth, only 1 million kilometres away, its direct observation will be possible.

Man intends to land first on the moon on his way to other planets like the Mars or the Venus. Therefore, he requires detailed information about the moon which the rocket was destined to furnish through its radio instruments. The first step to conquer moon may be the creation of an artificial satellite of the moon, with favourable microclimatic conditions where man will break his journey to observe moon from a closer range. The rocket has transmitted data on the magnetic field and radio-activity of the moon. As the moon probably has no liquid core, it is expected not to have any magnetic field. We shall receive T. V. pictures of moon by magnetic tape-recorders installed in future space rockets. One Soviet rocket has already reached the moon.

So far, the problem has been that we can send animals for space probe but we cannot do it with human beings until the way is found to bring them back. This problem also is being solved. On the 2nd and 10th July, two dogs and a rabbit were shot into space and ultimately recovered without any damage to their organisms.

THE FUEL AND PHOTONS

So, man is on his way in search of light and space. He has touched the moon with the fingers of the sun-bound space rocket. Only yesterday some sceptics thought that there are no substances in Mendeleyev's Periodic Table which, in any combination, can furnish fuel for cosmic flight. But the Soviet scientists found such substances. We do not know the composition of the fuel. But let it be secret. The world will be all the safer from the clutches of the maniacs who want to add this fuel to the fire of cold and hot wars.

The solar system is immense. But our Galaxy or the Milky Way is even greater. Man cannot even think of reaching even the closest stars with the help of liquid-fuelled rocket, in one's lifetime. But scientists have found out that if photons or particles of light can be harnessed in a jet engine of a space ship, she will attain a speed approximat-

(Continued on page 235)

Hindu Festivals & Muslim Rulers Of India

By M. HOSSAIN

THE Muslim rulers and emperors of India in order to win the goodwill, devotion and loyalty of their Hindu subjects freely participated in the observances of Hindu festivals such as Durga Puja, Ram Lila and other religious ceremonies.

The Durga Puja of Bengal is the Dasahara of the rest of India, specially of South India. In Bengal it is associated with peace and plenty. In other parts of India it takes the form of a military festival in commemoration of Rama's conquest of Lanka (Ceylon). Durga Puja (Dasahara) marks the close of the rainy season during which all military operations are suspended. The effects were felt specially during the olden times wh- mechanical transport was unknown. The roads became muddy, rivers were swollen, bridges gave way and troops retired to quarters. Most of them were sent away and the rest simply stood by. The Bengali songs are full of yearnings of the wives and mothers in expectation of the return of someone they loved most. A celebrated Bengali artist has truthfully painted the subject. A young woman is standing at the door of her house. The sky is dark with thick layers of cloud lit by flickers of lightning. The outlines of the flowing clouds have been joined skilfully to delineate the face of the expected one ... she is gazing at this and saying to herself: "Will he not come back again?" Such then was the significance of the rainy season. The close of the rainy season was the time for the assembling of troops for parade and inspection for active service.

Durga Puja is the most important national festival of the Hindus of Bengal. The whole country celebrates it with social fervour and religious enthusiasm.

OLD PERSIAN ACCOUNT

The Muslim rulers and emperors of India gave it their royal blessings, and to the last of their line, they themselves willingly participated in most of these celebrations. Naturally, these festivals were shorn of much of their former pomp and pageantry in the last days of the Mughal rule in India.

The *Jam-i-Jahan Nama*, a Persian weekly of the good old days affords us a glimpse of how the Durga Puja (Dasahara) was celebrated at the Court of Delhi in 1825 A.D.:—

"On the day of Dasahara the chiefs and nobles were admitted to the Dewan-i-Khas where each sat in his proper place. His Majesty Akbar II (son of Shah Alam) put on his skin gloves. He then placed a falcon on his thumb according to the established custom. The son of Madan Mohan, the falcon keeper, and Ali Nagi Khan freed over his head one cage of birds—two days respectively. Raja Kedar Nath offered the Nazar of the season. The money accompanying the Nazars was sent to Mumtaz Mahal Begum and the Crown Prince. All the chiefs offered their Dasahara Nazars. His Majesty presented a three-piece robe of honour on Ghulam Dastagir, Superintendent of Aviary and two pieces each on Madan Mohan's son and Noor Mohammad, the falconer. At the same time the keeper of the Royal stable presented a tray full of *Pan* and *Batasa* (the latter being a common Indian sweetmeat). A gold *Mohur* was given as a reward to the keepers, and a sum of Rs. 50|- to his subordinates."

The following account is given of the Puja celebrations at Lucknow.

"His Majesty the King of Oudh witnessed the Ram Lila and gave a reward of Rs. 100|- and desired to see the performance again on the following day. Accordingly, entertainers of every class assembled on the other side of the Gomati opposite the Mubarak Manzil. The officials of the Royal Establishment drew up in regular order, the horses and elephants richly caparisoned. Issar Das managed the whole show. A firework display was given. Everybody present received presents and gifts according to his luck. Issar Das got a thousand rupees for the expenses of public feast for the poor."

CELEBRATIONS IN KASHMIR

The following is the interesting account of how the Hindu festivals and religious ceremonies were celebrated by the Muslim rulers of Kashmir.

The province of Kashmir was captured by the invading Muslims from border country after a hard struggle. Being firmly established, the Sultans in order to consolidate their power in the State adopted various conciliatory methods and measures which prompted them to take part in Hindu festivals and religious ceremonies. Thus when the monks of Sri Jain monastery celebrated the worship, Zainal Abadin the Great, one of the most tolerant rulers of Kashmir, took part in it and fed the monks. Similarly every year on the day of Naga Yatra and during the festivals of Ganachakra he fed the devotees for five days with rice, meat, vegetables and fruits. He dismissed them on the 12th day of the moon after presenting them with quilts, money and other things. On the thirteenth he saw the display of lamps on both sides of the river on the occasion of the worship held to celebrate the Jhelam. Seated in a boat on the river, the Sultan spent the whole night listening to songs and witnessing the worship performed by the citizens. Another festival in which he participated was that of the Chaitra celebrated in Spring. He visited a number of towns on the occasion in order to witness the display of flowers and enjoy music and dancing.

JOINT CELEBRATIONS

Hindus and Muslims visited each other's places of worship and participated in each other's festivals. The Hindus respected Muslim saints while the Muslims looked Hindu Sadhus with reverence. Muslim mystics mixed freely with Hindu Yogis and had dis-

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EARLY PUJAHS IN CALCUTTA

(*Continued from page 175*)

mailed. He just broke the image into pieces and threw them away in the river. Those who did the mischief in the cover of darkness, had a rude surprise when they visited the house in the morning but saw no trace of the image. They made enquiries of the house-owner and wanted him to deliver them back the image so that they could have the worshipping in a public place. But instead of delivering the image, the infuriated house-owner delivered them such hard blows that they fled as fast as they could. The incident marked the end of the mischievous practice which had gone on for years.

TRAPPINGS DWINDLE AT LAST

It was from 1829 that the Pujas in Calcutta began to lose much of their tinsel trappings. Angry criticisms of the newspapers made the wealthy people fight shy of indulgences in *Nautches* and similar cheaper types of amusements. These amusements were primarily arranged to entertain and please the Gentlemen of the Settlement. But the Europeans could not for long afford to ignore the caustic comments of the papers on their unseemly conduct often exhibited during the *Nautches*. The result was that the *Nautches* gradually ceased to be a popular feature of the festivities. There were other reasons too. One of them was the decline in the prosperity of the people. Long-drawn litigations in the Supreme Court and continuous fragmentation of the patrimonies had been eroding the resources of the hitherto wealthy families and reduced them to be no more than pale and slim shadows of what they once were. To add to that, they suffered from a false sense of prestige and endeavoured to make a show of their wealth by spending extravagantly in religious and social ceremonies. They soon over-reached themselves and began to seek relief by incurring huge debts. They could hardly escape the vicious circle once they were in it. The *Samachar Darpan*, the first Bengali newspaper, sought to stress that one of the reasons for the decline in the festivities was that, with the spread of education, the people had begun to realise the hollowness of senseless extravagance which could have an easy appeal only to a mind steeped in ignorance.

NEWSPAPER'S CRUSADE TELLS

While some might have felt sorry for the lost splendour, others welcomed it as healthy for both the individual and the society. The *Government Gazette*, which had for long waged a relentless crusade against the Puja extravagances and indulgences, came out with a lengthy editorial on October 5, 1829, making no secret of its intense satisfaction.

"It has been said," wrote the *Gazette*, "the Calcutta Baboos are getting lukewarm upon the subject of the Doorgah Poojah festival—at least as respects its expensiveness—we cannot say that we are sorry for it—as the thing was directly prejudicial to themselves, seeing that they squandered enormous sums, which might have been more rationally and benevolently appropriated—and to their inferiors, from the force of example—it being a fact, that many of them have been known to involve themselves in debt—for the purpose of having a little Doorgah Nautch of their own."

THE HARVEST OF A FAMINE

(*Continued from page 164*)

saw that Lalita's room was closed and a padlock was hanging on the door. The mistress of the house came to him and informed him that Lalita had left the place, and gone to live with a millionaire of this city as his mistress. "Please wait," she said finally, "there is a letter Lalita has left for you."

She went in and returned with a letter and handed it to Manish. Another wench, who had by now stood beside the mistress, smiled at Manish. He felt she was mocking him to her heart's content.

Manish almost ran away from the place. Coming on the road he tore open the envelope and began to read the letter then and there. Without addressing Manish Lalita wrote :

"I beg to seek your pardon. You may be mad but I cannot possibly be so. I have also thought carefully and deeply about my own life and its future course. I belonged to a middle class family of small means. There might not be money with us, but there was peace in our family. But oh the days of famine, which turned everything upside down. There was not a mite of a man throughout the length and breadth of the land they call Bengal. That is why those days could pass that way. Only crooks and sneaks stalked about and sought their ends. I myself saw so many of them at that time. They say there was no harvest of paddy during the famine days ; maybe, but I saw another kind of harvest raised at that time, of which I myself became a part. Well, here is a merchant who is a gleaner of harvests. He was wanting me to be his possession. I resisted him all these days. But to-day I am willingly going to him—Lalita Bai."

Manish crumpled the letter in his hand and muttered to himself that it was no use keeping truck with a woman like her. He remembered to have read in some book that once a woman went astray she could not be rehabilitated. It was indeed so. Did he not get the truth by his own experience?

And he heaved a sigh of great relief. Lord, what a heinous anti-social act he was about going doing! He now thanked his stars that saved him from a catastrophe.

A STUDY IN SPIRITUALISM AND ALLIED PHENOMENA

By K. C. CHATTERJEE,

Retired District Magistrate

To the popular mind, "Spiritualism" is the name applied to the various kinds of occult, psychic and abnormal phenomena purporting to have been caused by disembodied souls and in its crudest sense, it also includes communication with the dead, with or without the aid of mediums. Hence in religion and spiritualism there is the common background that death is not the goal of man and that the soul or spirit survives.

TRADITIONAL PRACTICES

Spiritual practices have been coming down to us from ages, irrespective of religion and country. Vedas were revealed to the Rishis. In the Mahabharata, after the battle of Kurukshetra, the great sage Vyasa invoked on the bank of a river the spirit of those who had fallen in battle (for the purpose of consolation of their living relations) and the dead came out of the water, met their near and dear ones for that night only and vanished at dawn. It means that the soul is not only immortal and eternal but that in special cases and under certain conditions, manifestations and communications are possible. The Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha and the Talmudic writings, all abound in angels' ministries, spirit communication, trances, visions and apparitions. Indian Yogis, Indian Tantrics, ancient Chinese Taoist, Tibetan Lamas and the Mystics of other lands have performed miracles after miracles—although it should be remembered that the word 'miracle' is a misnomer and *what is magic of the finite is a logic of the Infinite.*

STRANGE REVELATIONS

The Apostles and disciples of Jesus Christ were spiritualists—both Paul and Peter had trances. Do we not find spiritual revelations in Shakespeare, Shelly, Longfellow, Tennyson, Tagore and others? Socrates was often attended with 'divine voice' to guide him, Sri Aurobindo used to hear 'inner voice,' while Plato said that between God and man there exist guardian spirits and that some poets (as also all prophets) are interpreters of gods or guardian spirits. Lord Gauranga had often trances and manifestations in which he used to utter the purest and sublime teachings as emanating from Lord Shree Krishna. Bard Joydeva of Bengal is said to have reached a difficult spot in his poem when unable to find the desired sentence, he left his writing temporarily to take his bath in the adjoining river Ajoy and on his return he found the required passage (the gem of the poem) written on the manuscript. In his trance, Prophet Mahammad used to utter what Angel Gabriel had to say. An I.C.S. Collector resigned his service to become a *sannyasin*. He says that whenever any difficult passage in any religious book is not clear to him, he goes into trance and some great soul appears before him and gives him inspiration by which the meaning becomes clear in a trice. I know of a Barrister (son of a renowned Barrister) who is writing a mystic poem at the dictation of a spirit. As a matter of fact, the perfect vision of the essential truth of the continuity of life and the possibility of communication between the two worlds can be had through spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE WEST

In the West, with the advancement of science some narrow-minded scientists began to scoff at spiritual phenomena, while some thinkers began to call it a 'borderline science' (Vide Science of Life by H. G. & G. P. Wells and Julian Huxley). Also some sceptics look upon occult practices as the work of impostors, on the ground that some impostors were in the habit of cheating the people with a false show of such practices. Impostors often come in where the cause is genuine—we often find many impostors and cheats in the guise of highly religious people. As a matter of fact, spiritualism may be said to be at its infancy in the West—the starting point may be said to be 1848 when some table rappings were heard by the Fox sisters. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is said to have promised a communication after his death as to his experience in the other world. The book "The Great Mystery Of Life Beyond Death" by Diwan Bahadur H. L. Kaji, I.E.S., is said to have been communicated by the spirit of Sir Arthur. I may, however, point out that the experience of different souls is not uniform—because a saintly soul would naturally get a different experience than a sinner. Hence what Sir Arthur described is after his own experience. In any case, spiritual phenomena may be called practical demonstrations of our religious theories—as a student in science is impressed on seeing practical demonstration, so a student in a religious subject is impressed with spiritual phenomena.

MYSTERIOUS TANTRIC RITES

Even a few years ago, the ability of a famous criminal lawyer of Calcutta was thought to be standing on the way of securing an acquittal of an accused in a murder case. We did not believe when told that the friends of the accused were performing a *tantric* rite by which the lawyer would die, but one morning we found in the newspapers that the hale and hearty lawyer conducting the prosecution suddenly died. Of course, many would call it a coincidence, but there are other instances.

In that dizzy high mountainous country Tibet, which is not so much accessible to the foreigners, we still find many psychic practices

In Tibet (as also in India) people think that some of the ancient wisdom is being lost and a foreign lady in the disguise of a lady-lama heard an ascetic reciting a *mantra* (formula) in which he added, "O Wisdom, that is gone, gone, gone to the beyond, and beyond the beyond, *Svaha*." In India, Yogins can leave the physical body through the path of Brahmarandhra (Vide Kathopanisad, II-3-16) and if they do so they attain the Eternal (i.e. they do not take a rebirth). In Tibet, some

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A SHORT STORY OF INDIAN MUSIC

(Continued From Page 208)

practice of the *dhruvapada* took some new and novel course. Pandit Vishnu Narayan Bhatkhande has rightly observed: "Let us now turn our attention to the times of the great Emperor Akbar. I wish I could have been in a position to give you some detailed or definite information about the Gwalior school of music, which had risen into some importance before Akbar came to the throne. The school was headed by Raja Mana Singh of Gwalior himself. He is supposed to have started the modern *Dhrupad* style of singing". The period of the Emperor Akbar's rule is between 1556 and 1605 A.D. The traditional classical or sophisticated music was much patronised by Akbar and his successors. Swami Krishnadas, Swami Haridas, Mian Tansen, Mira Bai, Suradas, Pundarika Vitthala, and other music savants were contemporary of Akbar. The *prabandha* type of *dhruvapada* were already brought into eminence by the noted musicians like Baiju Baora, Nayaka Gopala, Raja Mana, Nayaka Baksu, Bhanoo, Pandvee, Lohung, Jurjoo, Bhagawan, Dhondee, Daloo, Swami Krishnadas, Swami Haridas, Mian Tansen, Bilas Khan, Jagannath, Dirang Khan, Lal Khan or Gunasamudra, and others, and it, therefore, remained firmly established on the Indian soil for many subsequent years. Side by side there flourished also different types of regional folk-songs, devotional songs, religio-mystical songs, as well as *qawali, tarana, gazal* and other types of light songs among the masses.

NEW STYLES : AMIR KHUSHRAU

During the 11th-12th century A.D., Amir Khushrau and others tried to create some new styles of classical songs, with the admixture of Persian tunes. During Sultan Hussain Sharque (15th century A.D.), the classical *kheyal* type of music used to be practised specially in Jaunpur and its adjacent places. But the *kheyal* took its definite and healthy form during the time of Rangeele Mohammed Shah, in the beginning of the 18th century A.D., at the hands of Niyamat Khan, the Sadarang, the noted *dhrupadiya* and *veenker* of that period. Niyamat Khan made the art of *kheyal* exquisite and artistic, in slow tempo or *vilamvita*, and he designed it after the traditional style of the majestic *dhruvapada*, with the addition of graceful *tanas* and *gamakas*. The name of King Adil Shah II of Bijapur is worth mentioning in this connection, as he helped to promote the development of both the *dhruvapada* and *kheyal*, and composed many songs. The *thumri* and *tappa* were unknown at that time. The styles of *thumri* of Lucknow, Banaras, and Punjab came into being at a very late period, including the *Sauree tappa*. Besides, various types of classical and light classical songs came into existence.

The story of the development of classical music of South India is also interesting. In ancient times, there was no such artificial lines of demarcation dividing the music of India into the Northern and the Southern. Probably, during the 14th-16th century A.D., Madhava-Vidyaranya (1302-1387 A.D.), Ramamatya (1550 A.D.), and Pundarika Vitthala (1590 A.D.) flourished and propagated the genus-species *(janya-janaka)* principle of the *ragas*, with *mukhari* as the standard scale (*shuddha-mela*). The system of the South Indian music gradually began to take new shape, and afterwards became different from that of the North Indian music. After them, Somanath (1609 A.D.), Govinda Dikshit (1614 A.D.) and Venkatamakhin (1620 A.D.) flourished with a new vision. The introduction of the seventy-two *melakartas* by Govinda Dikshit and Venkatamakhin brought into being an altogether different mode in the South Indian music. But it should be mentioned in this connection that in spite of the introduction of the seventy-two *melakartas* or *thatas*, only nineteen out of them were practised during Venkatamakhin's time. The tonal forms of most of the *ragas* of the South Indian system were also different from those of the North. The various *padam, kriti* or *kirtanam, varnam, ragamalika, pallivi*, contributed by Purandaradas, Kshetrajna, Thyagaraja, Shyama Shastri, Muthusvami Dikshitar, Svati Tirunal and others enriched the South Indian music.

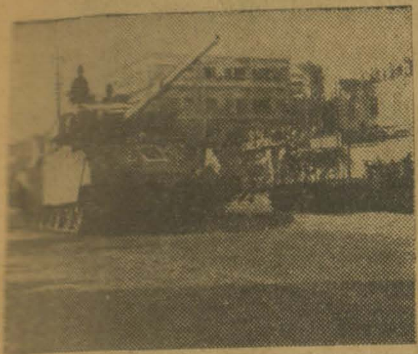
MUSIC OF BENGAL AND ASSAM

The story of music of Bengal and Assam is equally interesting. We learn from the history of Bengal that music and classical dance were extensively cultured during the rules of the Gupta, Pala and Sena Kings. Bengal was then known as 'Greater Bengal,' having within its fold the modern states of Assam, Bihar, Bengal proper (Eastern and Western), and Orissa. The classical dance and music, as expounded by Muni Bharata in his Natyasastra, were properly practised by the Devadasis or temple dancing girls in different temples of Greater Bengal. During the reign of Maurya Chandragupta, and specially during the time of the Great Emperor Asoka, Indian music was introduced to the Central Asian countries by way of Kashmir and Tibet, by the traders and religious missionaries. The music of countries like Kuchi, Khasgarh, Samarkand, and specially China were enriched by the process.

JAYADEVA AND SRI CHAITANYA

Now we find that during the 10th-11th century A.D., the classical *ragas* and *talas* were used in the religio-mystic songs of the Bauddha Siddhacharyas of the Vajrayana sect. In the early 12th century A.D., Thakur Jayadeva of Nannur (Birbhum) composed

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A typical scene of army tank parading the streets of Baghdad.

Revolutionary BABYLON

By Prof. Dr. B. N. BHAR

IF Frederik Engels were alive he would have congratulated the revolutionary armed uprising in Iraq leading to the overthrow of the Hashemite kingdom there and would have termed Baghdad as the "Revolutionary Babylon" which compliment he once attributed to Paris in the middle of the last century for the revolutionary struggles of the social-democrats of France. Iraq, the old Mesopotamia, the seat of the ancient civilization of Babylonian fame, has now emerged in history with paramount political glory after the successful revolutionary uprising of the army in support of the revolutionary people of Iraq on July, 14 last year. The historic July 14, thus associated with two glorious revolutions in the world, both leading to overthrow of two tyrannical rules under monarchies and establishment of two republics, one in Europe on the bank of the Seine and the other in the Orient on the bank of the Tigris, was observed with revolutionary colours none the less equal to those of the first anniversary of the French revolution.

The dynamic process of history with perpetual advancement of man's political and social systems emancipating the oppressed and the exploited class owes its momentum more to revolutionary processes than to evolutionary ones. Mankind has arrived at the present stage of the world as a result of the revolutionary thinking and activities of great leaders and their followers *en masse* not only in political and social spheres but also in the field of science and culture. Man's inherent revolting spirit and perpetual struggle for the total replacement of the degraded systems and notions is the life-blood of any revolutionary idea or any revolutionary event.

BAGHDAD ANNIVERSARY

In the anniversaries of any revolution it is our foremost and sacred duty that we should bow down our head in reverence to the known and unknown martyrs and pay homage to those immortals who have sacrificed themselves for the cause of revolution and have kept the eternal fire of revolution burning!

On the first anniversary of the glorious Iraq revolution on July 14, the people of Iraq were reminded of their sacred duties to the martyrs by two gigantic monuments erected in Baghdad in memory of those immortal freedom fighters—the soldiers and civilians of Iraq, who have laid down their lives for the cause of Iraq revolution—the liberation from foreign imperialist yoke and tyrannical rule and oppression of the last regime. In the midst of the grandeur and pomp of the celebration of the anniversary of the revolution those giant monuments were standing in eternal silence as everlasting hills echoing back the slogan of the cheering crowds "Long live revolution."

OBJECTIVES OF THE RISING

The Iraq revolution was a triumphant armed uprising to put an end to the tyrannical police-rule saturated with corruption and social injustice.

> *The aims of the revolution were freedom, peace and a better life for the people of Iraq. A temporary Constitution was announced guaranteeing freedom of belief and expression and removing all distinctions between citizens because of race, religion or belief. It declared that all citizens were equal before the law. Arabs and Kurds of Iraq were considered partners in this nation and their national rights within the unity of Iraq were recognised by this Constitution. The Iraqi revolution brought a message of peace and friendship with all people in all countries, and co-operation with all States on the basis of equality and mutual benefit.*

The revolutionary leaders declared, "The Iraqi people will not be intimidated and will not surrender to threats from whatever quarter. They will fight to the last man to defend their newly born freedom." During this one year the Iraqi army with the co-operation of the revolutionary people of Iraq have repulsed many attempts like the Mosul putsch to overthrow the new republic.

On the Army Day on 6th January last, while observing the 38th anniversary of the establishment of the Iraqi Army, the Army of Liberation announced, "The Iraqi Army with the Iraqi people will always stand ready to guard this young republic against internal and external enemies of the noble Iraqi people. The Iraqi Army will always be the hope of the Arab people in their struggle against Imperialism and reaction."

ACHIEVEMENTS

One year is rather too short a time to assess the achievements of such a glorious revolution, but the republic since its birth has pursued a policy safeguarding the interests of the people and their demo-

...cratic rights. For the first time in their recent history the people of Iraq perceived that this was their Government, their republic and the country with all its riches belonged to them, and its wealth would no longer be squandered on royal palaces or on plots or on conspiracies against other countries cooked under the ill-famed Baghdad Pact. Regarding the question of oil economy and nationalisation of the largely British owned Iraq Petroleum Company, which brings Iraq a net annual profit of nearly 275 million dollars (nearly 1402 million rupees) the new Government would honour the obligation with all foreign firms, as declared by Premier Abdul Karim Qassem, and as Iraq and West Asia have to depend on European mar-



...section of the pageantry on the occasion of the anniversary of the Iraqi revolution exhibiting a picture from the time of Sumerian civilization in Mesopotamia (the old Iraq).

kets for oil, the question of nationalisation of oil would not come soon. The recent statement of Lord ...ncton, the Chairman of Iraq Petroleum Company, "......there is a future for a British oil industry in Iraq" is also noteworthy.

AGRARIAN REFORM

The revolutionary government has promulgated the Agrarian Reform Law which heralded the end of feudal system in Iraq. The Agrarian Reform Law was amongst the most important steps taken in the field of democratic reform acomplished so far. The law limits ownership of land to not more than 1000 donums (600 acres) for the individual, in the case of flow-irrigated or pump-irrigated land and to not more than 2000 donums (1200 acres) in case of rain-irrigated land. The acquired land as well as "State-land" will be distributed amongst peasants in individual holding at not more than 60 donums (36 acres) and not less than 30 donums (18 acres) in case of flow-irrigated or pump-irrigated land and double that amount in case of rain-irrigated land. According to a recent supplement to the Agrarian Reform Law the peasants working under the land-owner should receive 55% of the crop and the land-owner should receive 45% of the crop. Reactionary plots were continuously under way in order to paralyse this law and landlords in certain parts of Iraq murdered a few peasants to terrorise them. But the Government have now taken a stern measure to suppress the land-owners' anti-social reactionary activities.

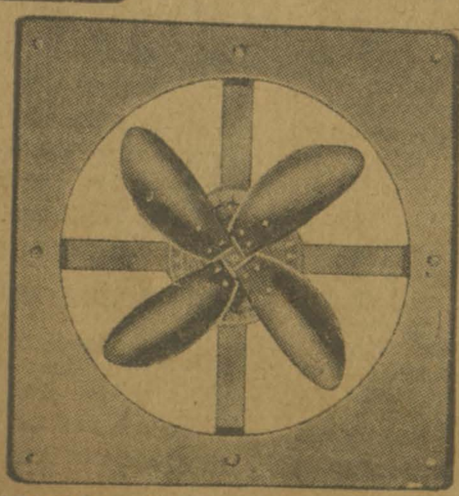
THE REACTIONARIES

The reactionary pro-imperialist elements, the enemies of the new-born Iraqi republic, mix with the democratic elements of the armed classes supporting the new republic, and hatch anti-republic plots, as it happened in Mosul and Kirkuk, well known petroleum centres in the north of Iraq. In some cases there were proofs and documentary evidences, produced before the People's Court in Baghdad, that these conspiracies and plots were designed and manoeuvred by imperialist agents. The north of Iraq is mostly populated by nationals other than Arabs—like Kurds, Turkomans, Armenians, Assyrians, etc. The last deplorable event in Kirkuk on July 14 this year, which certain local press and imperialist press abroad hectically tried to distort, was due to some anti-republic reactionary Turkomans attacking the patriotic elements there and the incident was not a fight between Arabs and Kurds nor between Turkomans and Kurds. The undemocratic reactionary activities are said to have coincided with the hostile campaign waged by the press and broadcasts in Cairo, London and Tel-Aviv, together with the underground activities and publications of conspiring elements in Iraq who recently began to threaten that things would change and the celebrations of July 14 would not go smoothly. Such threats were blazenly reflected in Kirkuk, but thanks to the efforts of all democratic organisations, members of the popular resistance force in full co-operation with the brave army, the Second Brigade in Kirkuk, the reactionary imperialist plot in Kirkuk was nipped in the bud.

"NATIONAL UNITY" SLOGAN

The people of Iraq are now working to unite themselves under one banner without allowing themselves to be divided now under different political camps. A new popular slogan has emerged demanding "National Unity—No Deviation—No Coming Back of the reactionaries". After the dissolution of the National Democratic Party of Iraq, political elements specially the Communists are making a new effort to form a National United Front. People supporting the Communist Party had earlier demanded the representation of the party in the Cabinet of Premier Abdul

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Village women are given craft training by a craft instructor in a project centre in Uttar Pradesh.

PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL WELFARE IN INDIA

By AN 'OBSERVER'

A BLUEPRINT of a social welfare plan for India for the third Plan period is under formulation by a Working Group set up by the Planning Commission under the leadership of Mrs. Durgabai Deshmukh. The final touches will be given early next year.

The foundation for a number of welfare schemes having been laid towards the end of the first and during the first two years of the Second Plans, welfare programmes for the third Plan are expected to be fundamentally continuations of these schemes, with such extensions and additions as necessary to make them more effective and comprehensive. The financial provision for social welfare is also likely to be commensurately larger.

The paramount factor in social welfare schemes is that, in a country like India, where progress on the social plane lags somewhat behind political and constitutional needs and requirements, there is an urgent need to level up the former to a degree so that social inequalities and backwardness would not be marked and so that political and constitutional equality would be reflected in the social sphere also. Social welfare schemes for specially backward and socially defenceless groups would, therefore, have to line up with social services to produce this result. So long as there are some such groups for which welfare services are needed—and they are likely to exist for some years to come—specially devised programmes have to be formulated and executed. The State will have a large part to play in this field. It cannot also avoid taking into partnership the voluntary organisations and voluntary social workers in a large measure to achieve the objective.

WORK IN RURAL AREAS

The Central Social Welfare Board, set up in 1954, has so far been the principal agency for formulating and implementing social welfare schemes, especially those designed for the welfare of women, children and the handicapped. It is not necessary to recount the various schemes it has sponsored or aided during the last five years. Suffice it to say that one of its more extensive and important schemes has been the establishment of welfare extension projects in the rural areas to provide basic services to women, children and the handicapped sections in these areas. 450 such projects covering more than 10,000 villages with services aimed mainly at promoting literacy among women, training them in some handicrafts

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A SHORT STORY OF INDIAN MUSIC

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the *Gitagovinda-padagitis*, and they were used to be sung with different classical *ragas* and *talas*. The *ragas* of the *Charya* and the *Gitagovinda* were different in their structures from those of the present-day system of the North Indian Hindusthani music. But they can be sung correctly by changing the standard scale that determines the tonal forms of the *ragas*, prevailing in those days. During the 15th-16th century A.D., Sri Chaitanya (1485-1533) composed the *nama-kirtana*, out of the materials of the *Charya*, *Gitagovinda-padagana*, *panchali*, *baul*, and other religio-devotional songs that were current before and in his time. The *Namakirtana*, though very simple, enriched the music of Bengal, by its charming pathos. The *kirtana* type of devotional song is composed and sung in praise of the Lord of the Universe, superman, gods and goddesses, and heroes. It is known as the '*kirti-gatha-gana*'. It has been described as the *prabandha-giti*, having six limbs (*angas*), in Ghanashyama-Narahari's *Bhaktiratnakara*, and *Gitachandrodaya*. The six limbs of the *kirtigana* or classical *kirtana* are: *svara*, *viruda*, *pada*, *tenaka*, *tala* and *pata*, and they have been elaborately discussed in Sarangadeva's *Sangita-Ratnakara*, and Narahari's *Bhakti-ratnakara*. Its allied classical *prabandha*-song is the *kirti-lahari-gana* which has also been described in the *Sangita-Ratnakara*.

LILA & RASA-KIRTANA

After Sri Chaitanya, Thakur Narottamadas devised the *lila* or *rasa-kirtana*, which was purely classical in form, and designed it after the *prabandha-gana*, *dhruvapada*. The *rasa-kirtana* is accompanied by *alapa*, *gamaka*, *murcchana*, and different musical instruments and classical *talas*, which are described in Narahari's *Sangita-sara-samgraha* and Shubhankara's *Sangita-Damodara*. In course of time, there evolved different schools of the *padavali-kirtana*, with different styles, from different parts of Bengal, and they were *garanhati*, *reneti*, *manoharsahi*, *mandarini*, *jharkhandi*, etc. In the beginning of the 20th century, Madhu Kinnar or Madhu Kan also devised a new type of *dhapa-kirtana*, which was simple in its form, but classical in character. The 18th century was an epoch-making period in Bengal, as many of the stalwarts in the field of music, viz Kaviranjan Ramaprasad Sen, Ramnidhi Gupta (Nidhu Babu), and others enriched Bengal by their classico-Bengali songs. During 1752-1784 A.D., Bahadur Khan, Peer Bax and others settled at Vishnupur, Bankura, and became instrumental in infusing new spirit and inspiration, into the domain of classical music, in Bengal. Many of the Muslim Ustads from Delhi and Agra also settled in Bengal, and consequently Pathuriaghata (Calcutta), Muktagacha (Mymensingh), Dacca, Gauripur (Assam), Gobardanga, Agartola, Chinsura, Hooghly, Srirampur, etc. became the centres of culture of the classical music, in Bengal. Sir Jatindra Mohan Tagore, and his brother Sir Saurindra Mohan Tagore helped for the spread of the culture of classical music, in Calcutta and its adjacent places. The *baul*, *bhatiyali*, *jari*, *sari*, *gambhira*, *tarja*, *panchali*, *kali-kirtana*, and other socio-religious folk songs evolved in different parts of Bengal.

ASSAM'S CONTRIBUTION : SANKARADEVA

Assam's contribution to the domain of Indian music is none the less. During the latter half of the 15th century A.D., Sankaradeva preached a sort of neo-Vaishnavism in Assam. He and his disciple, Madhavadeva composed *bargita*, *ankiya-gita*, *kirtana-ghosha*, *nama-ghosha*, *bhatima-gita*, *payara*, etc. in different classical *ragas* and *talas*. These types of the *gitis* are still sung in different *Satras*, villages and *Nama-gharas*, in Assam. The *Manipuri* dance and *Manipuri-kirtana* are also reckoned as the unique contribution to the domain of Indian music.

ORISSA : CLASSICAL AND FOLK MUSIC

The story of development of music in Orissa, is also very interesting. The sculptures of the Jain Cave temples of Udayagiri and Khandagiri, of the temples of Parasuramesvara, Rajarani, as also the colossal Sun-temple of Konarak bear ample evidences as to the development of classical and folk dances and music in Orissa. The Orissan dance and music, and the different types of her folk songs construe a fascinating chapter of Indian music. The *Abhinayachandrika*, written by Mahesvara Mahapatra, during the 12th century A.D., has described the gestures and postures, and different kinds of hand-poses (*mudras*) of the Orissan dances, which differ from those described in Nandikesvāra's *Abhinayadarpana* and Muni Bharata's *Natyasastra*. Different kinds of musical instruments of Orissan type can also be seen in different sculptures of Orissan temples like Konarak, Puri, and Bhubanesvara. Many of the treatises on Indian music were also composed in Orissa from the early 12th century upto the 18th century A.D., and of them the *Gita-prakasha*, *Sangita-narayana*, *Sangita-sarani*, *Sangita-kamoda*, etc. are worth mentioning.

INDIA'S GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS

The story of Indian music is, in reality, very interesting and amazing. From the primitive period right down to the present day, it has created and is creating a glorious history of its own, and the music of the other nations of the world are much indebted to it. Its range is vast, and so it is not possible to enclose it within the narrow compass of a few printed pages, still we are aware that there is necessity for such venture, as it will unfold before the eyes of the readers a picture, however small, of the achievements of the historic and glorious India in the domain of fine art of music.

PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL WELFARE IN INDIA

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...ing setting up maternity and child welfare services ... and other services for the benefit of children, had been established. A recent evaluation of the work in these projects, undertaken at the instance of the Planning Commission, emphasised that "the basic idea of establishing welfare centres for women and children is a sound one and in spite of numerous shortcomings the centres are working well." The "shortcomings" noted in the report are, however, not irremediable and in fact have in many cases been remedied by action taken by the Central Social Welfare Board and State Boards even when the report was under preparation and subsequently. Since April 1957 under an agreed arrangement between the Central Board and the Community Development Ministry rural welfare services for women and children are being provided in villages comprising the development blocks by staff jointly provided by the two organisations and functioning under project implementing committees established by the State Welfare Boards. The juxtaposition of economic and social welfare programmes in the community development areas is yielding results in the form of integrated progress in the economic and social welfare fields.

SCHEMES FOR URBAN AREAS

Besides the rural welfare extension projects, the Board has sponsored other welfare schemes for women and children in the urban areas. Among these mention may relevantly be made of the urban family welfare scheme, the urban welfare extension projects scheme, the scheme for the after-care of persons—men, women and children—discharged from correctional and "care" institutions like jails, remand homes and Borstal institutions and other welfare institutions and women rescued from moral danger. The other schemes also deserving of mention relate to the establishment of night shelters for the poor and the destitute and holiday homes for children of lower middle class and poor families. In addition the Board has also undertaken training programmes for village level workers like *grama sevikas, dais* and craft instructors, *mukhya sevikas* and the personnel required for running the after-care Homes. To enable poor, widowed and destitute women to qualify for training in these careers a scheme for condensed courses of studies has also been sponsored by the Board and is being implemented.

The basic pattern of the various schemes has been to utilise the existing well-established voluntary agencies for implementing the services or programmes on their own responsibility with grants-in-aid sanctioned by the Board or to associate such agencies actively with the management of institutions set up by the Board or other Governmental agency by nominating their representatives on managing committees. More than 5,000 voluntary organisations have during the last five years qualified for such assistance by the Board and received grants totalling about Rs. 2½ crores. The proper and efficient functioning of these institutions receiving aid from public funds is a factor of immense significance to the success of welfare schemes. The Study Team on Social Welfare Schemes (otherwise known as the Renuka Ray Team) set up by the Committee on Plan Projects, has suggested the constitution of a Field Counselling Service at the Central, State and district or local levels "to assist aided institutions in improving the quality and content of their welfare programmes" and on the basis of reports of officers in that service to "organise programmes for assessing the work" of such agencies.

COORDINATED MEASURES

Besides the Central Board, other Central Government Ministries, such as the Ministry of Home Affairs, the Education Ministry and the Ministries of Community Development, Health, Defence, Works, Housing and Supply and the Rehabilitation Ministry, have under their charge various schemes with a larger or smaller welfare content. The State Governments too sponsor and implement, either directly or through provision of grants-in-aid to voluntary welfare agencies, programmes for the welfare of special groups like beggars, destitute children and women, juvenile delinquents and discharges from correctional institutions. Local bodies like corporations and municipal councils have in a number of cases organised—and run—welfare activities like provision of community parks, promotion of slum clearance, mid-day meals for children in schools and so on.

Two important and significant developments in the welfare field during the last four or five years have occurred, which are underlined by the Study Team on Social Welfare. One of these is the realisation that social welfare programmes for the benefit of a number of specially backward or socially defenceless and needy groups cannot be isolated from schemes for promoting the economic welfare and self-sufficiency of their members. The second one is that the somewhat bewildering diversity in the Governmental agencies and authorities providing or aiding welfare services and administering them should be eliminated by effective coordination among these organisations and programmes where necessary and integration of the work and the agencies themselves wherever possible.

PROBLEM OF DELINQUENCY

Welfare policy in India, by and large, is veering round to the view that welfare work should aim more and more at providing preventive rather than curative measures, at the elimination of conditions which produce delinquency or crime and criminal tendencies, or conditions of poverty or destitution. The root cause of several individual maladjustments being discordant home or domestic conditions or poverty, the mitigation and where possible the removal of that cause is the target aimed at. In this respect, two basic ideas gaining currency are that more and more welfare programmes should be directed towards ameliorating the economic condition of the family taken as a unit and the creation of an atmosphere in the family and in the larger community and special sphere favourable to social progress based on desirable social changes. It is in this context that economic welfare programmes as corollary or complementary and supplementary to social welfare programmes acquire significance and are being organised as an integral part of the latter. This is the principle inherent in the organisation of the programmes of moral and social hygiene, which aims at preventing women from selling their virtue for earning a living and in preventing adolescents from developing anti-social, delinquent tendencies. Economic welfare also forms part of the programmes in the welfare projects in rural areas and of welfare schemes for the benefit of scheduled castes and tribes and the backward classes. While on the one hand adult literacy and craft instruction programmes in the project centres have engendered a firm demand from rural women for

opportunities for utilising acquired skills for earning some economic benefits, provision of economic incentives is a means of inducing members of the scheduled castes and backward classes not to make a virtue of backwardness.

The organisational pattern devised for translating this need for investing welfare schemes with an economic content is the setting up of co-operative training-cum-production centres, in which craft training is combined with gainful employment. Such centres are now an integral part of the after-care and moral and social hygiene scheme, the urban family welfare scheme, the rural and urban welfare extension projects and other programmes either started or aided by Government agencies or implemented by voluntary organisations. In the execution of the socio - economic programmes, aiming at the social as well as the economic rehabilitation of the backward and the needy and the socially defenceless groups, the active participation of various industrial boards under the Commerce and Industry Ministry of the Central Government is essential and is being secured.

INTEGRATED APPROACH

With the augmentation of State-sponsored and State-aided social welfare work, the importance of bringing an integrated approach to bear thereon is also increasing. As the Study Team pointed out, a proper and effective synchronisation of the various schemes is lacking, with the result that "the benefits sought to be brought about in one scheme have failed to register progress owing to delays in the implementation of other complementary schemes". A certain amount of incipient chaos prevails in the existing administrative arrangements for implementing schemes, the removal of which is recommended by the Team "by a rational distribution of welfare subjects over various departments at the Centre and in the States, which would also be conducive to economy and efficiency in the utilisation of resources". While it does not suggest the creation of a Social Welfare Ministry in present circumstances, the Team favours the constitution of a separate Department under the Ministry of Education for administering various welfare schemes presently under the control of that Ministry and other Ministries, and a separate Department under the Ministry of Home Affairs for welfare schemes for the Scheduled Castes and Tribes and Backward Classes. This arrangement would leave the Central Social Welfare Board with responsibility for the welfare of women and children and co-ordination of the various programmes for these groups.

Stemming from these considerations was the recommendation by the Team that the Central Board should be given the status of an autonomous organisation with an expanded membership to enable it to function as a more efficient co-ordinating agency than at present of the schemes for women and children's welfare carried on by the Central Ministries, State Governments and local bodies as also by the voluntary organisations. To this end the Board would have on it persons directly representing the latter.

With the expansion and increasing specialisation of welfare work in India, the need for trained, professional personnel has been increasingly felt. To meet this need extensive programmes have been drawn up under which some thousands of village level workers —men and women — craft instructors, medical and public health personnel like mid-wives and *dais*, social education organisers and supervisory personnel for managing After-Care Homes and district shelters etc. are being trained year after year. The training schemes are exclusively being financed by the Central and State Governments or the Central Social Welfare Board. Inadequacies in the matter of personnel, however, persist as much at the field level as at the higher supervisory or directional level, mainly because the need for properly trained and professionally competent staff in some schemes (and more particularly in the rural welfare schemes) has not been fully appreciated so far. Except in the field of labour welfare, in which the statutes make appointment of properly trained labour welfare officers compulsory, trained welfare officers are



Programmes for the welfare of women and children are being implemented in the rural welfare extension project areas organised by the Central Social Welfare Board. Photo above shows a group of children being taught the Three R's by a Grama Sevika in a rural welfare centre.

not required to be appointed in any other welfare schemes. A social work diploma or degree is prescribed as a desirable qualification. The Study Team have made a number of suggestions in this regard, based on the recognition that a person professionally trained in social work techniques would be a more efficient instrument for the execution of programmes than an untrained one. The suggestions, *inter alia*, include the constitution of Union and State cadres of welfare personnel, their recruitment through Public Service Commissions, which would inevitably involve prescription of minimum educational and other qualifications and provision of opportunities for workers for promotion to higher levels on the basis of merit and experience. At present, there are apparently considerable impediments in recruiting personnel, especially trained personnel, for field work in the rural areas because of the absence of proper facilities for accommodation and otherwise in the villages. But if assurances are vouchsafed by the authorities about service conditions and prospective absorption into regular cadres, readier response should be forthcoming from qualified persons.

WELFARE THROUGH LAW

It has been a long-debated issue whether social progress and social changes could be achieved through social welfare measures and education of the public or through legislative compulsion. Practical experience and developments in India have shown that a judicious combination of social effort and social education and legislative support would bring about much-needed and desirable social changes more easily than reliance is placed on only one of the two processes. Prior to independence legislative measures for the welfare and protection of children, for treatment of juvenile offenders, for preventing the practice of beggary and other social problems had been placed on provincial Statute books but they were rarely, or only indifferently, implemented and in only a few States was the administrative and institutional machinery essential to their successful implementation set up. Since independence, conditions have changed; and we have had a series of social reform and social welfare measures such as the various laws dealing with succession, inheritance and marriage and divorce among Hindus, the Anti-Untouchability Act and the Act for Suppression of Immoral Traffic in Women and Children while a comprehensive Children Act is in the process of formulation. State Governments are now more vigilant about enforcing welfare legislation and setting up institutions essential to protect certain vulnerable groups against social injustice and exploitation by interested persons. On the whole there is a greater and increasing awareness among both State authorities and the general public that social welfare in the sense of provision of basic needs to various needy, destitute, socially defenceless and similar categories of people is unavoidable. This is clearly reflected in the vigorous and active interest that the Planning Commission and the Government of India are evincing in welfare schemes — their formulation and implementation as integral aspects of the Five-Year Plans.

This awareness is also reflected in the keen interest that the public and the Press are taking in the reports relating to the working of welfare schemes and projects and the results disclosed in evaluation reports on these projects. A periodical assessment thereof is also postulated by the fact that substantial funds from public revenues are allocated under the plan for social welfare and it is a matter of vital public interest that expenditure on the schemes should yield commensurate dividends. The significance of such evaluation is acknowledged and its need accepted by the Central Social Welfare Board and other concerned agencies.

EXPANSION OF CONCEPT

The meaning and content of the terms 'social welfare' and 'social services' have also undergone a change in recent years—and this is underlined in the Study Team's report. For a long time, and until recently, social welfare work comprehended temporary relief to individual persons from want, need, destitution and ill-health and the common pattern has been for such relief to be provided through institutions such as poor homes, beggar homes, orphanages and destitute homes etc. Presently the accent is shifting from relief of indiviuals to relief of specific groups and sections. Simultaneously there has also been a shifting of attention to the home and the family, which are potentially more effective agencies in ensuring preventive care of children prone to drift into various kinds of delinquent and anti-social behaviours. The preservation of the integrity and homogeneity of the family is a more potent safeguard than any other kind of social action in promoting social harmony and social progress and social welfare programmes channelled through the agency of the family produce better results than when they are aimed at the individual child or adult in need.

Then again the voluntary welfare organisations, which have been the principal agencies engaged in social welfare work, could afford protection or relief to only a limited number of persons and only for temporary periods. Under the changed concept of social welfare, aiming more at rehabilitation, social and economic, than at relief, the attitude and outlook of the community in which one has to live assume vital importance. Social action, it is now realised, should therefore be directed towards producing desirable changes in community attitudes and outlook towards those who through rehabilitative measures have been reclaimed as useful members of society. The concept of community welfare is the outcome of this changing pattern of social welfare work and it is now firmly enshrined in the community development schemes aiming at comprehensive and all-embracing progress, particularly in our rural areas.

WELFARE STATE'S EMERGENCE

Since the Indian Constitution has been enacted, considerable action has been taken to translate the directives in the Directive Principles of State Policy into practical programmes and to promote social justice, social progress and even social equality. There is an imperative need for as well as an imperative duty cast on the State agency to achieve the targets set out in the Directive Principles so that a Welfare State may emerge. The Study Team has articulated this in clear terms when it said that "we are fully conscious of the fact that there is an urgent and insistent need for providing welfare services on a widespread scale"; at the same time it is also essential to remember, as the Team says, that we cannot demand at the present stage qualitative perfection in the services provided or expect unlimited expansion of the number of services without reference to the requirements of finances and personnel involved in such expansion.

The resources for social welfare schemes are limited and the demands of other more urgent sectors of the economy are large and unignorable. In a developing economy like India's the emphasis —

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REVOLUTIONARY BABYLON

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Karim Qassem, the revolutionary leader of Iraq, but later the Communist Party asked the people to withdraw that demand lest that demand and such slogans should affect the national unity and people be divided into 'Communist' and 'non-Communist' camps to the detriment of the national interests at the moment.

COMMUNIST VIEW

The Communist Party of Iraq now thinks that the slogans urging Communist representation in the Cabinet seems "improper at the moment" and while self-criticising the various activities of the Party during the gigantic post-revolutionary tide, never witnessed in the history of Iraq, the party in a long statement issued in August last says, "............ In such complicated revolutionary circumstances parties, groups and elements who are working to serve the people could not avoid falling into mistakes. Those who do not err are the ones who do not work".

The Communist Party in collaboration with other patriotic organisations has now advanced a new slogan of "National Unity" assuring the people that the "National United Front is the Surest Guarantee for Victory over Imperialism".

PATRIOTIC FORCES

The patriotic forces of Iraq believe that imperialists have failed to enter Iraq from the front door, they are now following the more "realistic" way to enter through creation of a division among patriotic forces, by creating a hiatus between the Government and the people, sowing the seeds of dissension between the brother nationalities of Iraq, especially between the Arab and Kurdish peoples and isolating the Army from the people. It is only through such devilish methods that they can hope to achieve their designs against the Iraqi republic. But the patriotic parties, noble citizens of Iraq and its mighty army—the army of liberation—united in the basic question of defending the independence of Iraq and of national unity, are fighting against all reactionary plots to enslave Iraq and have already smashed the conspiring imperialist 'putsch' enacted in north of Iraq in Mosul in early March and in Kirkuk on July 14 last.

The armed clashes occuring in various parts of Iraq from time to time are sometimes alleged to be originating from th basic question of Iraq's joining, or in other words merger, with United Arab Republic (U. A. R.) and unity of Arab nation. The present leadership in Iraq is opposed to an "immediate merger with Egypt or U. A. R." and thinks that the economic and cultural standard of Iraq should be raised to a condition similar to that in Egypt and Syria and then Iraq should be united with U. A. R. It is opined that Syria at one time was more advanced than Egypt but by uniting Egypt with Syria, "Syria was made to turn backward in order to stand with Egypt or behind Egypt". The political leaders of Iraq think that Syria once possessed the ability to play the vanguard's role in Arab liberation movement, but it was prevented from fulfilling this honourable historical role. They think that Iraq today possesses the real abilities to fulfil this task and play the vanguard role in fighting imperialism and spreading democracy in the Arab world. The Iraqi revolution is thus of great importance in relation to Arab liberation movement, for it has destroyed the Bastille of imperialism in the Middle East.

UNIQUE EXPERIMENT

The Iraqi revolution, a bourgeois-democratic one, and unlike the October revolution in Russia, was not an armed uprising of the proletariat, but how far a Government established by revolutionary uprising of the army supported by the people can exercise its power for the proletariat is still a question and an experiment of political science. In that respect the Government established in Egypt by armed uprising of the army replacing the corrupt regime of Farouk is now proceeding in a negative direction. The revolutionary and progressive people all over the world and students of history shall look forward with great interest the ultimate result of the glorious revolution in this land of ancient civilization of Babylonian fame.



Members of various democratic youth organisations marching past with their banners in "Babusarjee", the Connaught Circus of Baghdad, on the anniversary of the Iraqi revolution.



Categories in ART

By ASIT K. HALDAR

WE endorse the resentment expressed by some members of the Baroda Group of artists and also the artists of Santiniketan (vide: "Art News", March, 1959. Vol. XII No. 3) regarding classifications devised recently by the learned Pandit-critics of the "Lalita Kala Akademi" to suit their peculiar need ... exhibits for their various exhibitions. In this ... pedantic formula has been evolved viz: (A) ...N; (B) ACADEMIC-REALISTIC; (C) ORI... This classification is most pernicious and ...e. These narrow and materialistic types of ...es of Fine Art were never conceived in India ...

...e art of a healthy nation requires no such arbi... groupings. Art is based on the solid foundation ...ation's comprehensive culture; and as such, ...nnot be any confusion about the typical dis... characteristics of British, Iranian or Indian

...MISM OF ART

...ntly, art is dynamic and can never be kept ...ater-tight compartment isolated from foreign ... But the genius of a nation and its homo... character can be distinguished in spite of such ...ble influences. In the matter of music, how... can feel its conspicuousness according to the ... of its origin. Indian music, from the Hima... the Cape Comorin sustained its homogeneous ... up to the present day. The European music ...ains its unique genius and characteristics. ...longs to the 'ear' *(Sruti)* and so the sligh... ...ation in its note or cadence can be detected. ... graphic art, which belongs to the eye, like ... cannot outrage the observer even if he is ...ed to take it as it is depicted by the artist. ... happen to be a bad copy of an old masterpiece ...h drawing of a sur-realist type. In this paradoxical situation, the art of India is at present suffering a great defeat in conviction and general character.

DENATIONALISATION IN TOLERABLE

Moreover, the scholar-critics' uncalled for categorisation will create a peculiar situation to prolong the deteriorating effect in our modern art and also would gradually shake the very foundation of it. It might destroy the homogeneity and growth of the national consciousness through such artificial denominations. This sort of unwanted arrangement instead of protecting art from continual denationalisation which has taken place since the Victorian era will allow art to relegate into the back bench of the suburb of Paris. A nation's Fine Art can greatly influence and inspire the industries and her national resources in life and character. Denationalisation in the art-life of the country therefore cannot be tolerated.

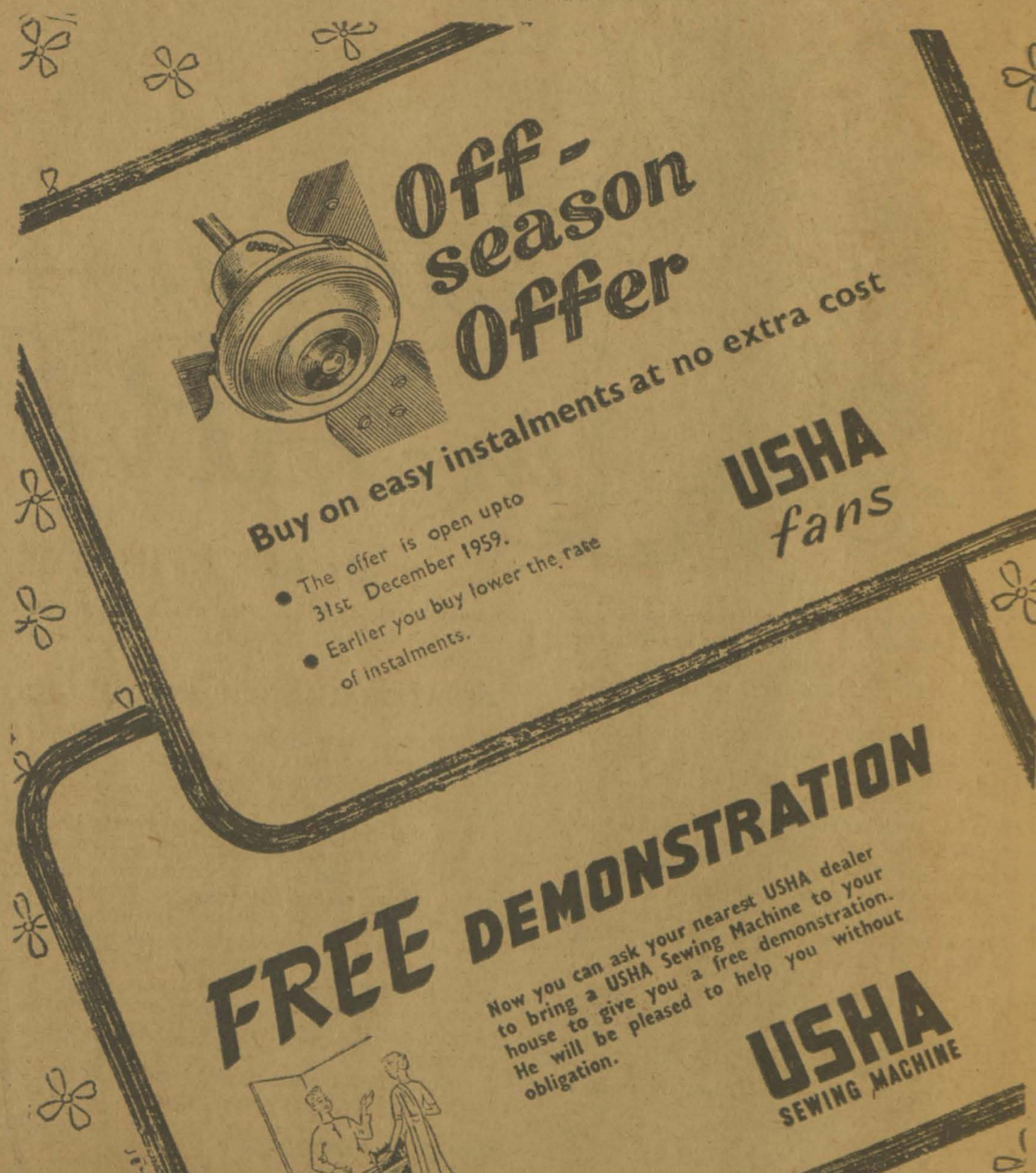
Such novel classifications of the modern artists' work, however, need close scrutiny.

WHAT IS "MODERN"?

Let us now take up the category (A) MODERN. It is indeed a strange phenomenon that the psychological and mental make up of India has suddenly changed with the advent of independence. A challenge has come from our people nurtured in English education who began to show all contempt towards the national movement in Fine Art sponsored by Dr. A. N. Tagore, E. B. Havell, Dr. A. K. Coomaraswami along with their follower-artists. Notwithstanding this unfortunate contempt and indifference of our own people, the Renaissance School, found recognition internationally and became a historical fact and acknowledged by the world-critics and historians.

SCHOLAR-CRITICS' BIASED MIND

The tendency has now been to encourage indiscriminately whimsical productions of the amateur-artists. With the result, that the power to adjudge


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original work based on sound principles of national tradition has vanished. On the other hand, the scholar-critics have ignorantly branded previous examples of the Renaissance School as imitative forms of old masters viz. Moghul, Rajput and Ajanta. The originality and unique inspiration of artistic creation, typical of India, stimulated in their work were totally ignored. If we, however, scrutinise carefully their examples, we clearly see the glorious tradition imbibed and expressed with a renewed vigour, zeal and con- duct. Imagination overclouded by English education, cannot easily find anything good in national tradition and examples of the Renaissance School could not possibly stimulate such biased mind.

It must be acknowledged that India can boast of a great national tradition and assimilation of various foreign cultures without any conscious and deliberate attempt to do so. The denationalisation was never therefore possible in the historical past. The present wave of foreign art, specially that of the French school, is actually disturbing the tranquil equilibrium and traditional understanding on which a nation's art could actually stand.

The scholar-critics have intentionally brought about the MODERN category in an equivocal term, knowing full well that what is "modern" today, be classed as "old" tomorrow. Nevertheless, the western school has to put a label "modern" to their post-war experiments with child-psychology-cum-Fine Art. If we follow the historical background of such an ideology, we can determine the following facts in European art.

"MODERN" EUROPEAN ART

All graphic art in fact—all likenesses in lines and colours—grew at the outset out of human curiosity from the obscure time and gradually as time passed, it developed as subsidiary to "glorification of God". With the advent of civilization, emerging out of a primitive Paganism, the western world gained fresh impetus in art by fostering their newly acquired Christian religion through painting. An early primitive Byzantine and Gothic art became a tradition which inherited the technique from Pagan antiquity. With the development of science in Europe, European painting at the beginning of the 13th century, aimed at being true to nature or 'the flattering mirror of living creatures and inanimate objects'. It was indeed a frantic effort to imitate life realistically by inventing perspective and light and shade. It was, however, ultimately liberated with the invention of photography in the early 19th century Now that a camera can play all the tricks, to catch realistic living objects, European artists will have, therefore, to invent some novel technique to challenge the sphere usurped by the photography in art. Therefore psychological reality in art developed and "cave-men's" primitive art has been deliberately taken up by the resourceful French artists. A "modern" group of art has come to stay in Europe as a new model.

Obviously, modern European art has its commercial aspect and is backed by powerful, organised advertisement and splendid salesmanship. Whereas according to age-long tradition question of reward is not vital to the artists of India art is to them—*Sadhana;* metaphysical self-realisation through art is their goal. "The Indian artist," according to a British philosopher, Joad, "was a philosopher first and artist next. Art was not a copy of nature, nor was pursued for its sake". The modern phenomenal change in western art therefore is untenable as a criterion for modern art of India. These modern amateur artists in India should therefore be classed as imitators of *Modern European Style* and only MODERN nomenclature cannot serve the purpose.

(B) ACADEMIC-REALISTIC: While describing the historical background of western art, we have already dealt how Fine Art performed its office to disseminate Christian religion in the Middle ages in Europe. When subsequent zeal for the renaissance ceased, with the invention of photography, the Academic-Realistic art also gave way to a semi-barbarous art after the two Great World Wars. The previous growth and progress of aesthetic mind ceased and a frantic regimental enjoyment in line and colour—devoid of all sense of proportion and intellectual discipline—random rudimental expressions of pre-historic barbarous nature became a dominant feature in the modern art of Europe. Thus, this kind of modern revolutionary art of Fauvism, sur-realism and Dadaism profaned the Fine Art of Europe. Art has become a cheap plaything for all to dabble in.

BRITISH ART-MASTERS & INDIA

In India, erstwhile British art-masters in all the provincial schools of Art taught the South Kensington type of 'Academic-Realistic' art to their Indian students. According to them, they were in India to serve their divine mission to educate Indian artists in Fine Art as they earnestly believed it lacked so much in India. Our people being inordinately civilized through their English education, began to decry art heritage of their own country and supported the ideas preached by the then British art-masters in the various provincial schools. The result has been that a class of such artists are still practising "Academic-Realistic" paintings. To such artists, all art belonging to ancient India, viz. Ajanta, Bagh, Amaravati or Ellora etc., are of primitive types, as they were not done according to the strict 'Academic' manner using models or sitters.

ROLE OF IMAGINATION

Imagination played a great role in Indian art. Artists of India in the past, up to the Moghul period, did everything out of their imagination. The sustained development of imaginative or intuitive power in Indian art could not be traced in Europe. The early Christian Byzantine art though fundamentally imaginative expressions of the saint-artists, hopelessly remained puppet-like conventional and primitive. Whereas, contemporary Ajanta painting of imaginative type glowed with life and reality. No model or sitter was ever used in Indian art. They cultivated brilliant imagination—and by 'seeing through their mind's eyes' produced images of all kinds

"INDO-EUROPEAN"

So, this kind of *Academic-Realistic* art should be called *Indo-European* to suit proper classifications. We are afraid, collecting such Indo-European realistic painting may still be a hobby of the rich men but their ignorance should under no circumstances be exploited by our National Art Akademi, instead the

Akademi should teach them the right things to do. Good education yields good results. We know, once while in London, Havell made H.H. the Maharaja of Burdwan to leave the Christi's sale and buy paintings from the Indian Society of Oriental Art's Exhibition in Calcutta.

CATEGORY "ORIENTAL"

(C) ORIENTAL: The word "Oriental" is too big, as it embraces Asian art in general and not Indian art in particular. The legacy of Indian art can be traced from pre-historic days to the Moghul period and none would hesitate to think it unwise to restore it to its proper place in national life and culture. It is the art of a nation which could create a right emotion to build up a healthy mind of the people.

Imitation of any art-form would hardly do any good and would simply create false-pride and end in technical gymnastics. We are sometimes shocked to see such imitations of 'Kangra' 'Ajanta' and 'Moghul' art which are given false ornamental and conventional uniqueness by the commercial artists of India to embellish illustrated magazines. We also wonder to find the Akademi exhibiting such crude examples and labelling them as "Oriental" art. These lopsided *Oriental* work would do irreparable harm to Indian art more than those *European realistic* type of works. Such pseudo-Indian painting can however serve the purpose of poster designs for commercial advertisements. A good draftsman-artist can invent such patterns out of any type of painting. Intellectual faculty of an artist is lowered to the extreme for the sake of mass-production and chief popularity. Amateur artists having no talent for art can be excused for such mal-practices in art.

MEANING OF FINE ART

The real meaning of Fine Art is a pursuit in which mind or imagination is chiefly engaged. And all other minor arts are meant for the utility and not for its own sake. In this manner the modern European primitive type of work can be classed as useful art and therefore has a restricted value of a lower nature and sentiment.

THREE ARENAS FOR LIBERATION

After the political goal was achieved in India, there are still three arenas left to liberate from the western influence. (A) In the musical arena, the development of national music has not of course received a setback. (B) All sportsmen, in the sports-arena are selected even (for the Olympic competitions etc.) out of those who are considered worthy to represent India, and we have got nothing to complain. Whereas, (C) in the arena of Fine Art we find no restrictions imposed by the governmental organisations. All amateurs are generally encouraged by the National Akademi *en masse*. This practice should come to an end forthwith. The three stigmas now branded as MODERN, ACADEMIC-REALISTIC and ORIENTAL in classifying Fine Art of modern India will help further deterioration of art-sense and good taste among our people.

CATEGORIES FROM SHILPA-SHASTRA

Actually speaking, there can be three denominations in art according to the various emotional aspects found in it. According to the *Shilpa-Sashtra* there are (A) *Deva-Shilpa*, i.e. *Sattvic* (highly developed imagination and metaphysical expressions); (B) *Nara-Shilpa*, i.e. *Rajasic*, (all materialistic reality) and (C) *Asuric-Shilpa*, i.e. *Tamasic*, (chaotic expressions of the primitive unbalanced types). In India, we should see art through our own eyes instead of through borrowed spectacles, failing which modern Indian art will remain a bad example of Parisian suburb. Havell truly said, "If art is dead in India then her culture is dead and would remain a mere geographical expression".

PHOTON ROCKET

(*Continued from page 216*)

ing the speed of light, i.e. 300,000 k.m. per second.

A light-year is the distance travelled by light ray in one terrestrial year.

The maximum acceleration a man can stand for a long time amounts to 3-fold the force of gravity. With such acceleration a photon rocket will reach sublight speed within several months. The German scientist Senger, using Einstein's "Theory of Relativity", has proved that travelling with sublight speed it is possible to reach any part of this Universe in lifetime. The basic thing is that, the course of time for a space photon-rocket-traveller will be decelerated. The further the acceleration, the more the relative deceleration of time.

Thus a traveller making a trip to the Andromeda Nebula will spend, maybe 14 or 18 years of his life in his journey both ways according to his watch. But on returning to the earth he will find that 66000 or 3 million terrestrial years have passed on the earth. Then man will be able to look into the future of the earth during his lifetime.

SOCIAL WELFARE IN INDIA

(*Continued from page 229*)

and priority—is relevantly and inevitably on schemes and projects of industrial development and other sources of national wealth like augmentation of agricultural output, mining industries, development of transport and communications etc. Expenditure on social services (especially on welfare services as such) has to take a secondary place. Nevertheless a developing economy can be a stable economy only if it is a balanced one—if industrial and agricultural development is supported by a social services base reflected in the progress of education, public health, and housing, elimination of slum conditions, and provision of various other community services which produce a psychology of satisfaction and a feeling of participation among large sections of the population hitherto backward, under-developed or neglected. If this cardinal consideration is borne in mind it would facilitate the emergence of a correct perspective on the problem. In its report, the A.I.C.C. Sub-Committee on Planning has explained the *raison de etre* of social services thus:

> For the balanced and satisfying growth of the economy in addition to the commonly accepted objectives, a national minimum of social services should be assured to the people of rural areas. Such a national minimum will go a long way to give practical content to freedom and democracy and will create confidence and enthusiasm among the masses that their welfare and progress is the central purpose of all planning.

Though the reference here is to rural areas, the observation applies with equal force to many urban areas the problems of which are slightly different but where conditions for healthful living or amenities of *civilised living* are not by any means abundant.


The festive season is here again—
There's music in the air . . . happy, glowing faces, the silvery tinkle of gay laughter . . . dazzling flashes of colourful dresses . . . and lights, lights everywhere! Every window is brightly lit, the street corners are ablaze with light . . . this is the time when you think of OSRAM lamps—the lamp that lights up the festive nights.
Osram
THE WONDERFUL LAMP



Wat Ratburana, an extensive monastery at Ayudhia where Buddha images and Buddhist votive tablets have been found ranging from those of Indian Pala style to Singhalese type, showing expansion of Buddhism in Thailand. especially as works of art which are at least more than 500 years old.

INDIAN CULTURAL INFLUENCES IN THAILAND

By DR. R. L. SONI

WEDGED into the south-eastern corner of Asia between the two great countries of India and China lies a large piece of peninsular land famed for its picturesque natural scenery, richness of mineral wealth and the charm of its inhabitants, who besides are unique in their cultural and religious affinities. Also, because of the extensive paddy cultivation in this area, the zone is aptly called as 'the rice bowl of Asia'. Naturally divided into three sections, mainly because of the direction of the majestic mountain ranges and lordly water courses, the middle section of this vast tract, known till recently as Siam, goes today by the name of Thailand. Flanked by Laos and Cambodia on the North and East and by Burma on the West, Thailand shares many a common feature with these neighbours. Apart from the geographical propinquity and historical contacts among these, there exist many a common cultural trend and religious affinity. Also, a peculiar feature associated with this zone is that all the countries comprising it, though mostly akin to China racially, have been culturally and religiously swayed by the influences emanating from India in the past. Of course, these influences were not limited to these countries alone. Powerful and great, irresistible and benevolent, as these were, these covered, more or less, the whole of Asia and even spread over parts of Europe and in distant Mexico in America. Thus, the cultural boundaries of India far exceeded her geographical limits.

INDIA'S CULTURAL SUZERAINTY

Of all the nations of antiquity potent in their influence on human thought and achievements, India and China are the only ones alive today. While the dead cultures of Syria and Egypt, Greece and Rome, are matters of mere archaeological interest or historical inspiration, those of India and China continued without a break and are still potent and vitally alive. Of the two, India's influence has decidedly been the greater, for, even China for long basked under the sunshine of Indian cultural suzerainty. Non-dictatorial in nature and invariably beneficial, the Indian influences were culturally sublime and spiritually mature. Ever ready to compromise with local needs and requirements, these played a great role in laying solid foundations of national cultures in different countries. The potency of these influences was rooted in two causes, namely the maturity of Indian thought and the benevolence of Buddhist outlook. The Indian commercial intercourse, quite voluminous even in the pre-Christian centuries and with a wide sphere of influence in the international field, assumed a new meaning with the advent of Buddhism in India. The Hindus shortly followed suit in this cultural expansion. The result was a magnificent phenomenon, namely greater India, VIRAT-VISHAL BHARAT. In this marvellous cultural overflow from India, though the Buddhist influences were in most cases predominant, the

Hindu influence was not at all inconsiderable. There was generally a happy co-existence between the two, if not an actual synthesis.

The lovely country of Thailand is an excellent example of the enduring influence exercised by the Indian thought and culture on the life of her people. With all the vicissitudes of history and the rise and fall of powerful kingdoms and golden cities, the old culture of India still survives considerably in Thailand. It has a powerful stronghold on the Thai psychology and its effects are discernible in many an aspect of the Thai life.

The pattern of Thai day-to-day life, though on the surface gives a seeming resemblance to European and American influences, is in its depths certainly conditioned by Indian thought and the Buddhist way of life. The beliefs, the customs, the way of living and thinking are all what bear the mark of influences from India harking back to the time when India was at the height of her glory and Buddhism the most precious jewel in her crown.

POLITICAL CHANGES

Thailand, with a population of over 20 millions and an area rather less than that of Burma, belongs to the *Theravada* group of countries and is one of the most powerful seats of Buddhist culture and learning in the world.

Modern historians consider Thailand from the 13th century, when the Thais founded and expanded their first independent kingdom of *Sukhothai*. This was the result of the revolt against the ruling *Mons* and *Khmers* by the scattered Thai immigrants from the Thai kingdom of *Nanchao* and the earlier entrants from *Hunan* in Central China since the 6th century A.C. In a century there arose at *Ayuthia* a new kingdom which shortly eclipsed *Sukhothai*. It went on registering progress and prosperity for full four hundred years, glorifying Buddhism as *Pagan* had done in Burma. In 1767, however, the *Ayuthian* capital was finally destroyed by the Burmese as ruthlessly as was their own at *Pagan* by the Chinese some 500 years earlier. Shortly after this national disaster, the King of *Dhonburi* established a new dynasty. One of his generals, however, proclaimed himself the king in 1782 and founded the current *Chakri* Dynasty as *King Rama I*. A bloodless revolution in 1932 led to the adoption of a constitution with limited monarchy. The present king is *H. M. Bhumipal Adulyadeja King Rama the IX*.

ADVENT OF SANSKRIT & PALI

At the time the Thais assumed political authority in the country in the 13th or the early 14th century A.C., there was already considerable Cambodian influence at work. Of course the *Mons* were also there. As both were highly civilized because of their cultural contacts with India, the Thais very wisely accepted the situation as it was. As a matter of fact, not a few rulers of the *Mons* and the Cambodians were of Indian or partly Indian blood. The obvious result was that the Indian culture attained to a status of great respect, which even it otherwise merited because of its intrinsic values. It may be said in a general way that the culture that the Thais got through the *Mons* was mostly Buddhistic and that through the Cambodians mostly Brahministic. Thus *Pali* as well as *Sanskrit* came to influence the Thai language. And, it is not uncommon to find some Buddhist words written as in *Sanskrit* but pronounced as in Pali, the most conspicuous examples being *Dharma* (*Dhamma*), *Sraddha* (*Saddha*), and *Anitya* (*Anicca*).

Earlier, from the 7th century A.C. onwards there was a very powerful Indian kingdom in the Pacific zone known by the name of *Srivijai*, which because of its *Mahayanistic* affiliations considerably influenced Thailand and Cambodia in favour of *Sanskrit* Buddhism. Preceding the *Srivijai* Period was the *Dvaravadi* Period when the *Mons* in the territory of the *Chaophya* River in Thailand promoted the *Theravada* Buddhism after the fall in the 6th century A.C. of the *Funan* Kingdom, the rulers of which were either Indians or of Indian blood by marriage. And, it is a matter of historic interest that long before that, Emperor *Asoka's* missionaries came from India and established a Shrine at *Nakorn* in Thailand in the 3rd century B.C. This shows that Indian cultural and commercial missions were already at work in Thailand at that early date.

CONFLUENCE OF CULTURES

From the above sweeping retrospect of the Thai history, it is evident that the country has been under Indian influences from remote antiquity. Of course, the place has been the melting pot of diverse cultural waves. There has been a co-mingling of cultural influences since the days when the *Mons* and *Khmers*, both civilized by influences from India, ruled the country some 2000 years before the Thais assumed the sovereignty. The *Mon*, the *Khmer*, the Chinese, and the Indian influences all had their play. In one sense they were local entities: in another they, with the possible exception of the Chinese, were exclusively the product of Indian thought and culture. Therefore, it is not surprising that the Thais, on the assumption of power, formally adopted the Indian culture, giving it the status of the royal seal. On this reared the superstructure of the Thai life during the last seven centuries. That is why the essential note of the Thai culture, despite the appearances to the contrary, is spiritual and Indian. This, besides, helped a cultural continuity of the Thais with their past and gave to them a moral stability and spiritual strength. It is because of the deep and powerful roots coming to them from distant antiquity that the Thais feel confident of the national superstructure built by them: this also makes them face the future with optimism. It is for this reason that when we talk of the history of Thailand, we mean not alone the story since the Thais began to rule but also the narration of the happenings for some 2000 years before that great event.

MONS AND PALI BUDDHISM

Certainly, of the earliest inhabitants the most important were the *Mons*, through whom *Pali* Buddhism reached the country from India. The general presumption is that they were from the *Telingana* region of South India. They were greatly responsible for the extension of Indian maritime trade and the promotion of Buddhist and Indian culture in foreign lands.

Of course, the *Mons* were not the only ones who extended the boundaries of Indian culture. They were certainly the pioneers. Waves after waves of direct as well as indirect Indian influences followed. Later, the *Gupta* influence reached Thailand in the 7th century A.C. as evidenced by the numerous images of the period unearthed in Thailand. Between the 7th and 12th centuries A.C. there was the powerful Kingdom of *Srivijai* in South-East Asia, when Hindu (*Shaive* and *Vaishnu*) and *Mahayana* influences be-

(*Continued on page 240*)

A STUDY IN SPIRITUALISM AND ALLIED PHENOMENA

ontinued from page 219)

mas try to help a dying person to leave the body that route by a special rite. Both in Tibet and ia, great importance is attached to the correct nunciation of the seed formula (*bija-mantra*).

Indian attitude towards *mantra* is described in ut-shell by scholars (including even foreign scho- like Sir John Woodroff) as "he (i.e. the chanter) rishes the *mantra* and the *mantra* nourishes "——i.e. the *mantra* is made alive by correct chant- and when it is made alive it can do its work and helps the chanter.

The Tibetans have also borrowed from India three mystic *nadis* (arteries, veins) which play important part in various Yogas and psychic rcises. Yogic exercises are now being appreciated various countries of the world. Some of the Tibe- cults could also be found amongst the Tantrics India—many such cults could not be appreciated anyone who does not belong to those cults.

AVING BODY AT WILL

In India (as also in Tibet) examples could be nd where one's soul can enter the body of an- er and in this connection the story of Sankra- aryya might be recalled. Sankracharyya had a tural duel with a *tantric*, Madan Mishra, whose e Bharati seeing her husband being worsted claim- that unless she be defeated (as wife is half-part her husband) Sankracharyya could not claim a tory. She saw a chance, viz. that Sankracharyya ng an ascetic must be ignorant of *Kama-shastra* njugal science). On being questioned in that bject, Sankracharyya took a month's time, kept his dy in a remote cave in charge of his disciples and ered the body of one *rajah* Amaruka, who was t dead. The *rajah* was resurrected to the great of his numerous wives, concubines and favou- es; but it was noticed that the resurrected *rajah* s far more intelligent than the former *rajah*. The nisters and the *ranees* (queens) rightly under- od that the soul of some ascetic had entered the dy and would leave it when the occasion would be er. To avoid the latter they ordered the destruc- n of all "non-living" bodies and in the nick of e Sankracharyya returned to his own body.

OWER OF CONCENTRATION

However, the main secret of the psychic exer- es, including Yogic and many other allied exer- es, is the art of concentration and of correct nting of the seed-formula (*bija mantra*). By pro- concentration, suitable energy is accumulated ich makes it possible to work wonders. In Sans- ta, *tapa* is also known as heat-producing. Talis- n, charm, amulet etc., for the cure of various ail- nts or for protection, are said to have accumulat- energy or are blessed with holy formulas for which power is attained. There is a saying in Tibet that n a dog's tooth emits light if there be sufficient neration. There, the story goes, the pious mother a Tibetan merchant to India wanted him to bring me relic from India, which he forgot. Lest his mo- er be disappointed, he took a tooth from the re- ins of a dog's jaw lying on the road-side and ssed it on to his mother as a tooth of Sariputta (a ted disciple of Buddha). The mother and all other agers began to worship the tooth and ultimately began to emit light. Or in other words, the concen- ation was such that there was enough energy to it light. As a matter of fact the effect of prayers s in concentration. By this means, soul-force be- mes more and more powerful. Sage Vasista let out ul-force to counteract the *asuric* force (military wer) of Viswamitra and the military force had to e way. In the present age, the soul-force revived Mahatma Gandhi was enough to set at naught the powerful machinery of the British Imperialists—rather the more coercive the method was the more soul-force gained momentum in the freedom move- ment.

As a matter of fact, Geeta indicates that by meditation and concentration we can uplift our- selves and can even guide our destinies and future life.

The Blessed Lord says in the Geeta, "By stead- fast practice of meditation with unwavering mind (not moving elsewhere) a constant thought of the Supreme Divine Being, one goes to Him (VIII, 8).... The worshippers of gods (*debas*) go to the gods; to the ancestors go the ancestor worshippers; the spirit worshippers go to the spirits; but My worshippers come unto Me (IX, 25)" (Translation by Swami Pa- ramananda).

"GURUDEVA" THE AFRICAN SPIRITUALIST

In various countries religious, semi-religious and ghostly rites exist—some are dying out. Even some countries are trying to forget or deny God. Funeral rites and the rites at the time of death are intended for the betterment of the dead in their after exis- tence. To the Europeans, the African 'black-magic' is a savage rite without any value, but one way to catch a culprit was to make all the suspects to drink some charmed water and it won't affect anyone ex- cept the culprit. I know of an African spiritualist who came to India for further investigation in spiri- tualism. He is now dead but he has a medium who invokes his soul to the benefit of distressed people.

He is called "GURUDEVA" (Revered Spiritual Guide) by his admirers—as in seance his soul initia- tes or 'baptises' living disciples in *bija-mantra* (seed- formula) for spiritual uplift. Letters addressed to Gurudeva in sealed envelopes with blank papers for reply is put by the medium before the invoked soul (Gurudeva) and the blank papers are filled up with answers without breaking open the seal. Even amu- lets for the cure of diseases are found inside the sealed envelopes.

Let me now revert to a few spiritual phenome- na. A relation of mine had a bad type of gastric ulcer and a small amulet was dropped from the atmos- phere by "Gurudeva" and she was cured on wearing it. I have seen photo of the invoked soul coming down to me. I have seen actual writing with invisible hand and the hand-writing is similar to that of the invoked soul when alive. I had obstinate asthma of 20 years' standing (1926-46), and the best available medical treatment could not cure me. I got the pres- cription of a medicine for asthma which not only cured me but I am curing others with it.

A gentleman of unimpeachable reliability told me that he had seen certain rite in which a *tantric* sat on the dead-body of a *Chandala* (man of low order) in which the dead-body began to move in its attempt to throw out the sitter. Lack of space does not permit me to multiply such instances (or to ela- borate the subject), but I should mention at least one from ancient Egypt. The grave of the boy-king Tutankhamen was found and in the word of Prof. J. C. Mardus, the famous French Egyptologist, the following was found inscribed at the entrance of the tomb by way of warning:—

O Ye from above! O Ye being from below! Phantoms riding in the breast of men! Ye of the cross-roads and the great highways, wanderers beneath the shade of the night! And Ye from the abysses of the west, on the fringes of the twilight, dwellers of the caverns of obscurity, who rouse terrors and shudderings! And Ye walkers by night whom I shall not name, friends

(Continued On Page 250)

INDIAN CULTURAL INFLUENCES IN THAILAND

(Continued from page 238)

came predominant. The Sailendra empire, the veritable guardian of the maritime route to India, was but an extension of this Kingdom.

HINDU INFLUENCES : RAMAYANA

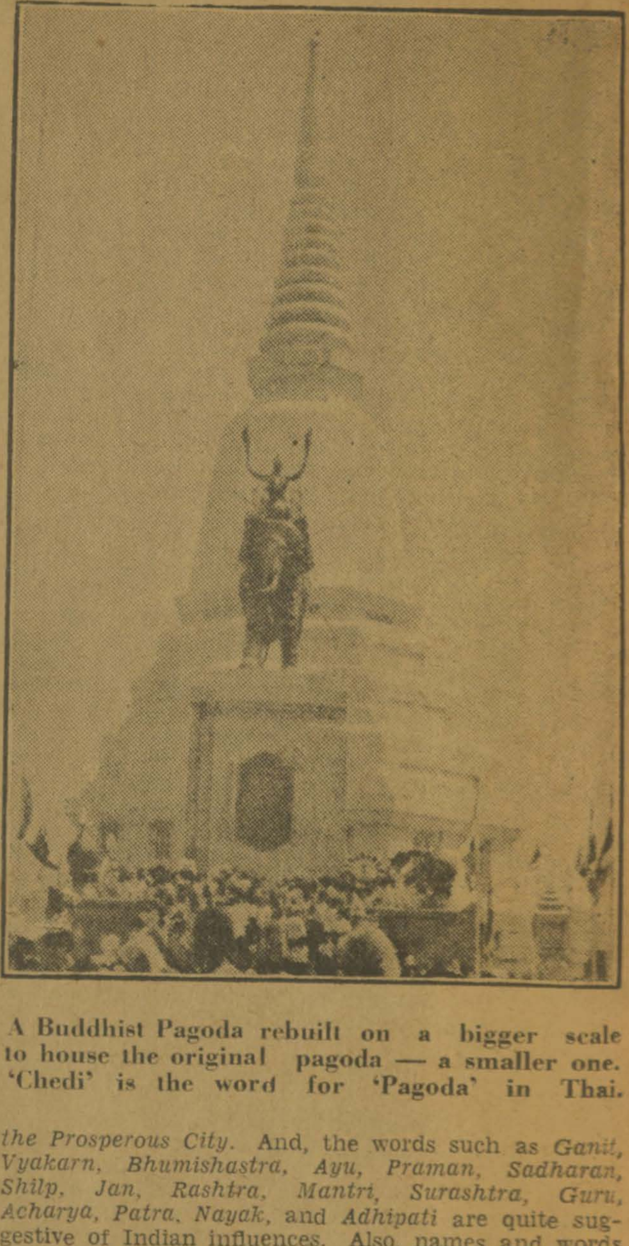
The present religion of Thailand is *Theravada* Buddhism. However, Hindu influences from ancient India are still in evidence. For example, Bangkok's Royal Temple has on the walls of its extensive corridors lovely frescoes depicting the whole of the *Ramayana*. Besides, *Ramakiriti*, as the *Ramayana* is called in Thailand, is annually played as a drama. Also, *Manu* is an authority on Law, and the kings feel a genuine pride in assuming the title of *Rama*. And, *Hanuman* of the *Ramayana* story still has a peculiar fascination for the people who are specially fond of the mask shows with the monkey-prince as the central figure. Of course, the mask plays are quite popular in Thailand. However, the story mostly is from the *Ramayana* or a local modification of some episode from there, and the dress invariably is from Indian models. It seems the high ethical tone and the martial episodes of the *Ramayana* are the causes of its universal popularity in Thailand, where the people certainly love heroism in the context of human instincts and ethical values, which the epic impressively depicts and expounds. Even the kings have been considerably interested in the *Ramayana*. The best known of the present mask-plays of it was written by *King Rama VI*, who based his work on the classical *Ramayana* of *Valmiki*. May it also be stated that there are at least four Thai versions of the *Ramayana*. The Indian epic of the *Mahabharata*, though comparatively less popular, is also available in Thai translation. Apart from these Indian literary influences, there still linger on some Brahministic ideas and ceremonials. Also, the visitor to Thailand may find as decorations of the door and window panels of some Buddhist temples some Brahministic gods. This should not lead to the belief that those gods are worshipped by the Buddhists in Thailand. They are merely there as a part of the Buddhist mythology wherein Hindu gods worship *the Buddha*.

MUSIC AND DANCE STYLES

Coming to music, the Thai musical instruments, particularly the percussion and the rhythmic ones, are not unlike those used in Burma, and we dare say that the originals of both had their birth in India. However, the national genius has devised a system of music which is quite fascinating and peculiarly Thai. It has its own style of expression, and the traditional style has been helped in its preservation by being taken down in Western notation. The classical dances in Thailand are the most fascinating, so much so that the spectators feel transported to the colourful court of *Indra* in the heavens. The style of dance and the dresses worn are after ancient Indian models, and the significance though apparently sensual is really spiritual.

SANSKRITIC NAMES AND WORDS

Works of art and culture in Thailand are eloquent of Indian classical influences. Also, *Sanskrit* and *Pali* form a considerable coefficient of the national language. Not a few names of persons and places are rooted in these languages. Thus, *Sukhothai*, the name of the ancient capital, spells in Sanskrit *Sukh-udai*, meaning the *Dawn of Happiness*. And, *Dhonburi*, the name of the last kingdom, is the Thai phonetic of the *Sanskrit Dhan-puri*, meaning



A Buddhist Pagoda rebuilt on a bigger scale to house the original pagoda — a smaller one. 'Chedi' is the word for 'Pagoda' in Thai.

the Prosperous City. And, the words such as *Ganit, Vyakarn, Bhumishastra, Ayu, Praman, Sadharan, Shilp, Jan, Rashtra, Mantri, Surashtra, Guru, Acharya, Patra, Nayak*, and *Adhipati* are quite suggestive of Indian influences. Also, names and words such as *Dhammaniyom, Prempridi, Vira, Arun, Prabhanda, Vichitra, Suvijja, Sunanda, Sanghavasi, Srivicharn, Dharmasakti, Indra, Suriyabodhi, Surindra, Nilawant, Ashok. Bharat, Asha, Lakshmi, Swarg*, and *Nagar* are quite suggestive. So are the names of the roads such as *Prabhat* Lane, *Suriyawongse* Road, *Rajaprasong* Road etc. Also, it is a pleasant surprise to know the names of some of the leading hotels as *Ratanakosin, Suriyanond*, and *Erawan*. The last, the best hotel in the country, derives its name from the *Saka's* or *Indra's* famed elephant of the Indian mythology. This mythological elephant is stated to have 33 heads to accommodate the 33 gods of the *Tavatimsa* Heaven as the mahouts of *Indra*. Each head had seven tusks, each tusk carried seven lotus plants, each plant seven flowers, each flower seven petals, on each of which danced seven fairies. Such a fantastic imagination, originally worked up in India, catches the imagination of everybody. No wonder, the Thais have a hotel to this name. And certainly it is an experience to reside in this hotel, for, it gives a foretaste of *Indra's* heaven on earth.

Leave alone the Thais ! Even the UNO in Thai-

seem to have been infected by the Indian influ-s. for, they have named the magnificent Hall of specialized Agency ECAFE *'Sala Santitham,'* an expression meaning *'The abode of Peace'*. fifth Conference of the World Fellowship of hists which the author attended as a Distin-ed Visitor from Burma, was held in November in this hall, decidedly the best in Asia for inter-nal gatherings.

IAN THOUGHT DOMINATES

The more one studies the Thai people and their re, the more will one be inclined to the belief Indian thought really played a dominant role modelling the outlook of the Thai race. Of se, such influences are also discernible in Burma, a matter of fact, more or less, in the whole of h-East Asia. However, an impartial study gives unmistakable impression that though Burma is rally near to India, Thailand is nearer still. Of se, there are special reasons to account for such ate.

The Thais accept it as a matter of national pride ace their cultural foundations to the celebrated of Emperor *Asoka's* missionaries, Venerables a and *Uttara*, to *Nakorn Pathom*, the oldest hist shrine in Thailand, which has recently been vated to magnificent proportions. While on our image to this sacred site last year, our thoughts nctively moved to the golden days of *Asoka*, the sublime message of *the Buddha* radiated and wide from its homeland in India through wonderful missionaries, who undaunted by the rds of perilous journeys covered almost the e civilized world with results happy as well as ous.

KORN PATHOM SHRINES

It was a moving experience to witness the anci-shrine at *Nakorn Pathom* being worshipped as most sacred in the country, sacred not alone se of being the oldest but because of having in e Relics of *the Buddha*, the greatest son of a, brought to Thailand on the conclusion of the Buddhist *Sangayana* (Synod) in India under atronage of the greatest ruler in history, namely ror *Asoka* of India. As we worshipped with t devotion, a thrill of joy ran up the spine and describable peace perfused our mind. The place has a charming spiritual atmosphere of its Since the auspicious day two thousand and undred years back, when the sacred relics were ted there by the sacred hands of the great mis-ries from India, to today, the repository has venerated by innumerable devotees. Almost all hais and *Mons* and *Khmers* and others who ited the country throughout the generations, ngs, the monks and the laity, men as well as n and even children, the rich and the poor, the as well as the low, all had wended their feet to lace, with their hearts overflowing with devo-their hands clasped in veneration and with s and lights and incense, and their heads bowed in humility and spiritual contemplation. What a tremendous thanksgiving offered to *the Buddha!* "Is it not as well an expression of gratitude to India, which produced *the Buddha?*" We reflected in silence. And, what a wonder! Even the very dust of the place is considered eternally sanctified by the touch of the sacred feet of the great Indian spiritual emissaries of *Dhammasoka*. Everyone in Thailand, from the King downwards, considers it an honour and a privilege to worship at the Shrine. Even the present King once put on robes of a monk for a fortnight and went to worship there. It was a moving experience for the people to witness the sovereign of the land, with the yellow robes on and the alms-bowl in hand, devotedly and gracefully walking barefooted to the spot hallowed by Indian and Buddhist associations in the distant past.

ANSWER TO ALL QUESTIONS

Nakorn Pathom is verily the corner-stone of Indian influences in Thailand. It is as well the answer to all questions on the influence of Buddhism in the country. If anyone asks questions such as why there is so much Buddhism in Thailand, why so many shrines in the country, why *the Buddha* images of all sizes and makes outnumber the human population in the land, why the architecture and sculpture, dance and drama, music and masked shows, even the embroidery and jewellery, cutlery and crockery, bear more or less the impress of Indian or Buddhist influence, why the language of the Thais has so many words and expressions derived from the *Pali* and *Sanskrit* of India, and why the dress of the people till the last century was somewhat Indian and why their mode of greeting is even today Indian, we point to *Nakorn Pathom* for the answer, for, *Nakorn Pathom* is not ony the most ancient and sacred shrine in glory of the Buddha but also the most ancient memorial in honour of the Indian influences in Thailand.

BUDDHISM, THE NATION'S HEARTBEAT

The Thai life is evidently keyed to the Buddhist values. Its creative powers are substantially influenced by the Buddhist thought. Buddhism verily is the heartbeat of the nation: it regulates the moral pulse-rate of the people. It is not an artifice but gone deep into the national psychology. And, the benevolent impulse deep down in the heart of the nation is well borne out by the majesty the Thai life wears on the surface. This has given not only dignity but also moral fragrance and spiritual aroma to their life. No wonder, the Thais are classed as one of the most lovable people on the surface of the earth. Hospitable, kindhearted, intelligent, radiant with smiles, and very pious, they indeed are remarkable. They are besides a people who have found the secret of happiness in the midst of trials and tribulations of life and the ups and downs of fortune: this is because they do not easily lose hold of the footstand of the eternal verities of *'anicca'* (change), *'dukkha'* (suffering), and *'anatta'* (unselfishness) taught to them by Buddhism.

INDIA'S EASTWARD CULTURAL FLOW

From the observations made above it is obvious that the Thai life is richly interwoven with Indian influences. These influences, however, are not of today, nor were these imparted in the near past. These came to Thailand when India was in the golden period of her history. The age of *the Buddha* and of *Asoka*, the epochs of *Kanishka*, *Harsha* and *Guptas*, mark the glorious past of India. Then India

was politically powerful and great, commercially greater, and the greatest in cultural sphere. While resplendent with peace and prosperity at home, her merchant navies plied over the great oceans touching at the great ports of call in the Pacific, the Far East as well as in the West as far as Rome and beyond: her missionaries, inspired by the ideal of *'service above self'* went far and wide sharing the cultural and spiritual treasures of India with the whole world: even the adventurers from India became the founders of great kingdoms and empires on foreign soils, where their name is venerated to this day. India rose eternally in the eyes of the world because of the most beautiful flower of the human race, *the Buddha*, she produced, because of the *Asoka* she gave birth to, the like of whom as a ruler the world has yet to produce, and because of the long line of saints and sages, reformers and scholars who sprang up from her sacred soil.

THE EBB TIDE SETS IN

In due course, however, the law of *'anicca'* (change) brought evil days to India, and she found herself under the heel of the conquerors. For centuries she was in terrible difficulties: there was in consequence an appreciable ebb in the flow of her cultural and spiritual life, so much so that she even forgot her most glorious son, *the Buddha*, mostly because of whom her name was glorified in whole of Asia and abroad. In a dark period as this, obviously, the cultural flow from her ceased to Thailand as to other places. Now that India has once more come into her own, there is every hope that the old ties shall again be revived and promoted. But, this shall only be possible when India becomes fully conscious of the glory of Buddhism as a force to be reckoned with in the cultural life of Asia. During the last 800 years, while India was battling with difficulties at home and stepping back culturally and spiritually because of those difficulties, Buddhism continued experimenting on foreign soils in the context of diverse and even adverse conditions. In keeping with the spirit of Indian culture, wherever it went it endeavoured to serve and not to impose itself on others. That is why we find that in Thailand, as in other places, the Indian influences changed form, though the substratum remained Indian. For example, in sculpture, while the iconography remained Indian, the style assumed local character. The same is true of the language, the classical drama and art in general. That is why not a single image of *the Buddha* cast, sculptured, or engraved in Thailand will be found to be an exact replica of the original in India. Certainly, the culture in Thailand, with all the substratum of Indian influences in it, is frankly national.

Culture, it must be understood, is not a static affair: it is a dynamic phenomenon. Even today in Thailand there are influences at work to give new expressions to the traditional art. In the context of such efforts, it is not possible to say as to what the future pattern of Thai art shall be like. However, the conjecture can be proffered that even though it becomes absolutely necessary to harmonise the classical forms with the modern needs, it shall perhaps never be possible to completely eradicate the vital vein of Indian influences from the Thai art. Moreover, the Temple and the Shrine, which have been the highest expression of the Thai art in the past, are expected to continue with classical sculpture and paintings rooted in Indian influences, even when the minor arts connected with jewellery, silver-ware, textile, pottery, lacquer-work etc. become modernised.

SPRINGS OF THAI LIFE

In conclusion, India radiated to the Thai nation and their pre-Thai ancestors, who themselves were Indians or inspired by Indian ideals, countless influences in the cultural, commercial, and religious fields, which enduringly conditioned the Thai way of life and thought. These direct influences from India were further reinforced by indirect Buddhist influences via Ceylon, Cambodia and Burma. Even though the roots of the Thai culture are substantially Indian, the growth from these has not strictly followed the Indian models. While the ethico-spiritual as well as the material values inspiring the Thais have been in the past mostly Indian, the forms these took in the Thai hands have been mostly national. However, it will not be easy to understand the springs of Thai life without a proper understanding of Buddhism in the context of Indian culture. It is not a matter of small consequence that the Indian influences of the past have endured in Thailand despite a protracted cultural blackout for centuries from India. And, the greatest thing is that these influences can well be used now as the foundations for the growth of good and healthy relations between India and Thailand. Such a growth shall be to the lasting benefit of both the parties. While India, verily the rising sun in the East in the sphere of international influence and prestige, and still inspired by the great values coming to her as her precious heritage from the past, may be of considerable assistance to Thailand in the future, India herself will have much to re-learn in certain values which she transmitted to Thailand and other countries in the past. Buddhist thought and the concomitant Indian culture have given to the Thais a temperament which makes them happy and vivacious, a social order which apart from being caste-free gives social equality to all, and an outlook which makes them face the challenge of life with smiles and hopes. They have admirably synthesised the joys of secular existence with the spiritual needs of life. Equal in love and work, they dance and sing their way through life, however pleasant or inclement it might be. Wreathed in smiles, they bear their burdens happily, while working their way to the eternal peace and bliss of *Nibbana*. Such an outlook is certainly not a general feature in India today, though initially it was India that imparted it to Thailand and other countries in her neighbourhood through the vehicle of Buddhism. India shall certainly be the happier through the re-learning of this message which she lost in the dark age of her history. Also a look back at the Thai art, particularly the dance, the drama, and the sculpture, will enrich with impressions of her own glorious past. And, the hope is that through the return of such beneficial social and cultural influences, India shall attain to a social unity and national consolidation as perhaps never dreamt of before. This certainly shall duly equip her with the requisite strength and courage, so very necessary for the great role she is destined to play in the world of today and tomorrow.

[T]HIS BUSINESS OF BEING A PRODUCER-STAR

By KANAN DEVI

FRANKLY I am not much of a writer. That art of writing is a specialised art in which a film artiste like myself may dabble only occasionally. But I am happy to tell people in the cool evening of my career in the films a few things more in a mood of reminiscing than anything else.

...cumstances have made me a producer of films. ...you the truth I never intended to be one but ...ened with me just as it has happened with ...film artistes all over the world. One fine ...g I found myself not only a producer but a ...planner of films that I would produce in the ...ollowing. And once I chose to don the ...r's garb there could not be, in all conscience, ...ing back for me. I had to apply myself as ...y as I could to the task that Fate imposed

...m often asked whether I find producing more ...al than acting. It was my good fortune to ...oduce and act in a number of pictures. I am ...e sure if I should give a direct answer. I am ... to think that both producing and acting are ... with the same principle—how to make a film ...r the audience. In that the producer and the ...are voyagers on the same boat or boats that ...the same waters though looking a bit unlike ...ther. So I have tried to identify my two jobs ...ame picture. Of course there is the commer... of a film with its contracts, dates, date-cards, ...ion, advertisement and release. These fall ...the purview of the producer and not the ...So far as these affairs are concerned, I have ...to bifurcate my work, dividing it equally bet...e business side of production and its execu...ide on the set including myself as an artiste ...ommand of the director. I shall request you ...edit me with my humble claim that I have not ...sly neglected any part of my two-fold job.

...CING OR ACTING

...to the question whether I find it happier to ...than to act or vice versa. You can realise ...is very difficult to forget and give up one's ...calling. For me it is acting. I wish I could ...as not. But as you know if a person has once ...ough grease and paint he or she will con... swell them for years. But in spite of my ...on for occasional acting I am not prepared to ...camera in any and every film. After so ...ars of acting I want to do only a few roles ...cted ones in which I may not do inappro... So when the question of playing in the ...Annada Didi in Sreekanta arose I thought, ...a role invested with such tragic grandeur ...ary tenderness as I should take up. I really ...play only now and then and, as I said, in a ...tricted way.

...ay have answered indirectly the question whe...ove producing more than acting or whether ...other way round. No one who has been an ...whether of the film or of the stage can ever ...thing more than acting. I have been much ...in love with acting for the screen during ...quarter of a century to love any other thing ...en being a producer and if I may say so, not ...unsuccessful producer at that.

...ing back when one has left a quarter of a hundred years behind usually becomes more than a fashion or a custom. Human beings are involuntarily turned backwards in thought by the very composition of their minds. In my leisure as also in course of gossip in familiar circles I am prone to look back. Many many years ago I started in films when I was scarcely nine or ten. That was in a famed devotional film of the silent days. That was just a beginning. After that I appeared in just a few films including *Rishiri Prem*. I found my real break in *Manmoyee Girls School* (the first version of course), a film which in those days became a craze with a public who had just begun to be film conscious. I did a small number of films earlier than *Manmoyee Girls School* but it was in the latter film followed by *Mukti* that I feel I really found my acting feet. *Mukti* brought me in contact with that masterly talent in Indian films, namely Pramathes Barua. Barua was kind enough to make me his heroine in another remarkable film of those days, *Sesh Uttar* (Hindi—*Jawab*). To Sri Devaki Bose also my gratefulness will ever be directed because it was his unmatched capacity for coaching that brought me a good deal of self-assurance in films like *Vidyapati*, *Sapuray* and much later in *Chandra Sekhar*. In those days New Theatres was the centre of many film notables of later years. My work with Sri Nitin Bose in *Parichay*, with Sri Phani Majumdar in *Sathi* (Hindi—*Street Singer*) and with Sri Hem Chunder in *Parajay* was charming experience and quite instructive too. In later years I was in Sri Sushil Majumdar's *Jogajog* which scored a hit, in several pictures directed by Sri Premen Mitra and in a number of films directed by Sri Niren Lahiri. Pictures I have produced make quite a bunch. These are *Ananya*, *Bamuner Meye*, *Mejdidi*, *Asha*, *Naba Bidhan*, *Andhare Alo*, *Darpachurna*, *Debatra*, *Rajlakshmi-o-Sreekanta* and the Puja release *Sreekanta* based on the early phases of Sreekanta's life.

RESPECTABLE BUSINESS

Thus I had a good many films which I acted in and/or produced. I did not, however, appear in any Bombay-made Hindi films although I remember with gratitude a number of goodly offers from notable film-makers of the place. I just thought, rightly or wrongly, it is not for me to know, that I more properly belonged to Bengal and would much rather confine my activities there.

Being a producer is not such a ridiculous affair as many of the producers find themselves being described as initiators of. The manufacturer can never be open to ridicule unless he (or she) moves in a suicidal way. Making films is a highly respectable and responsible business provided one does not proceed in a hasty, amateurish and self-deluding way. The path to success in film-making is slippery beyond debate and one has got to insure oneself in so many ways. The first and foremost safeguard is a fool-proof story. People sometimes comment that I have seldom cast my eyes outside a Sarat Chandra story. They are partly though not wholly right and you know why. It is the magic touch of a Sarat story that made all the difference.

I believe that the coming days are not going to be dark for our films. Our race has never been found wanting in artistic effort. The Bengali film of tomorrow is expected to prove a typical result of this artistic effort, thus justifying its present brave fight against numerous odds.

FILMS FOR CHILDREN

By MADHU BOSE

IT is a very happy sign that a keen interest is taken today, both by the Government and by private organisations for children's entertainment. So far as stage shows are concerned, valuable contributions have been made by the Children's Little Theatre and by a few other private organisations. Unfortunately, very little progress has been made the entertainment and education of children ugh the medium of films. Today, films are one the strongest mediums not only for entertainment also for education. No other medium offers the opportunities and possibilities.

Recently the Prime Minister said that books, with urful illustrations should be published for children "Wild Life". Books certainly have their own es, but films, more than books or a lecture, rcise a stronger influence on the minds of children their formative years.

In this connection, it is gratifying to note that Prime Minister has also awarded a Gold Medal h cash prize for the best children's film produced ery year. The award was declared a few years . But few made the grade. Some have received rtificates of Merit. The reason for this I feel, is at before producers rush to make films on a fixed rmula or theory, as to what is good or bad for ildren, they should undertake an intensive research o all available materials.

Producers of children's films should not assume e role of a teacher. It is most important that he uld get to know children as children are. The st important qualification for a producer of children's film is, he must know the child's heart and what kes him tick. Then only can he successfully enter child's heart as a friend, and not as a guardian or ere professional entertainer.

When children's films are being judged, it is ential to remember that while adults can decide ether a film is fit for children to see or sufficiently l produced to help train good film taste, only child- can judge whether it provides them with good ertainment. Ideally speaking, the critic should sit a child audience and watch their reactions.

VENILE LITERATURE

When we speak of entertainment for children, we ld always remember that a good play or a film only be produced from good literature and simple stories. Nor can we ignore juvenile literature when producing juvenile films. Luckily in our country there is no dearth of suitable literary material—mythological, folk, biographical, fairy tales, jungle stories etc. — for making films of special appeal to juvenile audiences.

A child's mind, being free from convention, roams in a world of imagination. Why do children like Cartoon films? Because they like to see animals endowed with not only human intelligence, but also with the power of speech. Children like fairy tales because they want to believe that fairies are not living beings, and they are endowed with super-human powers of conferring boons. They also imagine the existence of monsters and giants, whom they enjoy seeing killed.

Children are romantic, for they expect every fairy tale to have its Princess and Prince Charming. Children are also instinctively chivalrous because they invariably adore the hero who daringly goes to the rescue of the damsel in distress.

In my experience, the *films that appeal most to children are films dealing with children and animals*. The reason for this is that children are then able to identify themselves with a character, human or animal. Adventure appeals to all ages, all over the world but fantasy only to a small group. Of course, it must be remembered that each child is an individual and it is dangerous to generalise on the taste of child audiences. There also appears to be a marked difference in the tastes of boys and girls, though both enjoy Cartoons and adventure films.

No film can be deemed truly designed for children if the producers are consciously aiming at distribution to adult audiences. *Children's film productions should be made solely for children between the ages of five and twelve in India.* Nonetheless, a good children's film can have a great appeal to adults, as in the case of 'Alibaba and the 40 Thieves' which has provided entertainment to children and adults alike all over the world.

SHORT DURATION

Films made specially for children must necessarily be of short duration. *Children's patience, even with a film of sustaining interest, ought not to be taxed for more than ONE HOUR.*

Photography should be light, bright, clear and easy to understand. The composition of each shot should be simple so that the audience can select immediately the action which is essential to the plot. Pleasing patterns of light and shade and good picture

(*Continued on page 248*)

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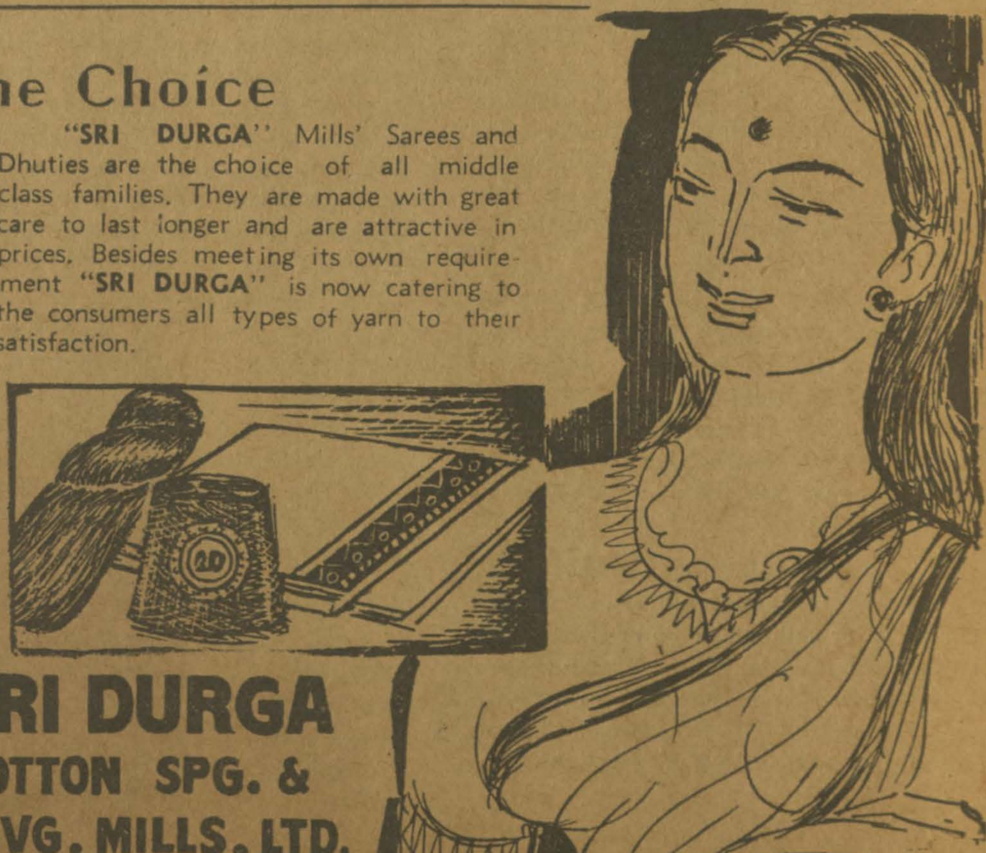
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OUR FILMS AT THE CROSS ROADS

By N. K. G.

THERE will be no two opinions on the statement that the Bengali film production industry has been under the influence of newer and newer thought currents for the last three years. Despite her material insufficiency and other features of fallen fortune our State has never been found wanting in artistic effort and creative fulfilment. It is said that today Bengal has the largest number of instinctive poets whose pens do not betray them though a hearty meal is a consistent absentee. It is in the nature of the people—in the soil from which they draw artistic sustenance imperceptively—that they pursue Art as an act of faith.

POPULAR CONSCIENCE

So when films became altogether a monotonous affair, built upon certain set formulae, the call must have gone in a sure but silent manner from the recesses of popular conscience to move the films into a new channel. There was a time when the intelligentsia of the old province of Bengal had practically nothing to do with the indigenous films. In a way they may be said to have thought it a waste of time to buy tickets for a locally produced film. They flocked to the English language films and wrote literature on Chaplin and Garbo. But the emergence of new-look pictures—the handiwork of such masters as P. C. Barua and Devaki Bose principally—under the banner of New Theatres soon gave birth to a refreshed outlook in film-making. Barua, D.K.B., Nitin Bose and Hem Chunder together made New Theatres films bear the hall-mark of a new polished outlook. For years this process went to be followed by certain independent producers like M.P.P. to intensify the search for newer forms in picture-making. Almost a decade passed with not very dynamic or revolutionizing things happening in filmdom.

Bimal Roy's *Udayer Pathay* which came to prove an epitome of the new thought currents in determining the theme of a film proved a tasteful fare. Soon they began to work up on his model—a story overshadowing the personal and domestic aspects of a film theme. Films started becoming more impersonal and meant for collective thinking, even thinking on the class basis. But in the hands of the inept many such films became mere slogans and vaguely objective narration of patriotic stories. Films once again entered the original groove—song, adolescent romance, humour, inconsequential witticism—but seldom anything that touched the inmost core of the people's sensibilities. Imaginably, the thoughtful ones bided their time hoping all the while that the hour was ripe for a new effort, a new style and a new ideal.

POWERFUL EXEMPLAR

The emergence of the utterly new style of direction, suggestive of a total departure from the static mode, with which the name of Satyajit Roy has come to be associated must be acknowledged to be the direct repudiation of the old and now discarded method. Gone was the formula as though a super magician had waved his wand and things wore a new look overnight. As expected and in conformity with the happening in other cinematically advanced countries, realism became the key-note of all depictions. The attempt to make a film around a homely theme with plenty of photographic scope was not new. But the style the attempters had recourse to was certainly new—refreshingly new like the next spring's leaves and twigs. And as the best and most powerful exemplar of that new style no film has to be remembered longer and more endearingly than Bibhuti Bhusan's *Pather Panchali* which Satyajit Roy transcribed on the screen so memorably well. *Pather Panchali* is likely to stay for a long time as an example of the newest outlook in Bengali film. This can be said even three years after the film was released. It remains the model of a leisurely, unhurried style of shot-taking coupled with depiction of the minutest details with their bearing on the spirit of the theme. Unfortunately some directors thought that the main appeal of *Pather Panchali* lay in its mere objective details. They chose to forget that the film had a good many simple virtues which compounded make a film of classic grace and value.

CONTINUAL PROCESS

There is no doubt that since that film was released a new trend became discernible in film-making. As stated above, a crop of films was soon produced in quick succession on the model of *Pather Panchali* with the village as the locale. Most could not produce much of an impression. Yet the trend to make films in a newer way telling a newer kind of story has be-

OUR FILMS AT THE CROSS ROADS

come rooted among most film producers and directors today. This has been a continual process and no producer would be much interested if the story-writer cannot convince him about "new angles" in a definite way.

The sum total of making films with the much publicized new look has not, however, proved valuable from the commercial viewpoint. Some of these films were highly praised for their attempts to tread new grounds but the producers became disappointed at their generally non-remunerative nature. Many began to say that the realistic film was not pleasant to sit through when produced by the score. The style of delineation looks so uniform in a general way that soon it produces a reaction of monotony. If the opinion of this school is to be valued the stylized realistic film should be sparingly made and be directed by proved sensitive directors with an undoubted literary consciousness. But many tried their hands at it obviously driven by the belief that a new-look picture is the easiest of jobs for directors. The net result is that there is a mood of frustration among producers who spent lavishly on the so-called new-look pictures. Many are not able to produce at present. The rest are biding their time to study the current trends before they can persuade themselves to go into productions again. They have very much arrived at the crossroads. A decision about tomorrow is hard to await.

THE WAY OUT

It is a sad reflection. That a movement, which had its origin in the urge for betterment of pictures with an eye to progress as it is understood in films, should fall from public grace is enough to cause anxiety to people who love to see our films wear a new coat of glamour—the glamour of artistic splendour. Is it sufficient to say that the new-look picture did not find a lasting popularity because the makers failed to invest it with the proper qualities? Certainly not. A way out of this deadlock in film thinking must be found and quickly. We had had enough of advice given and taken to determine which films should pay and please at the same time. Experience has shown that the formula of suggestions about how to make a good film is as faulty and infructuous as that followed by certain producers and directors while making a film. The guarantee of film success might be sought, if at all, within the frame of the selected story, its execution, the casting, the director and all the technical things about it. In meeting the challenge of the hour —what to produce and how—nothing can be more effective than the inherent quality of the planner of a picture. He can only delve into the recesses of his thought and evolve for himself and his group what should be the exact shape of his picture. It rests on the individual concerned who wants to produce or direct a film to find out for himself what should be the particular ingredients of his picture. He will highlight his film with qualities, as he considers proper, necessary and adequate for his theme. A film differs from another in direct proportion to the diversity of their themes. So the statement of any formula would be improper.

The central fact of the moment is that another spurt of new effort is needed at once. The film are amenable to a hundred ways of treatment based on a hundred stories. The indicision and confusion felt by producers and directors now must be eliminated by, buoyant and purposeful film thinking.

FILMS FOR CHILDREN

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composition give a sense of satisfaction to most children. The presentation must be easy to follow.

Night scenes and dark pictures are puzzling to young audiences and frequently fail to hold attention. The essence of any good film is a story told in pictures. A satisfactory plot for a children's film must develop by means of pictures rather than by means of dialogues or commentary.

One of the chief pleasures in looking at a film is to be able to identify one's self with the characters on the screen. Obviously, children identify themselves more easily with child characters, but these characters must be children's children and not sort of children adults like to see.

In order that all members of the audience may find a character after their own heart, it is useful to have a story which involves a wide age range of children. Both boys and girls like to see adolescents slightly older than themselves. They enjoy watching both young children and very old people, to whom they can feel superior and protective. They have a sympathy for animals.

Natural sound, especially bird song, appeals to children. So does music which is so fitted to the picture that the eye and ear are satisfied simultaneously.

EXCLUSIVE SHOW HOUSES

There should be cinema houses exclusively for children, where only films specially meant for children would be shown. Then the labelling of films 'Adults only' would not be necessary. Talking of films labelled 'A' (Adults only) for exhibition in cinema houses, I have often observed that such films arouse a morbid curiosity amongst children, which make them think that some facts of life were being kept hidden from them. So invariably there is a large queue of teen-agers (usually between 12 and 18) in front of the booking office, particularly, 3rd and 4th classes.

In judging which is good and bad for children's entertainment we are prone to forget that unlike grown-ups, children do not possess inhibited minds. When I say children, I mean between the ages of 5 and 12. At this age they do not understand the plot, motivation and characterisation of adult films. Their eyes may be amused by action of the screen, but their minds remain passive. On the other hand such films labelled 'A' have a morbid and bad moral effect on the minds of so-called Adults — specially between the ages of 12 and 25. *I therefore wonder whether films certified for 'Adults only' are really good for adults and bad for children.*

Production of children's film is a new idea in this country. Naturally, therefore, producers could be expected to have a certain initial hesitation in investing capital in an experimental enterprise. However, I still think that if children's films are made on proper lines, they could prove to be successful financial propositions in our country as well.

Private capital is at present shy because of the inexperience of the Indian producers in this particular line. However, it is a welcome sign that the Government appear to feel the need for children's films. Government could give a start in two ways. Either they could undertake the production of such films by *enlisting the services of film directors with a special aptitude for this subject, which is more delicate and complex than the production of conventional feature films*, or they might approach those producers and directors who are interested in, and capable of, producing such films. Through mutual collaboration they might evolve a working scheme and thereby lay a strong foundation for this much-needed branch of our Film Industry.

THE FADING COLOUR BAR

By CHARLES NEWTON

MUCH unnecessary bitterness has been caused in recent months because of supposed discrimination by some clubs in Calcutta against a pigmented skin. This is far from a local problem. In the U.S.A., South Africa, and, astonishingly, in Britain, the colour of the skin has been the focal point in ugly race riots.

Curiously, an African, Mr. C. Sumner Stone Jr., a research scholar, in an article in a Bombay weekly, now accuses Indians, too, of the very sin people in this country have been protesting against—colour discrimination. He says: 'Newspaper and magazine advertisements always show very light-skinned or white Indian models both in pictures and illustrations. Weekly, in the classified matrimonial columns, advertisers seek brides who must be "fair". Brown-skinned movie actors are powdered to an amazing white softness. In describing a person, Indians will speak as contemptuously of his "black skin" as a white Mississippian'.

Mr. Stone says that Indian students at American universities 'assiduously avoid sustained contacts with Negroes', and prefer the company of white students. In India, African students are 'put into quarantine' and are treated in a manner, in the words of another Negro student, that 'would bring tears to your eyes'.

ARTIFICIAL FUSION

These are regrettable and grave charges. But, unfortunately, few people care to probe this distressing problem. Negroes in America and South Africa demand wholesale integration with the rest of the population, the withdrawal of all forms of segregation, and, in South Africa, abrogation of the hated apartheid laws. Drastic measures such as these, though eminently desirable in theory, present obvious difficulties in practice. To attempt racial fusion artificially, through legislation, is no solution of a problem that has far deeper roots. Because though people of different hues may live together, they may not necessarily like one another. Therefore, it would be better to approach this problem with more caution, and strive to cultivate a mental condition that would be appreciative of factors creating such sharp differences in colour and physiognomy.

Prejudice is born of ignorance, and colour or racial prejudice is, after all, displayed by the half-educated all over the world. Therefore, legislation will not produce the desired results. At the same time, it must be remembered that very often what is mistaken as colour discrimination is, in reality, economic discrimination. Because of greater material wealth and, in consequence, a higher standard of living, people of European descent are averse to living in proximity, or fraternizing, with Asians and Africans. This aversion has nothing at all to do with the colour of the skin, because many Asians are lighter in hue than Europeans like southern Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Rumanians, and others of those parts. Thus, it is quite plain that with economic prosperity and a higher standard of living, a closer association between people of different races becomes more practicable.

SUBTLE WAYS OF INTEGRATION

In any event, what the Negroes in the U.S.A. and the pigmented classes in South Africa are trying to attain overnight, metaphorically speaking, is being attained more subtly in other ways. The steamship, the airplane, the telephone and a speedy postal system have combined to shrink the world to such an extent that we can speak to people in the most distant parts and can girdle the globe in a few days. In recent years the tremendous amount of inter-State travel—89 million people travelled along commercial airlines in 1958—has brought the peoples of the world closer than ever before. Inter-racial marriages, consequently, are increasing very rapidly, and integrating the different peoples. It is this factor that is most important for the complete disappearance of the colour bar.

According to current trends this century will be one of consolidation. Dependent territories will emerge free and independent, and countries throughout the world will try to strengthen themselves economically. The next century, however, should be one of fusion—racially, economically and politically.

True, people resent present discrimination and slights to human dignity because of the colour of the skin. But even now a great deal is being done to bridge gaps. According to an American professor's article in a Calcutta paper 100,000 Negroes attend American colleges and universities. That is a figure greater than the entire university student population of England and Wales. Over 300,000 Negro children study at schools that were reserved exclusively for whites till some years ago. Negroes hold well-paid posts in every sphere of life on the same terms as the rest of the population. The minimum wage is the equivalent of Rs. 6 an hour. Negro judges preside over a score of American courts and,

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A STUDY IN SPIRITUALISM AND ALLIED PHENOMENA

(Continued from page 239)

of the moon! And Ye intangible inhabitants of the world of night! O people, O denizens of the tomb, all of ye approach and be my witnesses and respondents! Let the hand raised against my form be withered! Let them be destroyed, who attack my name, my foundation, my effigies, the image like unto me!

As to the result of the warning, I quote from Michael Geelan:—

What is very true is the fact that years following the violation of Tutankhamen's tomb, many of those who were connected directly or indirectly with the event died prematurely and mysteriously and tragically........

SPIRITUALISM BUT NO SPIRITISM

Whatever wonderful might be the result, many practices are useless or are attended to with trifling result and many practices should be avoided (especially those which harm others). Once Buddha met an emaciated ascetic and enquired of him as to how long he was practising austerities. "Twenty-five years" was the reply. "And what powers have you acquired?" asked Buddha. "I am able to cross a river by walking on the water", was the proud reply. "My poor fellow" said Buddha, "You have wasted so many years for such trifling result. Why, a ferry man will take you to the opposite bank for a few small coins."

Therefore, Spiritualism should not be confounded with Spiritism—the latter being no better than confabulation with the dead, for curiosity, for selfish gain, for fleshly gratification, for unworthy amusing or irreligious purpose.

WHO IS A SPIRITUAL MAN?

When a person does not live merely a worldly or material life, but lives a religious or pious life, we call him a spiritual man. To put it cryptically, a man who pursues Spirit or God is a spiritual man and not the one that pursues material object. No doubt many would like to have the "Djin of Aladin's lamp" at their beck and call, others would love to 'ride on the whirlwind and to direct the storm,' but all these pale into insignificance if one can have a glimpse of the Eternal. Sri Aurobindo mentions in his *Life Divine:—*

Spiritualism in its essence, is an awakening to the inner reality of our being, to a spirit, self, soul which is other than mind, life and body, an inner aspiration to know, to feel, to be that, to enter into contract with greater Reality beyond and pervading the universe which inhabits also our own being, to be in communion with It and union with It, as a turning, a conversion, a transformation of our whole being as a result of the aspiration, the contact, the union, a growth or waking into a new becoming or a new being, a new self, a new nature........ There are four main lines which Nature has followed in her attempt to open up the inner being,—religion, occultism, spiritual thought and an inner spiritual realisation and experience; the first three are approaches, the last is the decisive avenue of entry......Spiritual has used all the three as starting point, but it has also dispensed with them all, relying on its own pure strength: discarding occult powers as dangerous lures and entangling obstacles, it has sought only the pure truth of the Spirit........

THE REAL AIM

As a matter of fact occult powers and Yogic feats bring abnormal powers and if one be engrossed with such powers, further progress is out of question. It is only those who want the Lord that are not enamoured with such powers. Therefore, we may start as a beginner with such practices which might help us in the beginning and we must leave them and *must not* aim to have useless or purely worldly result. The real aim of Spiritualism is to have communion and union with God, the Supreme Spirit, and all else are side tracks or at best help in attaining *Bibhutis* (i.e. abnormal powers) which Yogins acquire but which those who aim at Eternal must not be enamoured of.

HINDU FESTIVALS & MUSLIM RULERS

(Continued from page 217)

cussions with them. The mystic songs stirred the souls of the Hindus and Muslims alike to the deepest depth.

Hindu society could not be prevented from assimilating foreign ideas and practices. Although the people changed their religion, they did not make a complete break with the past, but carried with them many of their old beliefs and practices to the new faith. Thus while they celebrated the Muslim festivals of Idul Fitr and Iduzzoha, they did not cease to participate in the Hindu festivals of Ganachakra and Chaitra festivals. They also continued to regard the Hindu places of worship as sacred; and instances were not wanting when they even indulged in idol-worship. *(Asrarul Abrar).*

SULTANS VISITED TEMPLES

The Muslim kings, though of foreign origin, were not far behind their subjects in assimilating Hindu beliefs and usages. This was of course inevitable, for they lived surrounded by a population a majority of which were Hindus at least for 100 years after the establishment of the Sultanate in Kashmir. Moreover, most of the Sultans had Hindu wives who even after their conversion to Islam, clung to their customs and who could not fail to influence royal consorts and their children. Thus the Sultans, like their Muslim subjects, participated in Hindu festivals and some of them even visited temples to beseech the aid of the gods. They even performed the *Homa* ceremony at the time of the coronation at which Sheikhul Islam (Muslim religious head) instead of the Brahmin priest applied *Tika* (a mark on the forehead) to the ruler's forehead and made offerings of gold and flowers.

But in spite of their attempts to maintain high Islamic ideals, Sufism in India as elsewhere did in the end compromise with many of the traditional practices, which were openly polytheistic and thoroughly opposed to the monotheistic principles of Islam. Popular Islam in India thus became diluted with foreign elements and their characters it has retained until today. (Vide *Ferishta, Tuzuki Jahangiri, Asrarul Abrar, Bengal Past and Present, Sultans of Kashmir etc.).*

ONE WORLD, ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE PRAYER

By **BHABES CHANDRA CHAUDHURI, F.R.A.S. (London)**

IF Mankind as a whole is at all to enjoy true progress, happiness and prosperity, is it not true then, that peace must be maintained permanently on the foundations of such World Unity as may now be attainable or feasible in real objective pursuits of life, be it spiritual, political and socio-economical ?

Man is naturally a builder and a creator, not a fighter! Such fighting tendencies as may be still found in him are not an expression of his truly human nature, of that which is really best in him!

PARADOXICAL

This is so profoundly true that civilized man may only be induced to fight with the promise and vision of such peace as may or may not, thus, be eventually attained! And, although one may contend that permanent peace is ever to be attained through just deeply plunging in its contrary, there may be no doubt that a profound longing for peace and peaceful living is underlying every war, and is also, paradoxically as it may seem, its perhaps greatest moving force.

It is, however, certainly true that no world peace may be permanently attained, except to such a degree as World Unity, through a world organization, may become an actual fact. Peace among nations is never sure peace so long as they are, and consider themselves wholly independent and sovereign powers, conscious of their differences and conflicting interests.

Indeed, if nations are ever to be at peace, should not they be, in some way, to be sure, "united nations", evolving a consciousness of their common interests? In other words, should not everything—which may ever prove an obstacle to world unity, understanding, solidarity and co-operation—be wholeheartedly rejected and sacrificed to these greater and more enduring issues?

UTOPIAN ?

Just as only "national" unity has put an end to any war originating from conflicting regionalism, so only "international" or world unity may put an end to any war among nations!

Can we then ever suspect that World Peace is essentially a *Utopia* or that it must needs be a most sensible issue worth fighting for, with one mind, thought and resolve even upon our firm determination to pay its price through a greater degree of world-understanding and a more active endeavour to solve world problems from the all-inclusive viewpoint of mankind *as a whole?* To foster such an end, does it not presuppose the emergence of an all-inspired, all-powerful, all-absorbing *understanding,* which is—psychologically speaking something akin to that of a bilateral affair ?

LANGUAGE PROBLEM

And, surely for this basic understanding, as a formative force for world co-operation, the problem of language comes foremost. When two or more people talk in the same language other things being equal, understanding among them is easily possible of attainment, while co-operation becomes sustained in all social aspects as and when this ushers in the opportunity of evolving a spirit of common sympathy, fellow-feeling and mutual ties of increasing fraternity among all! And what wonder: misunderstandings, if any, then, become less likely and, more easily removable through love, harmony and self-respect for one another !

The same may be said when both sides fully understand the language of each other. And when both sides need an interpreter to understand one another, the understanding which may be thus reached, is certainly a most precarious one.

A case in the point of such working understanding and co-operation achieved among peoples of naturally different tongues in Europe is that of Switzerland where three languages and (more recently a fourth) have been given an equal standing, making obligatory the study of all of them.

Turning to this indispensable aspect of mutual understanding, should this principle of equal status apply also to a polyglot land like India or for the matter of that, to America where Pan-American Union (not surely a "name" disguising unilateral exploitation, economic subjection and indirect political domination) exists? Should these polyglot countries afford equality of status in respect of all the important languages, there, e.g., *English, Spanish, Portuguese* and *French,* respectively ?

However, it seems that from a truly world viewpoint, both bilingualism and multilingualism—such as have been worked out both in the League of Nations and in the UNO, with the help of translators and mechanical devices, are far too wide in scope to admit of a fully satisfactory solution of a more or less permanent nature !

Truly speaking, are not they merely some claptrap linguistic sorts of mechanical devices, and as such, do not at all conform to the all-embracing his quirement of ONE LANGUAGE which should be the *mon* without being at the same time the sole prinized of ONE NATION only, viz: The like of an inteof on nal *neutral* language, in which everybody finguages self quite easily at home and all have the Gerstanding, without being obliged to use, withit of the tive "inferiority", "another's language". oine them

ENGLISH AND FRENCH

y set afoot

Indeed, however one may try to mas, broadlanguage, the fully developed language of h politi-

people, only at a comparatively great cost, can he hope to achieve such a proficiency as will enable him to be well understood? And, no doubt, with a still greater endeavour, he may attain such facility as may enable him *almost* to feel quite a good match for the best native *pundit* in his mother tongue!

Besides such a basic consideration of *justice* for mankind as a whole and for its several peoples, are not there some inherent reasons against the adoption, say, of the pride of place by either *English* or *French* in the world today, contrary to the wishy-washy sentiments of some language zealots? No matter—let it be noted amongst other points—how pleasant, satisfactory, telling and beautifully catching these twin sisters of "International Diplomacy-Language" of the day may look to their audience, is it not a fact that, notwithstanding their professed excellences to the contrary, they however, only "follow a line of their own, apart from the main current of the languages of mankind?"

ENGLISH RULES TO-DAY

No doubt one should easily admit that English has, up to now, fairly out-stripped all other possible concurrents, since it has already no less than twenty crore (two hundred million) "native speakers", while it is widely known throughout the world, more than any other. It is even true that this 20th Century may be called the CENTURY OF ENGLISH, owing to its being widely known and used even as a written language and in international intercourse and despite its comparatively low "phonetic frequence" per minute as indicated below:

Language	Syllable	Phonetic-Speed per minute
FRENCH	350	"
JAPANESE	310	"
GERMAN	250	"
ENGLISH	225	"

(The World Review, London, June, 1948).

But, surely, to draw any conclusion from this is anything, if not imprudent. It is true that the comparative importance of French is fast receding, no less than that of German besides its own frontiers in Central Europe. And, who cannot say that the same fate may not await English in the next century, with its own splitting out in several distinct vernaculars, and because of the growing luxuriance of other tongues with increasing attainment of political stature —now out of prominence in the world-picture?

SPANISH AND RUSSIAN

For example, *Spanish*, said to be phonetically much more stable than English as a multinational American language, appears to gain increasing recognition in the Western World today for obvious reasons! Russian, as the staple language and, by far the most vital one among the Slavic tongues, is likewise widening its grip from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic to the Black Sea and far out to tracts in the Mediterranean and Southern Sea linguistic zones. Indeed, does it not indicate that we are living a world of flux—in which nothing like that of an permanent nature" is likely to stay and retain for its conquered place of pre-eminence?

ve.

a ; OLD GREEK & SANSKRIT

union-t from E..glish, as a truly *neutral* language *or a* n:ational dimension, Latin may next lay a *There* such consideration. For, is it not a clear, *lowed* tage most widely studied among the rich uages of the past as a cultural vehicle of *being*, and intercourse in Western Europe? *an ir* not, again, even to date, the official language of the Catholic Church so that it has never really ceased to live, apart from its offsprings—the Romanic language and to some extent English — a fact which is quite easily borne out in instances, in particular, when some learned citations and the like honorific writings are still inscribed in the same Classic style and letters of Latin script?

Strangely, its irresistible classical appeal notwithstanding, this language of Virgil, Horace, Florus, Seneca, Cicero or Caesar, appears however, *now*, to meet the greatest resistance, indeed, against its "common-usage" for introduction, in actual writings of day-to-day international inter-communication!

Further, the Latin vocabulary, fully adapted as it may have been to the needs of its times, is not, however, equally deemed so appropriate to present-day needs! Most modern terms need to be entirely recast in its old matrix—or either be condemned as indispensable "barbarisms": in ultimate analysis the result could seldom be far from satisfying!

Surely, one thus comes to the conclusion — that Latin and concurrent Old Greek and Sanskrit are very beautiful languages, well worthy of being given time and study for their worth and sake, as also to gain a direct access to their great realm of rich wisdom!

Might they also be constructed as good models to be nurtured in our modern languages to meet their avowed end, that of transmitting the richest treasures of the Euro-Aryan Language Family, to all lovers of learning?

TYPE OF WORLD LANGUAGE

What then, should be the type of an *international language* we need today? No doubt, we desire that it should be not only *neutral* but as well quite easy to understand, learn and master! Its very *neutrality*, needs, then, to be understood, not in a negative sense as *apartness* or the greatest possssible difference from any of the existent languages, and especially the Great Western stocks — but rather in those elements which these Great Languages — more especially the multinational languages common to the two Hemispheres — share in respect of Latin-cum-Indo-European stocks in English scripts or tongues with over 200 million *native* speakers as well as Spanish, the language of no less than twenty independent nations! French and Portuguese come second—this latter one mainly because Brazil has already attained a population greater than that of any other Latin nation. In a third place come German and Italian—together with Russian the two greater languages of Europe—which, while not having had, because of political reasons, directly the opportunity to colonize the Western Hemisphere, have nevertheless given a considerable share to its population, and are even now largely spoken by native immigrants in the two Americas.

CRITERION OF INTERNATIONALITY

With regard to those who would say that such Latin and Indo-European basis cannot be called *neutral* at all, because, in the first place, it takes no account of the *purely Asiatic* languages, such as Chinese and Japanese, Sanskrit and Arabic, and, secondly, it even neglects to include the Eastern part of the modern Indo-European dictionary, one may contend that, first, *internationality* is by itself a criterion thoroughly and universally accepted for its inherent

...e, so that in principle no word is discarded, ...a may be internationally understood: in the same ...the international stock of words common to the ... Western languages had already absorbed many ...skrit, Greek, Arabic, and other Oriental terms and ...n absorb even more, in the measure in which they ...useful and become internationally known. While, ...displace a well-known Latin term for one, say of ...ar of Chinese origin—for the sake of mere *neutra-*... would it not, surely, mean working for incompre-...bility against all attempts to found a sensible *World Languag.?* On the other hand, every language, including a partly artificial one (and which language is not, in ultimate analysis, a man's creation or *arti-ficial?*) should have a definite background, even a fairly traceable pedigree, which means a *fundamental* homogeneity in its stock of words and grammatical and derivative forms. We must choose one particular family of languages as its basis, even without excluding those additional useful elements which may come especially from the more related ones, and we can choose only that particular family whose words are *now* actually more internationally known! From this last viewpoint, we can only choose Latin or Romanic family of languages, to which English must be added in the first place, because it is the more thoroughly Latinized among the sister Germanic tongues. Not only are these words actually Pan-American, but, as cultural terms, they have found their way in the other Germanic, and even the Slav tongues, in a much greater degree than the reverse process. So if we choose it, we, then, would only be following and *engineering* a historical process of natural selection. Is it not?

In a wider view, no one would seriously contest the necessary primacy of the Indo-European tongues, since they are originally spoken by no less than half of the whole mankind—the more cultured and developed half—while the other half may indirectly be reached by one of them.

FOUR GREAT FAMILIES

These may be roughly divided in four great families, whose speakers number more or less 300 millions in each: the Latin or Romanic, the Germanic family, the Balto-Slav one, and the Indo-Aryan. While their lexical and formative elements are ultimately related, and many can be easily recognized as such, they have of course diverged in the everyday "lingo" or speech. We must, therefore, choose one of them as representative of the *whole group*, and there cannot be any doubt that we can only choose the one whose languages and terms have become more familiar throughout the whole world.

If one either adds English (because of its highly Romanized character) together with the purely Romanic tongues, or places the Germanic and Romanic languages in one Western family, does it not follow that we could have already gained, by this means, the majority of one-fourth of the whole mankind? Apart from their cultural value, no other language or group of languages can compete with them! Even Chinese, with its over 400 million speakers, is really, in a lesser degree than the languages of Modern India, a group of vernaculars: it will be a great feat for these two nations, indeed, to find their own linguistic unity, before they can make any serious claim of *interna-tionality* without their borders? And, can it not be said alike of Russian and other Slav languages?

As to others, for instance, is it not a fact that all the Semito-Hamitic dialects taken together with Arabic (no matter how philologically difficult the latter is) do not fairly reach even a total of 100 million speakers as per relevant statistics of 1958?

Is there, then, any justifiable reason, whatsoever, that for the sake of approximate world-approach to the question, the base of a modern International Language needs to be Latin and in a wider sense Aryan-Latin?

THREE ARTIFICIAL WORLD LANGUAGES

It may be pertinent here to mention that of the three current International Languages, viz., *Esperanto, Interlingue* and *Mondi Lingua* the last one has thus far succeeded, apparently, in broaching a workable solution on at least three States:

(I) *Primary:* The collection of the International Words, mainly Latin and Latinized forms of different philological etymologies derived from Eastern, and Western sources akin to the great Western Languages, e.g., like Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic etc., etc.

(II) *Secondary:* The elaboration of a *neutral* and *organic grammar*, so as to make a well integrated whole of this potential International Language.

(III) *Tertiary:* An analytical review and synthetical co-ordination of the collected elements and vocables, together with their clear *semantic* definition, with the view of giving to this language, in its formative stage, a reasonably logical and *natural* system of regular derivation.

It appears Prof. Giuseppe Peano in his Vocabulario Commune Ad Linguas de Europa (1909) and other scholars at the close of the last century, have, so far, brilliantly done the *first* part of this work.

As to the *second* part, it has been undertaken very successfully and ably by the "Mondi Lingua Academy."

The *third* part, complementary to the previous ones, can only be the result of a world wide co-operative effort—by a universal pool of *Jana Sadhaks* —although a good portion of this, has already been done, on the way by some eminent *linguists* and *interlinguists!*

MONDI LINGUA & ESPERANTO

The *Mondi Lingua*, it may however be noted incidentally, was begun about a third of a century ago as *Interlingue* after taking cognition of, and critically rejecting, the previously elaborated schemes!

Esperanto is, obviously, also, an artificial, international language, invented by Dr. Zamenhof (1887). It seeks to establish ready communication between persons of different *native* speech—adopting about 2500 selected roots with 30-word-forming prefixes and suffixes, logically applied. *Esperanto* is officially recognized as a telegraphic language and there are broadcasting stations whence *Esperanto* programmes are given out off and on.

Mondi Lingua—whose alternative names are *Nove Latino* or *Moderne Latino* is, like *Esperanto*, very popular as an apt vehicle of Interlingue—ready to be used for international communication the world over, since both its *vocabulary* and *grammar* are at the same time, *"the most natural and international* ones" i.e., based on actually living forms common to several languages. The grammar of this "Modern Regenerated Latin," so-called, discards the many irregularities and superfluities of its Latinized grammar while preserving the essentials thereof on "the line of the living Indo-European languages since, besides French, Spanish, Italian and the Germanic tongues, its author has taken account of the Slav ones and Persian—not so much to combine them as to reach the best possible *integration.*"

To sum up: A strong move is not only set afoot today, in the UNO to found ONE WORLD, broad-based as it should be on world-unity, through politi-

cal fellowship but also through world understanding, as well, through international languages, like that of Esperanto, Interlingue and Mondi Lingua and the like!

"VOICE UNIVERSAL"

The progressive advance of science and modern rational schools of thoughts in arts, letters, sociology, philosophy etc., should be quite appropriately enough taken as significant interpretation "of the inner values of man," ever intent upon carving a pathway towards ONE Universal standard of ethics and ONE goal to World Peace for all peoples under the sun.

And what wonder: Radio, television, fast travel and cheap Press are all ensuring from day to day, now that the *"individual"*, the *"group"*, and the *"national"* thought and feeling in particular areas are only tangible things to manifest, subtly and uniformly, human radiation throughout the whole planet; and that Man is inevitably obliged to recognize the claims made upon him of his increasing indispensability as an embodied Unity of the Universe! To achieve that *unity:* "The Voice Universal" of England, has been compiling *Universal Prayer* in diverse languages of the world.

The following few versions out of several are appropriately quoted below from the "The Voice Universal":—

1. *ENGLISH:* UNIVERSAL PRAYER
 O Light of God, illumine our minds.
 O Love of God, fill our hearts.
 O Power of God, direct our wills.
2. *FRENCH:* LA PRIERE UNIVERSELLE
 O Lumiere de Dieu, eclaire nos ames.
 O Amour de Dieu, Hemplie nos coeurs.
 O Puissance de Dieu, dirige nos volontes.
3. *ITALIAN:* PREGIERE UNIVERSALE
 O Chiaro de Dio, illuminare nostro mente
 O Amore de Dio, abbracio nostro cuore
 O Forza de Dio, diretto nostro volonta.
4. *DUTCH:* HET UNIVERSELE GEBED
 O Licht Van Got, verlicht onze Geesten,
 O Liefde Van Got, vul onze harten.
 O Macht Van Got, leid onze willen.
5. *GERMAN:* DAS ALLGEMEINE GEBET
 O Licht Gottes, erleuchte unsere Gemuter
 O Liebe Gottes, erfulle unsere Herzen
 O Kraft Gottes, Lenke un sere Willen.
6. *HUNGARIAN:* EGYEMETES IMA
 Istene a fenynek, arasszad fenyedet Leikunkre.
 Istene a szeretetnek, lakozz szivunkben.
 Istennek hatalma, vezereld akaratunkat.
7. *POLISH:* POWSZECHNA MODLITWA (LITANIA)
 O Swiado Boza oswiec nasze umysly
 O Milosci Boza napel nij nasze serca.
 O Protego Boza kieruj nasza wolu.
8. *SPANISH:* LA ORACION UNIVERSAL
 O Luz de Dios, ilumina nuestros mentes.
 O Amor de Dios ilena-nuestras almas,
 O Poder de Dios, dirige neustras voluntades.
9. *FINNISH:* YLEISMAAIL MALLINEN RUKOUS
 Oj Jumalan valkeus, valaise mielemme.
 Oj Jumalan rakkaus, tayta syda memme
 Oj Jumalan voima, ohjaa tahtoa mme.
10. *NIGERIAN:* YORUBA
 Olorun Imode tan sokan wa.
 Olorun ife kun okan wa.
 Olorun Aqbara samona wa.

It is interesting, however, that it has been quite possible to synthesize the following three final "International" versions, as appropriate *mother tincture* of the "Universal Prayer" in terms of "Esperanto" and "Mondi Lingua" with its auxiliary, "Interlingue": viz:—

ESPERANTO: UNIVERSALA PREGO
 Ho Lumo de Dio, Lumu naijn mensojn.
 Ho Amo de Dio plenigu naijn korojn.
 Ho Potenco de Dio, gvidu naijn volojn.

INTERLINGUE: (Occidental): UNIVERSAL PREGA
 O Lude de Deo, inlumina nor mentes.
 O Amor de Deo, plena nor cordies
 O Fortie de Deo, directe nor voluntas.

MONDI LINGUA: PREGO UNIVERSALE
 O Devi Luce, illumini nostre mentas.
 O Devi Amor, pleni nostre quores.
 O Devi Povo dirigi nostre vollas.

WORLD'S GREAT LANGUAGES

Incidentally, now we quote following figures on "World Languages" from "World Progress," to throw some further light on the gigantic problem, confronting the formation of "International Language" today on our planet:

Languages	Speakers (millions)
CHINESE	480
ENGLISH	265
RUSSIAN (Greater)	200
HINDUSTHANI	175
SPANISH	120
GERMAN	100
JAPANESE	085
BENGALI	070
ARABIC	065
FRENCH	065
PORTUGUESE	060
ITALIAN	045
POLISH	035
TURKISH	020
DUTCH & FINNISH	020

No one verily knows how long, indeed, it will take Man to reach, thus, the destined goal of a "Language Universal" or for the matter of that—a "Mondi Lingua" on this planet!

But, if it is admitted that Intellect is *lunar* by nature and that its reflected radiance is always there behind all creation, could it be doubted then that Man is certain to transcend all his limitations thus far imposed upon him by accidents of birth, race-considerations, caste, religion, language, rank or "planetary" positions—so-called,—and truly justify in thought, word and deed—after EMERSON, "there is only ONE MIND common to ALL individual men...... every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same"?

ALL THIS CRY OVER "TWO SQUARE MEALS A DAY"

(...tinued from page 31)

...ents as will be evident from the following ...es:—

	India	U.S.A.	U.K.
. Fats and oils	4 p.c.	15 p.c.	16 p.c.
. Fish	3 p.c.	21 p.c.	27 p.c.
. Milk	6 p.c.	13 p.c.	11 p.c.

In terms of weight also, the same deficiency is ...ed. The amount of Ghee and oil is only 0.3 oz. ...e average Indian diet as against 2 oz. required. ... and milkproducts amount to 5 oz. as against 10 ...quired while fish and other proteins amount only ...4 oz. against 4 oz. required. According to Prof. ...lanobis the monthly expenditure of an average ... is at present Rs. 13/- on food, 4 annas on ...ation and 7 annas on health.

...ELD ALMOST LOWEST IN WORLD

The Planning Commission in their attempt to ...raise the lower food values of the average Indian ... have no doubt hastened to suggest that in the ...nd Plan "it is no longer necessary to place domi... emphasis on the production of cereal crops" and ... made provision for horticulture, animal husban... dairying, fisheries and poultry-farming, but un...nately perhaps they have not recognised the fact ... production of protective food requires more land ... the other foods like cereals and pulses. The ...sure of population on land is already very high ... the availability of land per capita is being further ...uced with the increase in population. Cultivated ... per acre per head dropped from 1.11 in 1921 ... .84 acre in 1951 with decreasing production per ... Unless some land could be released by the ...rease in yield per acre of the princip... food crops ... rice and wheat, it will hardly be possible to find ... extra land needed for the production of protective ...ods like vegetables, fruits, milk, meat and eggs. At ...sent the rate of yield per acre of the principal ...ops in India is almost the lowest in the world as may be seen from the following statistics:

Yield per acre per annum in lbs:

	China	Japan	Egypt	Italy	India
1. Rice	2387	3750	2000	3000	700 =(9 mds.)
2. Wheat	—	2?16	2040	—	670

Although about 83% of the total population in ...dia are engaged in cultivation, such low yield in ...riculture is due to it being pursued in so many ...dersized, uneconomic, subsistence farms. A recent ...sus of the sizes of agricultural holdings shows ...at 22% of India's agricultural millions are land...ess, 53% hold less than 5 acres each, 24% hold 5.50 ...cres, while only 1% hold more than 50 acres and ...4% of total cultivated area. It will thus appear ...at 75% of the cultivators cultivate less than 5 ...res each and the number of the landless who are ...% of the agricultural population is 10 millions.

...ILINGS & SCIENTIFIC FARMING

Even if some land could be released from the ...posed ceiling of 20-30 acres and distributed among ... landless or added to undersized farms, the hold...s will still be below the standard of economic ...s and leave little room for scientific farming as ceilings and scientific farming do not go together very well. Thus it will only be day-dreaming to hope for better nutritive diet in near future and our people will have to remain practically half-starved as before for years to come. Cereals will still for a long time form the major part of our national dietary.

Not only from the qualitative standard but in terms of mere quantity also, India suffers from a great deficiency. The chronic shortage of food compels her to import heavy quantities of food every year from other countries and these imports are causing heavy drainage on her declining foreign exchange resources. Food imports alone appear to have cost the country as much as Rs. 948/- crores during the period 1952 to 1959. This colossal expenditure tells more seriously on the resources necessary for implementation of our plan for industrial development.

The First Five Year Plan with its stress on agriculture and programme of a number of river-projects had actually raised high hopes in the minds of our people that it will surely go a long way to solve our food problem. Cultivation would not have to depend so much on the whims of monsoon but would be greatly benefited by better irrigation, and ruination by flood or drought would be averted. But this has not been borne by facts. Although the 1958 harvest has been the best in the country so far, the rise of food prices could hardly be arrested. A policy of fixing land ceilings and covering the whole counrty with a network of agricultural service co-operatives have now been approved and the State Trading Corporation has been assigned the distribution of foodgrains. But *Financial Times* observes that "these steps will not produce a single extra ton of foodgrains or reduce prices one anna".

So far as the food shortage is concerned, the monsoon of 1957 gave India a salutary reminder that large-scale pojects notwithstanding the economic and political stability of the country still depended on its annual rains..

FORD FOUNDATION TEAM'S REPORT

The bane of Indian agriculture has been that it lies in the hands of ignorant and indigent peasantry who are allergic to scientific and improved techniques and tools and who carry on their cultivation in primitive fashion in their small fragmented farms. A survey of the needs of Indian agriculture and food production was recently undertaken by an Agricultural Production Team sponsored by Ford Foundation. Among the various suggestions published in its report on food crisis and steps to meet it, the Team states: "India can make greater and more immediate gains in food production by intensifying expenditure of time and effort on water management than by constructing large-scale irrigation projects which take years to develop..........In many irrigated areas half of the water is lost in conveyance and half before it gets to the roots of plants". While the peasants are to be trained to make better use of the available water, the Team further advises that "unless fertilizers are available, the improved water management practices will not give maximum results .... It is now estimated that irrigated fields produce only one-fifth to one-fourth ton more foodgrains than unirrigated

TWO SQUARE MEALS A DAY

fields. This is an extremely low return on investment in irrigation. Yields as low as one-half ton per acre are common in irrigated areas. A recent survey has shown that only about 12% of the land under irrigation has more than one irrigated crop grown per year."

According to this Team, India will need 110 million tons of food to feed a population of 480 millions by the end of the Third Plan in 1965-66. At present rate of food production there will be about 25% shortfall in terms of need. This goes to indicate the amount of efforts that has to be put in to step up our food production. Unless self-sufficiency in food is considered one of the indispensable targets in our next Plan, all attempts at economic planning stand the threat of falling through.

THE NOTE OF WARNING

Food is a matter of life and death to all. It will be dangerous for anybody to play foul with it. If the starving masses are deprived of the means of their bare subsistence, they are sure to be desperate and intolerant. They will break into rebellion. It can no longer be expected under the changed circumstances now that when food will be there in the show-window hungry masses will slowly sink into death without a curse or cry of protest on the footpaths of city-streets as they did during the last famine in Bengal. The picture is likely to be reversed if any such crisis comes again. When for a morsel of food, even a mother is heard of selling her own baby, or a father unable to bear the dreary scene of starvation of his own dear ones is known to have hanged himself to death, it will be only humane if in their utter desperation they strike their last and biggest blow on the power that rules their destiny. Hoarders, black-marketeers, food-adulterors and all should do well to note in time this note of warning so that they may not be possible victims of the blazing wrath of the wronged and suffering people. No sweet words or stern measures can appease the violence of hunger. What is the significance of planning if there is no provision for food for all? Food is the rockbottom of all economic efforts, but cannot be manufactured by any industrial process. Food is the source of human energy which can be gainfully employed for development-activities. Food must be had within the average purchasing capacity and then only we can hope to go ahead for further progress. Above all party politics and malpractices of trading, food problem should be given its due priority and its solution lies in the combined efforts of all the people at large.

THE FADING COLOUR BAR

(Continued from page 249)

in numerous other ways, the Negro is rising educationally, culturally, and economically. As a result, with a few unpleasant exceptions, he is taking his place firmly alongside his white countrymen.

According to biologists, about 75 per cent of so-called white Americans have Negro blood. In South America, visitors are astonished to find a complete absence of any colour or racial bar. An Englishman, in a talk over the B.B.C. recently, said that it was quite common to see groups consisting of representatives of every shade of complexion in Rio de Janeiro's numerous cafes and bars. In South Africa, there has been such large-scale inter-marriage between 'blacks' and 'whites' that 'Eurafricans', or 'coloureds' as they are known, number about 1½ million. Similarly, in large cities, particularly seaports all over the world, a great deal of inter-racial fusion has been in progress for scores of years. And, as is well known, the Soviet Union is the world's largest truly 'Eurasian' country.

INSULAR OUTLOOK

Difference of colour, it is hardly necessary to point out, originates in the forces of geography and history. Today's nations are products of yesterday's tribes. It is because of tribalism and an insular outlook that current differences arise so bafflingly.

It would be a good thing if these factors were studied and appreciated more widely People become unduly sensitive for no reason at all and ascribe the least slight to 'colour prejudice'. How much better would it be to try to improve ourselves in every way possible so that we become universally acceptable, rather than display an inferiority complex by shouting about equality of the human being Regrettably, no such equality exists. Whereas some still manifest a 'Stone Age' civilization, others are living in the Nuclear Age. Thus, there is a gulf of some thousands of years. Till this gulf is closed, no racial fusion is possible.

Another point that should be borne in mind is that 'nationality' is subject to environment, economic factors, and evolution. Were an English child to grow up in an Indian bazaar, in exactly the same circumstances as its neighbours, it would, over the years, be no different from any of them. Likewise, an Indian child, born in London and educated there, is almost indistinguishable from any other Londoner. The slight difference in physiognomy and complexion disappears in a generation or so.

With increasing racial admixture the human race will become so integrated, in time to come, that the present divisions of 'black', 'white', 'yellow', and 'red' will disappear and merge into, perhaps, a universal light brown !

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